THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1[illegible] by Benj. Franklin

JULY 5, 1913 — 5c. THE COPY

The Extra Man and The Milkfed Lion—By Charles E. Van Loan

PAIGE 36

$1275

Gray and Davis Electric Starting and Lighting System (generator and electric motor in separate units, storage battery and all connections, switches, etc.)

(NOTE! This is the Gray & Davis "Big System" identical with that being used on the highest priced cars, not the small system.)

Left Side Drive, Center Control.
Silent Chain Drive for Cam Shaft, Pump and Generator (enclosed).
Cork Insert Multiple Disc Clutch.
116 inch Wheel Base.
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Hyatt High Duty Roller Bearings.
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Rear Door 21 inches wide; Front 19 inches.
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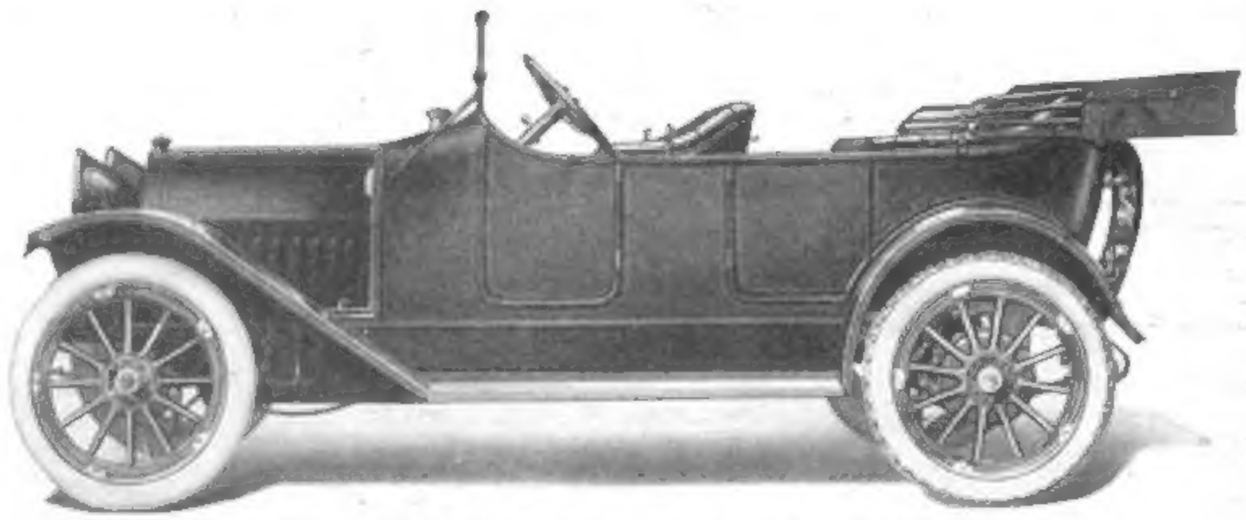
Pump, Jack, Tools, Tire Repair Outfit, etc., complete.

Added Equipment for 1914 With NO Increase in Price



Paige Model Glenwood, completely equipped, $1275

HERE IS THE CAR that prominent men in the trade said we couldn't build to sell for $1275 with all its remarkable design and equipment. Some manufacturers declared it *preposterous* on our part to *assume* that we could do it. Dealers handling other cars declared we would put out a *few* of these really wonderful cars at $1275, just to get people interested, *and then raise the price.*

Well, we have been delivering the Paige "36" to our dealers ever since January 1st, and for every car delivered there have been a dozen purchasers waiting.

But have we raised the price? No. And now when the demand for the Paige "36" is simply snowing us under are we raising the price? No.

We are leaving the price *untouched* and *adding still more equipment.* What will the other fellows say now? Can we do it! *Well we are doing it.* And that is all that interests you car buyers.

Note the new equipment: Electric Horn, Quickly Adjusted Inside Storm Curtains, Combined Rain-Vision and Ventilating Windshield, Non-Skid Tires in Rear, Ventilated Hood.

Find such complete equipment, if you can, anywhere else in the whole Paige price-field. *And find such a car!* Any Paige owner—and they are almost *everywhere* now—will tell you what a car, *just as a car*, the Paige has *proved* itself. Those who own the "36," whether the touring car, roadster, coupé or sedan, are enthusiastic beyond words.

And here is good news for the dealer

Good news for you dealers who wanted the Paige this year! You know we had to put the bars up January 1st. We have closed no dealer contracts since then. Simply couldn't do it. We were *trying* to take good care of the dealers we already had.

The bars are down again, for a little while at least. And we will talk business with you dealers. Some of you can have Paige contracts. Our immense new factory will take care of you. It means a *greatly* increased production for us. Instead of only 5,000 of our "36's," it will mean ten to fifteen thousand for the coming year. If you want your part of this increase, write or wire us *now*, and we will do our best for you.

PAIGE 25—$950

Electric Starting and Lighting System $75 Extra

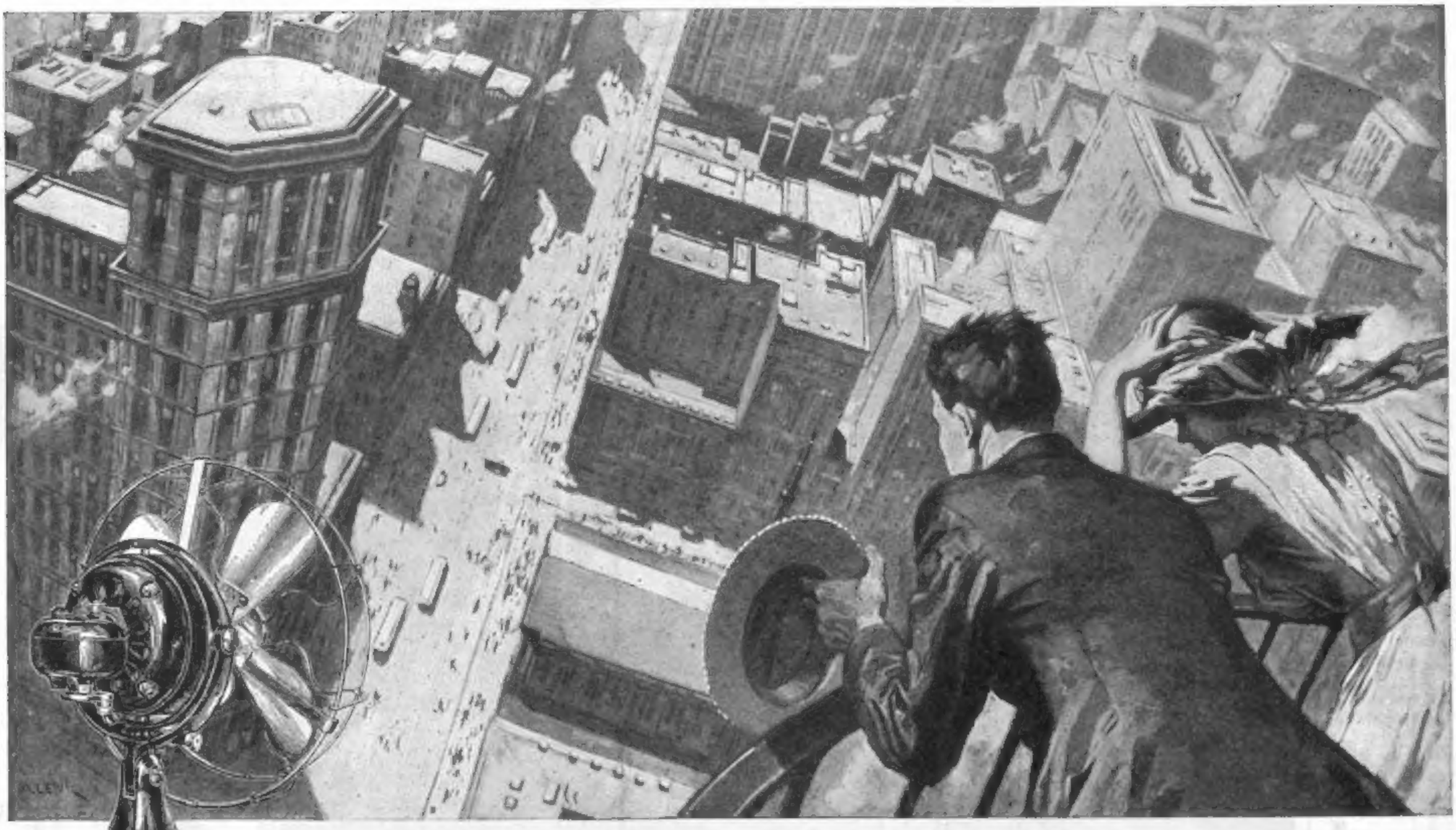
From this date we will equip the Paige "25" with an electric starting and lighting system for $75 extra. The car is designed to take the equipment, and it will be added at request. The additional charge is so reasonable that we know many purchasers of the "25" will want the equipment. Think of this car, with electric starting and lighting, for only $1025. Wheel base 110 inches—32 in. x 3½ in. tires—sturdy, silent motor, 3¾ in. x 4 in.—unit power plant—cork insert multiple disc clutch—wide doors—roomy body.

Equipment of the Paige "25" is very complete, including genuine mohair top, side curtains and top boot; ventilating windshield, built into body; speedometer; two black enamel and nickel gas headlights; three black enamel and nickel side lights and tail light; demountable rims, one extra; non-skid tires in rear; robe rail; linoleum covered running boards; tire irons, horn, pump, jack, tools and tire repair outfit.

Five-passenger touring car, equipped complete as above, $950.

Write us today for literature and name of dealer in your vicinity.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 265 Twenty-First Street, Detroit, Michigan



Down where Nature cannot send her cooling breezes Science sends the Electric Fan

Down in the caverns of steel and stone where armies of office workers are meeting the strenuous problems of a business day—where excessive heat tends to retard the productive power of human energy—there electrical science carries the refreshing help Nature finds it so difficult to give.

The G-E ELECTRIC FAN, the result of twenty years' experience in the great factories and laboratories of the General Electric Company, is one of Electricity's most effective means of increasing man-power by increasing man-comfort—of raising the standard marked by that magic word Efficiency. In the home, as in the office and factory, the G-E Electric Fan is efficiency's "first aid"—summer comfort's best assurance.

And it gives both with a truly modern economy. It can be operated four hours for a cent—is readily attached to any lamp socket—gives a lifetime of satisfactory service.

The Guarantee of Excellence on Goods Electrical

Trade Mark

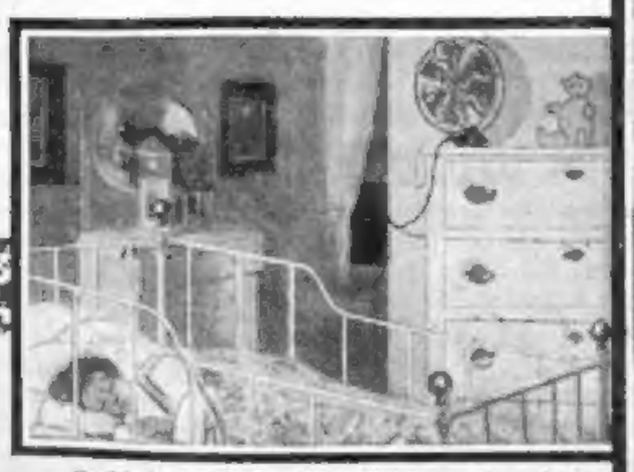
The EDISON MAZDA LAMP is another proof of Electricity's great service to efficiency and to comfort. This wonderful lamp has scratched electricity from the luxury list by giving more light for less money. In fact, it uses but *one-third the current* required by the old-style carbon lamps.

With the *current you save* by using Edison Mazdas, you can run your G-E FAN or any of the many G-E devices for increasing the comfort of the home. With the G-E ELECTRIC FLATIRON, for example, you can do the family ironing, indoors or out, in less time, with less labor, and less physical discomfort than ever was possible with the old-fashioned stove-heated irons.

Any electrical dealer or lighting company will gladly show you the various styles and sizes of G-E Fans, Flatirons and Edison Mazda Lamps.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Sales Offices in all large Cities **The largest Electrical Manufacturer in the world** Agencies Everywhere



Cool bedrooms on breathless nights by means of G-E Fans.

Make your porch your living room this summer with Edison Mazda Lamps and G-E Fans.

An average family ironing for 15 cents with the G-E Flatiron, $4.25.

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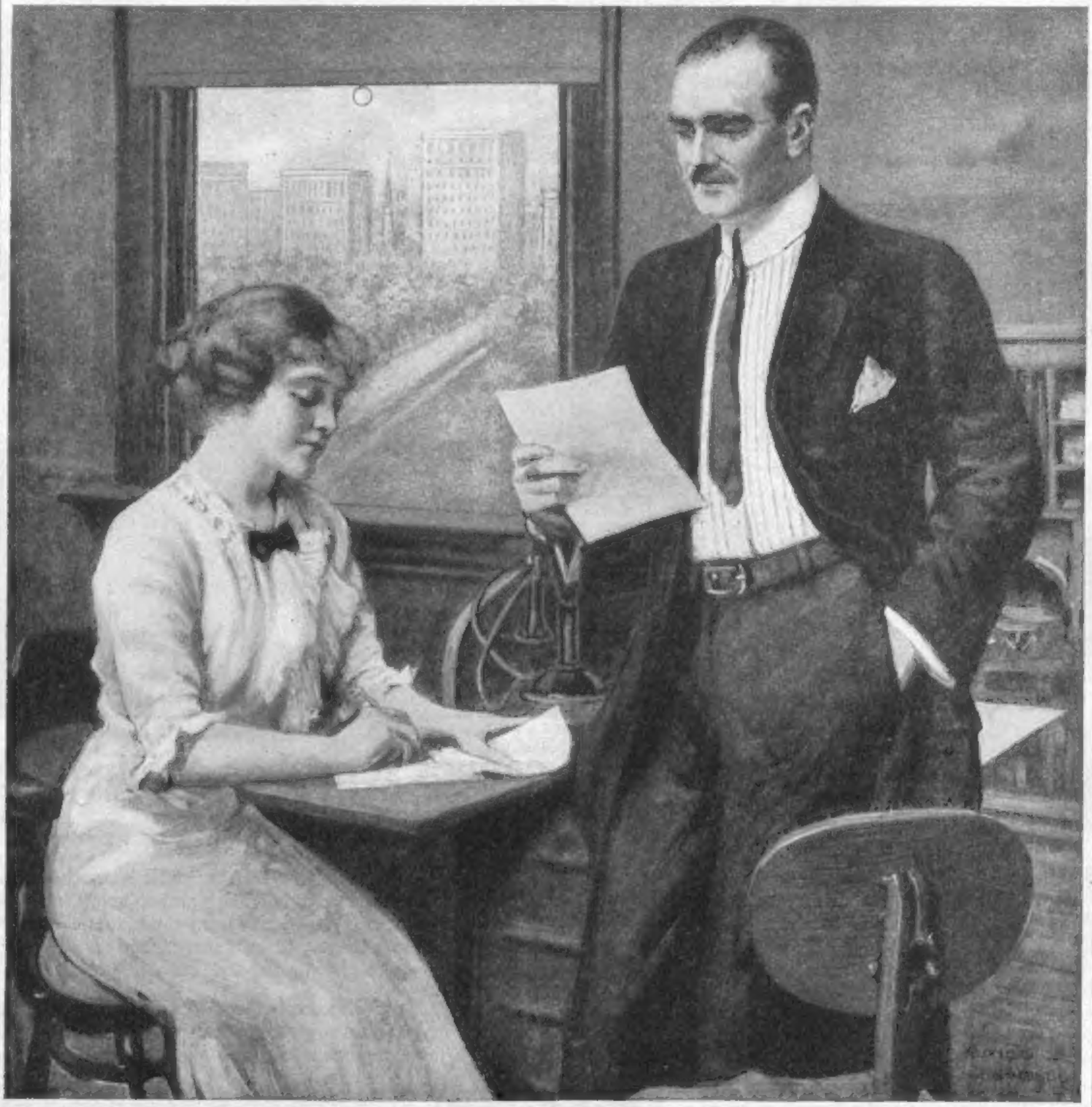

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SOME people seem to have a knack of keeping fresh and cool. No matter how warm the day, nor how confining their work, they always look delightfully clean and comfortable.

They do it in this way:

First . . . They concern themselves with things other than the weather.
Second . . They eat in moderation.
Third . . They work steadily but not hurriedly.
Fourth . . They use Ivory Soap liberally; for bathing morning and evening, for washing during the day. And their summer garments are cleansed with it.

Not merely soap, but *Ivory* Soap is a necessary part of their recipe because Ivory produces that sweet, refreshing cleanliness which means so much more to the mind and to the eye than the mere absence of soil and perspiration. Then, it is so mild and pure that its repeated use does not harm the tenderest skin or the most delicate fabric.

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THE EXTRA MAN AND THE MILKFED LION

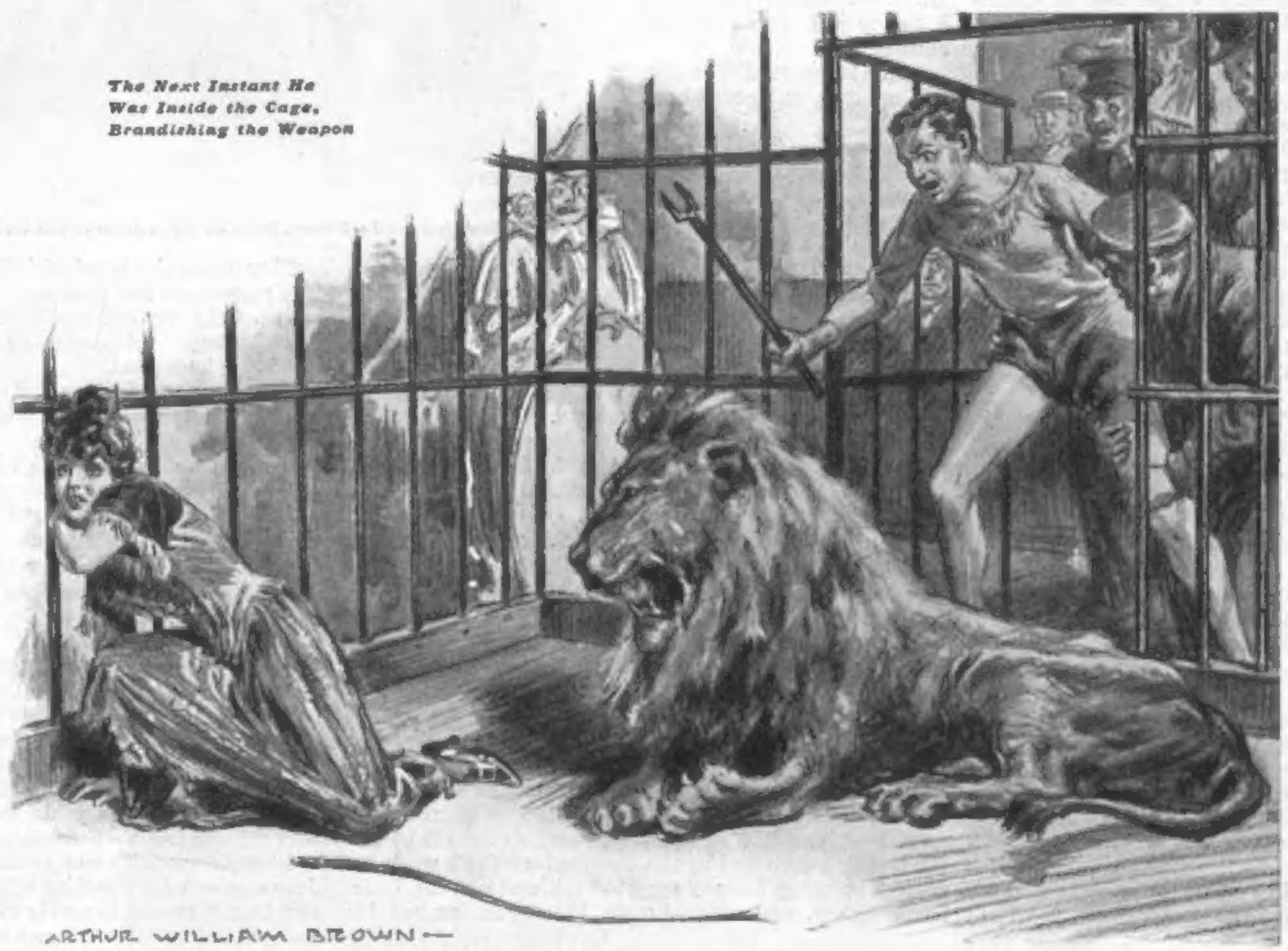
By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

WHEN Tommy Dennis began to love the beautiful and talented Myrtle Manners he was an Arab trader squatting in the shade of a date-palm, and she was a Christian maiden—a captive in the harem of Sheik Abdallah, the Scourge of the Sahara.

When first he saw her face at the barred window, lovely in spite of the fear and grief it depicted, Tommy was conscious of a sudden delightful shock that fluttered to the tips of his fingers and toes; and when she stretched out her arms and wept, every sob went straight to Tommy's susceptible heart.

He held his breath as he watched her make a perilous descent from the roof of the harem by means of a rope ladder furnished by a faithless slave, the same who later paid for his treachery to his cruel master, the sheik, by being hurled from that very roof upon the spears of the tribe.



The Next Instant He Was Inside the Cage, Brandishing the Weapon

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN—

Tommy Dennis was among those present when the beautiful stranger fled from the sheik's oasis on Sharkey, the trained camel; and he murmured a brief but fervent prayer that the ungainly brute might not stumble. After a fashion of his own the Scourge of the Sahara offered up the same supplication—but it was Sharkey's lame foreleg he was thinking of, and not the neck of the Christian maiden. Camels are expensive beasts, requiring time and patience in training; and Abdallah, besides being a sheik and a scourge, was also heavy actor and producing director for the Titan Company and, as such, responsible for its animal stuff.

Later, as a wild Bedouin, armed with a bell-muzzled weapon and mounted upon a milk-white steed that manifested true Arabic love for its master by biting him severely upon the knee-cap, Tommy scoured the plain in pursuit of the lumbering Sharkey, again securing fleeting glimpses of the lovely stranger as she clung desperately to the camel's saddle. Sharkey's footwork was very erratic, consisting of two speeds forward, one sidewise and an abrupt reverse.

After several spirited sprints over dunes and across dry river bottoms, all of which Sharkey managed to win by a neck under shrill protest, the Bedouins, led by Sheik Abdallah, engaged in mortal combat with French troops—and Tommy Dennis was shot dead at the first fire. He did not mind this at all, being used to it; but he was very much annoyed at his Arab steed for kicking him as he fell. Neither were his feelings soothed to any great extent by alighting heavily upon the belled muzzle of his ancient weapon.

Tommy was resurrected in a short blue jacket, which puckered abominably under the arms, and motheaten red trousers several sizes too small for him—a private in the corporal's guard and an eyewitness to the affecting reunion of the lovers inside the French lines, the sandy river bottom doing duty as the Desert of Sahara.

He saw the beautiful Christian maiden fall fainting from Sharkey's back into the arms of her sweetheart, a tall, handsome fellow in the uniform of a captain of the Foreign Legion—he who had just slain the wicked Abdallah in a thrilling encounter with cavalry sabers, it being well known that a sheik never fights with anything else if he can help it.

Tommy was not pleased with the ardent manner in which the gallant officer clasped the limp and yielding form to his bosom and pressed the parted lips with a neatly waxed mustache and imperial. The late Abdallah was not pleased either, judging by his comment.

"That was rotten!" he shouted. "No good at all! Myrtle, you forgot to register a recognition before you pulled the fall. Jack, you cloaked the best part of the action with your shoulder when you ran in. Do it again, and try to get some real feeling into it—if you know how."

"Oooo-issch!" sneezed the long-suffering Sharkey, nipping the director upon the arm.

"Ouch!" yelled Mr. Abdallah, whose other name was Jimmy Montague. "Get that fool brute back where he belongs! Now then, all set, Myrtle? Take up a few feet of waste on that film. . . . Ready—action—go! . . . What's the matter with that infernal camel? Come on with him! . . . Look down at Jack, Myrtle! . . . Now fall! . . . Oh, hold her close to you, man! That's something like it! . . . Well, it went better that time, but it's still rotten in spots. Throw out your arms when you fall, Myrtle. Don't flop down like a sack of meal. And sprinkle some water here—Sharkey kicks up an awful dust when he stops quick."

Seven times the beautiful maiden fell into the arms of her beloved before the Scourge of the Sahara announced himself as satisfied, and Sharkey was led away, bubbling and gurgling with rage and indignation. Seven times Tommy Dennis stood stiffly in the corporal's guard, blushing behind his makeup, trembling in every fiber of his being.

This was the lady of his dreams; he had found her at last. What difference did it make to Tommy's fluttering heart that she was the Queen of the Movies, at a salary of one hundred dollars a week, and he but a despised extra man at three dollars a day? Cupid, careless little rascal with his bow and arrow, might take the blame for that. Tommy had found her—that was the main thing—and having found her he was forced to endure seeing her kissed back to consciousness by a supercilious person who wore a handkerchief in his cuff and addressed all extra men as "Here, you!" Tommy had not liked the handsome leading man any too well to begin with. He loathed him now.

It was a slight source of comfort to note the businesslike way in which the young woman freed herself from Jack La Rue's embraces the instant the camera man's hand ceased to move. Tommy also observed that at the finish of the scene she walked away toward the temporary dressing tent, without so much as a word or a glance behind her.

"I'll bet she doesn't like him!" thought Tommy, with a swift fluttering sensation under the blue coat. Then later: "I don't see how any nice girl could!"

Tommy Dennis was twenty—he stood six feet in his stockings; his nose was straight; his eyes were clear; and, better than all else, his heart was clean. He knew as soon as he saw Myrtle Manners at the barred window of Abdallah's harem that he had never really loved before. He realized that his high-school affairs, which had seemed so serious at the time, were but the silly flirtations of childhood; and the brief but burning passion for the lunch-counter waitress was a youthful indiscretion. By the same process of reasoning he was not more than seven minutes in convincing himself that he would never love again.

When one is twenty it is easy to believe that true love is the only real thing in the world, and fame and fortune but the tinsel stage settings for the One Big Scene, in which the right man plays opposite the right woman forever, and there are no makeovers, no cut-ins and no fogged films.

He wondered as he discarded the dusty uniform of the Legion and washed the paint from his face whether she had noticed him at all. He decided that it was within the range of possibility. He recalled that she was standing behind the camera when the

Bedouins swept yelling upon the French outpost. She must have seen the rider who plunged from his saddle at the first volley; and on the whole he was rather glad that his horse had kicked him. It was the sort of thing to draw the spectator's attention. He ceased to regret the bruise on his hip where he had fallen upon his gun. She might have seen that he was painfully hurt as he limped away—might even have been sorry for him. A bruised hip was a small price to pay for a pitying glance from those soft brown eyes. He pictured her as asking questions about him and receiving truthful replies:

"Who is that good-looking young man over there—the one who made such a daring fall?"

"That is Tom Dennis, quite an unusual sort of an extra man. He is a fearless chap; never stops at anything when it comes to making a good picture. He's going to be a great stunt actor some day—that boy."

Tommy was recalled from a dream of imaginary conversation by some of the genuine article close at hand. Buck Parvin was speaking. Buck was a moving-picture cowpuncher, acting during every waking moment. His street costume consisted of a widebrimmed hat of gray felt, a blue flannel shirt, a red bandanna for a cravat, a leather vest thickly studded with shining disks of brass, lavender trousers tucked into highheeled boots; and on special occasions he wore angora chaps and enormous spurs, which tinkled musically as he walked. His hatband was made of rattlesnake skin, and distributed about his person he wore several pounds of Indian beadwork and Mexican silver jewelry. Buck Parvin was one character actor who never left his makeup in the dressing room at the end of the day's work, having, as he said, but three complete changes of wardrobe—put on, take off and go without.

"Well, kid," said Buck, "what do you think of the new leading lady? Quite a doll, ain't she? Pretty soft for that big stiff, La Rue! I'd like to have his job for about a week. I bet ole Jimmy Montague wouldn't have to bawl me out for not huggin' her hard enough. I'd play that scene for nothing. Yes, sir! Myrtle is certainly some dolly!"

"Aw, put the diffuser on that kind of talk!" growled Tommy. "You've got an awful nerve calling her by her first name."

"Oho!" chuckled Buck. "You kind of like her your own self, don't you, kid? I reckon you'll be round here tomorrow acting all over the place. Maybe they'll have a makeover on some of them chases and you'll get a chance to pull another phony fall. Take it from me, Tommy, throw away that slide-trombone of a gun next time, unless you want to bust yourself plumb in two. And lemme tell you something else: Whenever you're on the ground, with horses coming behind you, lay still! They'll all jump over you. You began to crawl and ole Pieface just missed you by an inch."

"Darn it!" said Tommy. "I wasn't crawling; I had to get off that gun."

"Now if you want to catch the lady's eye," said Buck mischievously, "do a real fall! I got mine—right in the eye of the camera too. I thumbed ole Pieface in the neck and he went straight up like he was goin' over backward; an' I slid off him as easy as rolling out of bed. Not a bruise on me. And, believe me, the lady seen me do it; she was lookin' right at me!"

"You make me tired!" said Tommy, grinning in spite of himself. I fell like a man that was shot."

"You limped like it too," said Buck with a chuckle. "We both of us might have broke our necks and it wouldn't have made any difference. You and me ain't got a Chinaman's chance for a pleasant look from her! They won't be no extry men in Myrtle's picture a-tall. None whatever! If she's going to fall for anybody round here it'll be La Rue."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy stubbornly. "Why, she hardly speaks to him."

"Listen at our banty rooster crow!" mocked Buck. "Tommy, you're a lovely little feller, and I like you; but there's a whole lot you don't know about women. Yes, when it comes to females I should say you was consid'able ignorant. Let your Uncle Buck steer you. He's a pretty wise Injun on this skirt thing."

"Huh!" snorted Tommy. "What do you know about women?"

"Everything," said Buck calmly. "Everything what is. I ought to. Women have throwed me higher in the air than you've ever been away from home, Tommy. Yes, sir; they cert'n'y had their fun with ole Buck—but he got a line on 'em, you bet! Take it from me, it's the dough that counts with the dolls—the dinero; the iron men; the large, smilin' yaller boys. We ain't got no bankroll, Tommy, and we're safe. The camera ain't focused on us at all—see? We're way over yonder on the other side of the hill, plumb out of the picture. As soon as this jane finds out that La Rue drags down one-fifty a week, she's goin' to go ropin' for him."

"Pshaw!" said Tommy. "The trouble with you, Buck, is that you haven't met the right kind of women."

"I ain't, hey?" demanded Parvin as he fastened his bandanna with the huge silver ring set with turquoise matrices. "Oh, no; I suppose not. There's the women what likes you and there's the women what don't; and they're the only kinds what is. Take it from me, I've met a many of both varieties—an' they was all out for the dough."

"When You Go In There, Look at That Lion Right Between the Eyes!"

II

LOVE at first sight is a beautiful theory; but in every-day life there is such a thing as taking a long critical second look. Tommy took several, and each time he saw Myrtle Manners in a new part he discovered added charms. An extra man may look at a moving-picture queen if he has the luck to be selected by the director for a day's work.

Each morning Tommy reported faithfully at the Titan headquarters, and when Jimmy Montague crooked his forefinger and said, "I want you, kid!" that day was ringed on Tommy's calendar with a circle of gold. When the director shook his head and said, "Nothing doing!" Tommy slouched away, with his lower lip drooping and his hands crammed deep in his pockets, a picture of blighted hope.

As the Cattle Queen, in sombrero and short riding skirt, Miss Manners captivated Tommy by her dash and daring in the saddle, and even Buck Parvin admitted that she "sat up in the middle of a hawss" like a cattle queen born. As the brave but heartbroken hospital nurse in the Civil War picture, All for Dixie, she plumbed unsuspected depths of sentiment; but when she played the deserted wife and mother in The Cashier's Disgrace, and wept over the borrowed baby, she touched Tommy in his tenderest spot. He was all hers from that moment.

Then came the wonderful day when she spoke to him. The performers had gone out "on a location" to the outskirts of the city and had been delayed beyond the noon hour. Tommy volunteered to find the nearest restaurant and bring back food.

"Two ham sandwiches and a pint of milk, please," was what she said to him; but Tommy walked in a daze for the rest of the day.

He read a dozen meanings into that innocent remark and was pleased with every one of them.

An actor employed by the Titan Company and working under Director Jimmy Montague had no sinecure. Montague had a reputation as a producer of sensational film dramas. He spent his nights in thinking up new and thrilling stunts for his actors to perform, and in devising scenarios to fit the stunts.

Jimmy's people never knew, when they reported for work on a new picture, whether they would be required to leap off a cliff into forty feet of water, go up in a balloon or track a real lion to the camera's eye. Montague's leading man had to box like a Corbett, wrestle like a Muldoon, ride like a Cody, swim like a fish, climb crags like a goat, dress like a Brummel, make love like a Sothern, and face wild animals like a—Colonel.

Jimmy's specialty was animal stuff. After his tremendous success with The King of Beasts—a three-reel production that appeared in nearly every country under the sun and yielded a dollar harvest which remains a record to this day—the Titan owners saw a great light and began to invest in wild animals.

They had objected when Jimmy insisted on buying a mangy, toothless lion for use in a single production; the poor old brute turned out to be the most profitable investment the company had ever made, paying some eight thousand per cent. With one lion as a nucleus the Titan people rapidly acquired quite a respectable menagerie, and Jimmy Montague's animal stuff became known from St. Petersburg to Tasmania.

There was Selim, the elephant—a star in The Rajah's Revenge and The Heart of Hindustan. Selim was a Hamburg-trained pachyderm, with a fair working knowledge of the German language and a painstaking attention to detail that made him a remarkable moving-picture actor. No desert scene was complete without the camels—Sharkey, Old Blue, Betsy and Mame—unwilling but efficient performers. The lions—King, Duke, Bertha and Babe—had thrilled audiences all over the world; and the monkeys, wolves, snakes, coyotes, elk, deer, hyenas, and the nearsighted comedy tapir, also contributed their bit to the entertainment of the masses.

Every time Sam Packard, the purchasing agent, had a chance to buy a wild animal he snapped it up and looked confidently to Jimmy Montague to invent a scenario to fit the creature.

One morning Montague received a telegram from the head of the firm in New York.

"Jungle stuff worked to death," it read. "Get new scenario quick. Use all animals."

"There's gratitude for you," growled Jimmy as he tossed the telegram to Jack La Rue, who happened to be present. "How the deuce can I ring in lions and elephants and camels without a jungle scenario?"

"Me—in the Cage With a Lion? Not on Your Life!"

"Blest if I know!" said La Rue, lighting a cigarette. "You never see 'em anywhere else except in a circus, and ——"

"Bully boy!" shouted Montague. "Great suggestion, Jack!"

"What suggestion?" demanded the amazed leading man.

"Why, the circus!" said Jimmy. "It's never been done. We'll make a circus picture and it'll be a knockout!"

"You're a wizard, Jimmy!" said La Rue. "Give you a toothpick to start with and you'll have a lumberyard in ten minutes. How do you do it?"

Jimmy Montague pressed three buttons. The stenographer was first to appear.

"Send a telegram to the house in New York and ask 'em if they've got any stock films of circus parades. Get that off quick! That parade stuff will do fine for cut-ins," said Montague.

Ben Leslie, the property man, and Joe Bates, in charge of the wardrobe department, entered together.

"Joe," said the director, "Jack here wants some silk fleshings—full tights; white or pink will do. Manners ought to be a bareback rider, I suppose—no; hold on! Maybe we can't get anybody to double for her in a real riding act. I've got it! Why not make her a lion tamer? The very thing! Joe, get Manners a Spanish outfit and a lion-tamer's whip. I'll need some ringmaster's boots. That's all I can think of now; but it's enough to get busy on. I'll give you a list later."

"Goin' to do a circus picture?" asked Ben Leslie. Ben was a lean, saturnine individual, as remarkable a personage in his way as any member of the company. Had he been ordered to produce the Kohinoor immediately he would have nodded twice, shifted his fine-cut from one cheek to the other and gone out without a word. And he would have brought back the Kohinoor—or the next best thing. Nothing surprised him; nothing daunted him.

"Yes," said Jimmy Montague, "we're going to do a circus picture. Get busy on it, quick! Ward Brothers' Circus is wintering down at Santa Monica. You can borrow a lot of junk from them. You know Billy Ward, don't you?"

"Sure!" said Ben. "Worked for him once."

"Gee-whiz!" said Montague. "Is there anybody in the world you haven't worked for—once?"

"Reckon not," said Ben, and departed.

"This will be some scenario!" remarked Jimmy to his leading man.

In his brilliant mind the toothpick was already expanding into a telegraph pole; the lumberyard would come later.

"Yes, but I don't get you," said La Rue. "What am I supposed to be in this picture? An acrobat?"

"Bareback rider," said Jimmy succinctly. "In love with the lion tamer. So am I. I'm the ringmaster. We can work up a lot of jealousy stuff. I crab your act. Hit your horse with the whip when you go to do a jump-up. You fake a fall—all that 'Cur-rse you, Jack Dalton!' business. I ain't got it straightened out yet, of course; but for the blowoff Myrtle's lion-taming stunt goes wrong, I get cold feet, and you tear in and save the lady. Ain't that great?"

"Me?" said La Rue, laying one hand upon his breast. "Me—save the lady? Me—in the cage with a lion? Not on your life! Suppose something goes wrong and he takes a wallop at me?"

"Forget it!" said the director. "We'll use old Duke for the cage scenes. You know what a gentle animal he is! Brought up on a bottle, Kelly tells me."

"So was I," said La Rue; "but I'll eat meat now. That milkfed business doesn't signify anything, Jimmy."

"Oh, rats!" said Montague. "Duke's got the disposition of a great big dog."

"No, he ain't," said the leading man earnestly. "He's got the disposition of a great big cat—and the claws and the teeth, and all the rest of it. Because he hasn't killed anybody yet is no sign that he won't before he's through. Nix on this tame-lion stuff—they're all wild, I tell you! And Manners wouldn't want to work with a lion either."

"She's done animal pictures before," said Jimmy. "That girl ain't afraid of anything!"

La Rue passed over the slur.

"There's such a thing as being too brave for your own good," he insisted. "I'm as game as anybody, Jimmy, but it wouldn't get me anything to be clawed up by a milkfed lion. If Duke doesn't look right to me you'll have to double me in that cage scene. I won't work. I'm an actor, not an animal trainer."

"Oh, well," said Montague, "if it comes right down to cases we can let that Dennis kid double you and pull off the rescue; but there ain't any need of it. I've been in the cage with Duke a dozen times myself. He wouldn't harm a fly. You ought to know that I never ask you to take chances. I never got you hurt yet, did I?"

"Oh, no; not at all," said La Rue with sarcasm. "I suppose I wasn't hurt that time when I got pounded on the rocks by the surf up on the Malibu coast. There wasn't a spot on me as big as your hand that wasn't cut or bruised; but of course that didn't hurt! I just thought it did—that's all."

"The trouble with you, Jack," said Montague, "is too darned much temperament. Beat it out of here! I'm going to rib up this scenario."

"You remember, now," warned La Rue. "If Duke doesn't look right to me—nothing doing! You'll have to double me in that scene."

"Get out of here!" said Montague.

Left alone with his toothpick he drew a sheet of paper to him and scrawled upon it.

"The Jaws of Death," said he with a grin. "I guess that's a perfectly miserable title!"

III

AT ELEVEN o'clock Jimmy Montague pushed his chair back from his desk and gazed upon a masterpiece completed.

"If that ain't doping out canned drama while you wait I don't know what is," he remarked with a satisfied sigh. "If the two big stunts in the lion's cage stand up all right I've got another grand picture for the poor old boss. If they fizzle—good night! We'll try fifty-one and fifty-three first. If Duke won't work with a woman I can turn the lion-taming stunt into something else and still have a circus picture."

"I Never Was Much Afraid of Lions, Even When I Was a Little Shaver"

One very fine thing about the moving-picture business is that no shred of an idea is ever wasted. Scenarios and action plots are subject to change at an instant's notice. A camera-caught accident often forms the basis of a new film drama. Jimmy Montague had once written a scenario round a leading man's broken leg. The picture of the fall from the roof was too good to waste.

The Jaws of Death, as articulated on paper by J. Montague, called for two reels of film, seventeen separate backgrounds or locations—as they are always called when the photographs must be made outside of the studio—and fifty-five scenes. The two big stunts in the lion's cage were numbered fifty-one and fifty-three—almost the closing scenes of the picture. These would be photographed first for economic reasons.

In Jimmy Montague's early days with the Titan Company, when the moving-picture business was in its swaddling clothes and all the men connected with the infant enterprise were learning something daily from the best and the bitterest teacher in the world, Jimmy worked forty men and women for two weeks, consumed miles of film leading up to his one big stunt scene; and he found when he got to it that it was a physical impossibility. The Titan people paid the bills, but the telegrams from New York were hot enough to melt the glass insulators in their flight. Jimmy managed to hold his job, but it was a close call; and after that he decided to make sure of his stunts first. If they succeeded, well and good. If they failed, the loss in time, money and raw film was trifling; and the scenario was deftly twisted about to meet the limitations of man or beast.

This time the limitations were those of Duke, the performing lion; and the circus drama as originally planned would stand or fall upon that brute's behavior. Scenes fifty-one and fifty-three, marked simply Interior Cage, were the crucial ones; so Jimmy set about his newest sensational production tail-first as it were.

In the darkened theater devoted to the Movie Muse the pictures flit upon the screen, incident fitting smoothly into incident to tell a connected story; but in the making a photo-play is the wildest crazy-quilt imaginable—a headless, tailless, cubist affair without form or coherence.

Scenes are photographed with an eye to background or location and no regard for sequence. The complete plan exists only in the magnificent mind of the producing director. Picking up the plot of a moving picture by following the actors at their work would be as easy a task as unraveling Monte Cristo by reading chapters at random. This is one reason why seasoned moving-picture actors seldom ask questions. The director tells them what to do and they do it.

Thus Myrtle Manners did not ask questions when she was given a Spanish costume, though she wondered what she was to do with the short rawhide whip.

Jack La Rue did not need to ask questions. He scowled as he inserted his manly form into pink silk fleshings. Jack did not like animals of any sort, and animals did not like him.

Tommy Dennis, picked out of the squad of extra men at the usual morning inspection, asked but one question as he tugged at another suit of pink silk fleshings.

"Say, Buck," said he, "is—is Miss Manners in this picture?"

"I dunno," said Buck, gloomily surveying a clown costume. "All they told me was that I got to ride that ornery trick mule. Jimmy Montague is fixin' to get my head kicked off, I reckon. Look at the clothes they wished on me! What are you made up for, Tommy? The flyin' trapeze or just a parachute jump? Where do these fool pants hook on to the shirt?"

Tommy Dennis, however, had lapsed into dreamy silence. Miss Manners, he reflected, had never seen him in tights. He looked down at his symmetrical limbs with a grave air of satisfaction. A costume of this sort—silk—ought to make a difference.

Charlie Jennings, a retired stock actor of long experience and no small skill with grease paints, entered the extra men's dressing room, carrying a makeup box and a black, curly wig.

"You're elected to be made handsome, Tommy," said he. "Montague says for me to make you up to double La Rue."

To double the leading man! Tommy's heart skipped a beat and then hurried wildly as if to catch up.

"S-a-a-y!" exclaimed Buck, suddenly jealous. "What's coming off here? If this is goin' to be ridin' stunts, why can't I double it? Tommy can have the mule. I can pull stuff on a hawss that La Rue—the big dub!—never knowed was in the book! I'm going to make a holler about this! I'm a rider; I ain't no rough-and-tumble comedian. There's favoritism in this joint!"

"Oh, I guess you don't want this job so bad as you think you do," said Jennings as he darkened Tommy's eyebrows. "I've got an idea you'd pass it up if they offered it to you."

"What's the stunt?" asked Tommy, trying his best to appear blasé and unconcerned.

"Lion stuff!" said the old actor. "Hold that eye still! How do you expect I'm going to make you up if you wiggle all over the place?"

"Lions!" ejaculated Buck. "Excuse me a minute till I put my cue back in the rack. Tommy, you win a job

(Continued on Page 39)

With Its Ear to the Ground

By Samuel G. Blythe

THE aggregate or, rather, the composite ear of the United States Senate is a large, slightly pendulous, somewhat furry ear, that for many years has been almost totally deaf to the clamor of the masses and keenly sensitive to the whisper of the classes.

No matter how much of a commoner a new senator may have been before he became a senator, and no matter how firm may have been his resolve to continue to be one of the plain people after he put on his toga, it has almost invariably been the rule that, once in the atmosphere, these plain-people senators have become impressed with the legislative aristocracy of the body, and have themselves, so far as their limitations would permit, become legislative aristocrats. The system and the systematizers of the Senate have tamed them all. A few years of it and practically every senator has become imbued with the traditions of the organization, which was intended by the men who constructed it to be patrician in its tendencies if not in its practices—and probably in its practices.

Indeed it was seriously proposed by the makers of the Constitution to make a certain amount of wealth one requisite for admission to the Senate; and as much as possible the exclusive House-of-Lords idea was maintained by the six-year term and the method of selection by legislatures instead of by popular vote. The Fathers decided there must be checks and balances between the three coördinate branches of the Government they were establishing; and they thought a Senate of the kind they planned would be a check on the House of Representatives, popularly elected every two years. Other legislative privileges were given to this Senate and many more taken by the Senate for itself. The result came to be that the Senate gradually fashioned itself into as thoroughly aristocratic a body in a legislative sense as all, except the extreme monarchists, of the Fathers could have desired, and did what it could to make its personality thus aristocratic.

The Senate continued thus for years, arrogating to itself powers it conceived to be its by right, building up a legislative tradition and precedent, and creating a legislative atmosphere that quite naturally had its effect on the members of the body. A man elected to the House of Representatives under our system does not take his seat for a year after he is elected, and when he does take his seat is faced with a campaign for reëlection within a few months after he begins his work. A senator, once elected, need not worry for five years. Moreover, under the old procedure his dealings were with a legislature—a small body of men—and not with a voting population; and it was easier for him; and easier for the application of the methods that made for the preservation of the select character of the body, even though the characters of some of those selected were not so select as might have been desired.

This spirit grew; and the Senate, realizing its position, gradually arrogated to itself a legislative importance far greater than it really had, and by this very assumption took, from year to year, importance from the House of Representatives until, about twenty years ago, the Senate began to be oligarchic—and fifteen years ago really was an oligarchy. The House became of secondary importance. With the incoming of President McKinley, in 1896, the control of the Senate rapidly came into the hands of a few powerful men; and these men were not only the Senate, but were practically the Congress—for working with them and subject to them were the men who had taken over the control of the Republican majority in the House.

A Sudden Desire for Popularity

THE Senate had long before—many years before, indeed—considered itself the ruling legislative body; but it was not, in fact, for there had been virile and effective opposition to the idea in the House. Still the senators thought themselves the legislative aristocrats and conducted themselves as such almost from the beginning, though the real congressional power was in the House. With the upgrowth of this Senate combination—after McKinley was elected and in a measure before, during the second term of President Cleveland—the House began to slide back into second place, and by the beginning of 1900 was in reality of less consequence than the Senate, and continued so for some years.

In its early history the Senate had assumed what it really became later, and the individual senators also took on the reflected power and position of the ruling combination; so the Senate, from the beginning of the Dingley Tariff era, became less and less responsive to the demands of the people, and more and more amenable to the suggestions of the interests. It considered itself, and was, a superior body, and held itself to be its own judge and its own master, instead of the servant of the people. This applied in great measure to both Democrats and Republicans. The Democrats were in the minority and they opposed the majority politically; but they had none the less the idea of their own distinction and of their own self-responsibility, and as much of the contempt for the popular demand as the majority members.

The consequence was that the senators legislated as the senators saw fit to legislate—not, except in cases where the politics of self-preservation demanded, as the people desired. The Senate was a law unto itself and made its laws to suit that self. It domineered the House, and it was supremely indifferent to proposals or protests made by the people. Almost every senator held that he, as a senator, was far better qualified to determine what the states and the country needed in the way of law, and he legislated along those lines. There were a few who realized their responsibilities to the people, and they endeavored to fulfill their obligations as they saw them. As a whole, however, the Senate paid little attention to the people and considered itself a sacrosanct organization, with extraconstitutional prerogatives and with double-extra personal prerogatives.

Proceeding on the theory that you can do anything until you are stopped, the Senate did what it wanted to do; and the people were politely invited to take the result or leave it, as they chose. More than eighty years ago there had been a movement to popularize the Senate by providing for the election of its members by a direct vote of the people; and this demand, in various forms, had continued persistently from year to year. During the period of the greatest power of the ruling body of the Senate—since 1890, say—this protest took active form; and some years ago Oregon led off with a direct-election law.

Other states followed; and finally, after much protest and because it dare not hold off longer, the Senate adopted a Constitutional Amendment providing for direct election of its members. That amendment was submitted to the various states for ratification. There was little doubt that it would receive the requisite support from the states, and the atmosphere in the Senate began to change—gradually but perceptibly. The senators began to show, by various acts and various evidences of consideration, that they realized there was and is a public in the country.

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Senator Newlands, of Nevada

The amendment was ratified. Direct election of senators became a part of the organic law. And when the present special session of Congress began—even during the session before—the effect was apparent. The Senate, having become a popular body, began to try for popularity. The change had been a long time on the way, but it had arrived. Coincident with the change came the senatorial shift.

The Senate of the United States, now a popular body, is so earnestly striving to be popular; is so tenderly susceptible of the demands of the body politic; is so anxious to please, that it can hear and will obey the slightest murmur from the people, whereas in the old days it couldn't hear a thunder of protest. It has its shell-like—conch-shell-like—ear close to the ground; and it has had that ear there continuously since the ratification of the amendment became certain. This means the Senate as a body and the senators as individuals.

Those distinguished statesmen are contemplating, for the most part, a new set of conditions. Some of them have known the difficulties and the vicissitudes of a popular canvass for election; but most of them have known only of the troubles that come with the effort properly to control the support of a legislature—or improperly to control it, as the cases may have been. Here and there is a senator who was obliged to make a primary fight for his election; but they are few among the ninety-six. From this time on, every senator who wants to come back must do just that, and every candidate for the senatorship. Inasmuch as there are few men who, once they attain the Senate, do not desire ardently to retain their membership, the statement is inclusive.

The Men on the Anxious Seat

THE crisis is not imminent to two-thirds of them; but it is so imminent to one-third of the present Senate that it makes them all shudder to think of it. Thirty-two senators must go out next year and fight in the primaries for designation as senatorial candidates, and fight in the general election of 1914 against their political opponents for their supremacy at the polls before they can be sure of staying where they now are, so comfortable and so important. Some of these senators have been in the Senate for years, some have been there only for months; but the thirty-two comprise a representative lot of senatorial Democrats and Republicans, and, as a whole, are interesting; and their fights will be interesting also.

Seventeen of these thirty-two are Republicans; and among these seventeen Republicans are the present-time leaders of the minority in the Senate—the strongest Republicans there are, with two or three exceptions. In the Republican list are: Bradley, of Kentucky; Brady, of Idaho; Brandegee, of Connecticut; Bristow, of Kansas; Burton, of Ohio; Crawford, of South Dakota; Cummins, of Iowa; Dillingham, of Vermont; Gallinger, of New Hampshire; Gronna, of North Dakota; Jones, of Washington; Penrose, of Pennsylvania; Perkins, of California; Root, of New York; Sherman, of Illinois; Smoot, of Utah; and Stephenson, of Wisconsin.

A reading of this list will show how important these primaries are to what is left of the Republican party. Of the lot, Bristow, Cummins and Crawford are Progressives after their own style, and the rest of the lot are standpatters of various grades of stability. If the fortune of politics should eliminate Brandegee, Penrose, Root and Smoot from the Senate, by means of these primaries, the old Republican party would be deprived of four of its strongest men. Gallinger has been a power, and Perkins a most effective senator; but both men are old and may not make the fight. It is an open question whether Brandegee will care to remain; and the paths of Cummins and Bristow are none too easy.

No person can tell what may happen; but any oldline Republican who still believes his party can be brought back to life must be considerably perturbed when he contemplates a contingency that may eliminate not only Brandegee, Penrose, Root and Smoot, but also may set aside Bradley, Dillingham, Perkins, Gallinger and Burton, to say nothing of the independent but effective and able Cummins.

Bristow is eminently capable of taking care of himself, and has made a primary fight before; but Brandegee, Penrose, Root and Smoot, as much the Big Four of the Senate as there is of a Big Four at this time, have never been forced to go into a primary struggle, and no one can tell what may happen to them.

The Democrats who must go before the people are Chamberlain, of Oregon; Clarke, of Arkansas; Fletcher,

of Florida; Gore, of Oklahoma; Johnston, of Alabama; Newlands, of Nevada; Overman, of North Carolina; Shively, of Indiana, and four of the senatorial Smiths—Smith, of South Carolina; of Georgia; of Maryland, and of Arizona. Also, Senator Stone, of Missouri; Senator Thomas, of Colorado, and Senator Thornton, of Louisiana, are included in the list—but the successor to Thornton has already been selected.

If these senators—or some of them—should fail in the primary fights the Democratic loss would not be nearly so great as the Republican, in the circumstances already detailed; for Stone and Hoke Smith are the only two whose positions politically in the Senate compare with the political positions of Brandegee, Penrose, Root and Smoot of the Republicans, though Senators Gore, Newlands, Overman and Shively are important men.

Here, then, is a unique situation. In the majority of these states there has never been a senatorial primary. Since the beginning, the senators have been elected by the legislatures, without the advice or interference of the people—except so far as there might have been a local legislative canvass before the legislative elections. Also, in 1917 the terms of thirty-two more senators expire, and in 1919 the terms of thirty-two more. That means that in 1916 and in 1918 the remaining sixty-four senators will be facing the same situation their thirty-two uneasy brethren face at this time. Their primaries will then be due.

And all this accounts for the sudden and complete change in the prevailing sentiment of the Senate. The people are now paramount. The public is no longer apart and aside from the senatorial viewpoint; but the public viewpoint is the Senate's. The Senate, instead of being indifferent and, at times, contemptuous and intolerant of the thought of the people, is earnestly endeavoring to get in line with that thought, and is exhausting every legislative and political artifice to make the closest possible connections. The folks back home are important. They have assumed a new phase in the equation. They are to be consulted—catered to, cajoled, coaxed and comforted. They have the votes. They can use those votes now; and there must be a direct appeal to them.

So we observe, on the part of the entire Senate, a most gratifying disposition to consult with the people—to learn their desires; to know what sort of legislation they prefer; to hold conversation and correspondence with them; to pose as the only true champions of popular will; to gratify them in every way—for just ahead, for the whole lot of them, is that dread primary experience; just ahead is the time when the whole voting population must be appealed to, instead of the few men who control the legislatures.

Men who know the Senate have observed this change in sentiment in its early stages and have laughed about it; but it is no laughing matter for the senators themselves. The shadow of it has been over them for some years; and for that reason various of the oldtime leaders have seen fit to retire, knowing the utter futility of any popular campaign for themselves.

Now that the shadow has become the substance, the eagerness is frantic to prove to the people that the Senate, after all, has a high conception of its duties and responsibilities to the public; and in certain cases it is pathetic. Along with the arrogance that grew out of the continued assumption of power in the Senate there came a certain obtuseness that prevented in many cases a real conception of the existing situation. Many of these senators who must now make primary fights held the demand for popular government to be a mere temporary flurry in the politics of the hour. They are awake now—and they are scared.

One argument against the direct election of senators advanced by the adherents to the old order was that the character of the senators thus selected, and their ability and usefulness, will not be so great as the similar attributes in men judiciously selected by a legislature. They had some support for this theory in the results of various primary selections in states where senators have heretofore come from primary elections. Some of the senators selected by the people directly have not measured up to any high senatorial standard; but the answer to this contention is that the people are working with the best instruments they have at hand. The people are excellent judges of men; and in the long run the Senate will be as able and as representative as it ever has been.

There is no legislative body in the world where the those-were-the-good-old-days test applies so concretely as in the United States Senate. A senatorial rollcall of ten or fifteen years ago contains many more names of able men than the senatorial rollcall of today; but it is quite probable that this is a condition which will be remedied by time.

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Senator Thomas, of Colorado

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Senator Thornton, of Louisiana

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Senator Sherman, of Illinois

In a period of unrest such as this many men can get popular support who could not be elected to any office whatsoever in a settled time. This fact accounts for some of the men who are in the Senate, and will undoubtedly account for some of the men who shall in the primaries of 1914 be selected to go to the final test of the general elections. The people are not yet sure of themselves—they are swayed by temporary conditions and influenced by temperamental reasons; but the gradual shaking-down process will serve to bring more satisfactory results in the selection of senators.

It is certain that, though this present Senate is not so great as some preceding Senates, there will come in due course of time a Senate that shall be the equal and probably the superior of any Senate; and, more than that, it will be a Senate which will be a representative Senate—not a Senate controlled by special interests.

Artificial House-Cooling

ARE they never going to give us cool, pleasant homes, where we may escape the scorching heat of summer days and the ragging weariness of sweltering nights? Cannot the scientists and the engineers and the builders evolve some cooling system that will not be too expensive for good apartment houses and homes—for anybody, for instance, who can now afford the half-relief of electric fans?

They are going to do it, and in America first. In another summer? Hardly, though perhaps by then a beginning may have been made. The probabilities are, however, that it will be some time before such a system will be within the reach of the householder of moderate means, for it has been estimated by engineers that under present conditions it would cost two and one-half times as much to cool a house in summer as to heat it in winter. But as house-cooling grows from a luxury to a general comfort it ought to follow the history of such luxuries and come down to reasonable cost.

Many signs are now pointing to it. First is the rapid development of automatic cooling plants. You can buy now a little refrigerator to put in your kitchen, which will run itself all summer from the electricity taken through an ordinary electric-light socket, working hard on hot days and taking it easy on cool days—attending to business all the time. The step from automatic refrigerators to automatic air-coolers for houses is not a long one.

More and more the electric-light companies are getting interested in summer business. To keep the sale of electricity as even as possible in the daytime and at night, in winter and in summer, is the secret of profits in supplying electricity. They have recently come to recognize the significance of the fact that long daylight and hot weather go pretty well together; that in the months when people use little electric light they use much ice. Now they are all working up the business of making ice by electricity. Last summer a company in Chicago supplied electricity to make one hundred thousand tons of ice.

The last figures gathered showed one hundred and thirty-six American electric-light companies operating ice-making plants in the summertime. The National Electric Light Association has a very active committee on refrigeration. It is true the companies see such a big field in ice-making and in refrigeration for stores that they have not yet made any efforts to develop house-cooling.

There are central cold stations now. They do not attempt to supply houses, but only packing houses and stores. St. Louis has such a plant, with six miles of supply mains. Compressed ammonia is sent through these mains to refrigerating rooms of customers. When it reaches the refrigerators the ammonia is allowed to expand, producing the cold. A central-station plant in Louisville supplies refrigeration to its immediate neighborhood, and another in Atlanta pumps cold brine to refrigerators within a quarter of a mile of its location.

The two great objections that have always been raised to summer cooling of houses are the heavy expense for a comfort that would only be used a few weeks each year and the complication of the necessary outfit. The apparatus objection has been slipping for some time and looks now as if it could keep its feet only a short time longer.

In both New York and Chicago, it is argued, the mean temperature exceeds seventy degrees only in July and August, and so a cooler would be needed rarely; but actually the mean temperature does not fairly represent the number of days when cooling would be joyfully welcomed. Cool nights play as great a part in the mean figures as do the burning hours of many days and the sweltering evenings. The hotels find plenty of use for their air-coolers during a period of four months.

Lucia and the Quest of Youth

By Laura L. Hinkley

ILLUSTRATED BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

A PRETTY young girl dressed all in white went up the street—white shoes, white hat, white wool jacket, and skirt cut in narrow, clinging lines. The sunny morning breeze blew past her, faint and fresh. The April trees from each side of the prim cement walk stretched their all-but-invisibly budded boughs above her head in airy benediction. A chattering bird chorus twittered and shouted round her. On every side of her young, graceful whiteness the April hour chanted and shone, and breathed and budded its vernal joy and promise.

Lucia sweeping off the front porch hit her broom against the railing with a vicious bang.

"Jennie Brice, all dolled up," thought Lucia, "going downtown to show herself to Harry Ackerman! Lucia Power, what a nasty, spiteful old maid you are getting to be!"

In her plain, faded calico wrapper of a dust-gray color, chosen not to show dirt, and of a cut selected to save time in getting in and out of it, Lucia leaned on her broom—a severely utilitarian figure—and contemplated the April world.

The elusive scent of growing grass and budding wood came into her nostrils. A rusty-breasted robin strutted on the bright young golden-greenness of the lawn. From down the street came the echoing ring of hammers. Bird-twitterings circled in the singing air. A squirrel stopped on the cement walk, arching his bushy tail and cocking his smooth, three-cornered face sidewise. The plum tree beside the walk showed the tiniest tip of yellow-white at the end of every twig.

"It's too nice!" Lucia sighed. "It's so pretty it hurts—like Jennie Brice's new clothes! Spring makes everything just mad to be alive! All winter you can make believe you're happy even if you're not; but when spring comes make-believes don't go. It's got to be the real thing. Here I've been supposing I was happy enough—with knowing how ma was better off since she went, and pa getting through the winter without the grippe, and Martin doing so well over at Buffalo Point, and Almeda and the kids getting along all right; and each of us having our share of Aunt Mary's money. But that's not happiness!

"Oh, I'm sick of winter! I'm sick of being everybody's drudge—sick of eternal work and scrimping that never gets anywhere! I've been at it all my life. I've never had any youth. I've never had clothes! I've never had beaus to speak of.

"It's all right to say, as the minister did last Sunday, that sacrificing yourself to others is the truest happiness; but there are times when it just isn't so! And after he's given up his sermon-time to looking after those youngsters of his a while longer, he'll know it! They say he's hunting a step-mother for 'em already.

"There I go again! It makes people mean never to have any fun of their own. It's bad for the soul—I don't care if the minister doesn't know it! And then they get trampled down into a hard rut—like me—and can't change, even when they get a chance to. Even spring can't rouse 'em; it just taunts 'em. It's like that poem I was reading last night:

'Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is that his grave is green!'

As if I was dead and buried! Or buried without being dead!"

The broom fell from Lucia's twitching hand with a clattering whang. The squirrel sprang up a box-elder tree the crumbly, dark reddish-brown seed-blossoms of which strewed the walk. Out on a larger branch he stopped with one furry paw reaching over the bough like a baby's arm. The robin lifted startled wings and flew to join the twittering choir.

Lucia let the broom lie. She sat down on the porch steps and rested her sharp chin in her hardened palms, and her sharp elbows on her knees in her old gray calico wrapper. The morning sun shone on her black hair, combed, as Lucia always wore it, straight back from her forehead and wound in a tight coil on the back of her head, emphasizing the sharpness of her nose and chin. Her large, dark eyes stared straight forward, rapt in her new vision of the call of April and her soul's need.

"Jennie Brice, All Dolled Up"

At length Lucia sat up very straight, and a grim look of shamefaced resolution gathered about her mouth.

"It's just a question of my having grit enough!" she said to herself. "I've got my chance now if I'm bold enough to take it—if I'm young enough yet to go after it. I know what I want well enough! I've always made believe to scorn styles and finery because I knew I couldn't have any. I've always done my hair plain because I didn't have time to fluff and fix it. Well, I've got more time now ma's gone; and I can take some of Aunt Mary's money that I was going to save up for my old age and get me some things to wear. Maybe I'd look better in something that wasn't three years behind the styles. I can wear the kind of things they have nowadays all right. Goodness knows I'm thin enough! Yes—and have everybody in this town saying I'm trying to catch a man! The minister, most likely—or else ——" Lucia did not even think a name, unless the flush that darkened her cheek was a thought. "Well, what do I care? Anybody that's worn the kind of clothes I have for the last sixteen years can defy public opinion any way she wants to. Besides—what if I am!

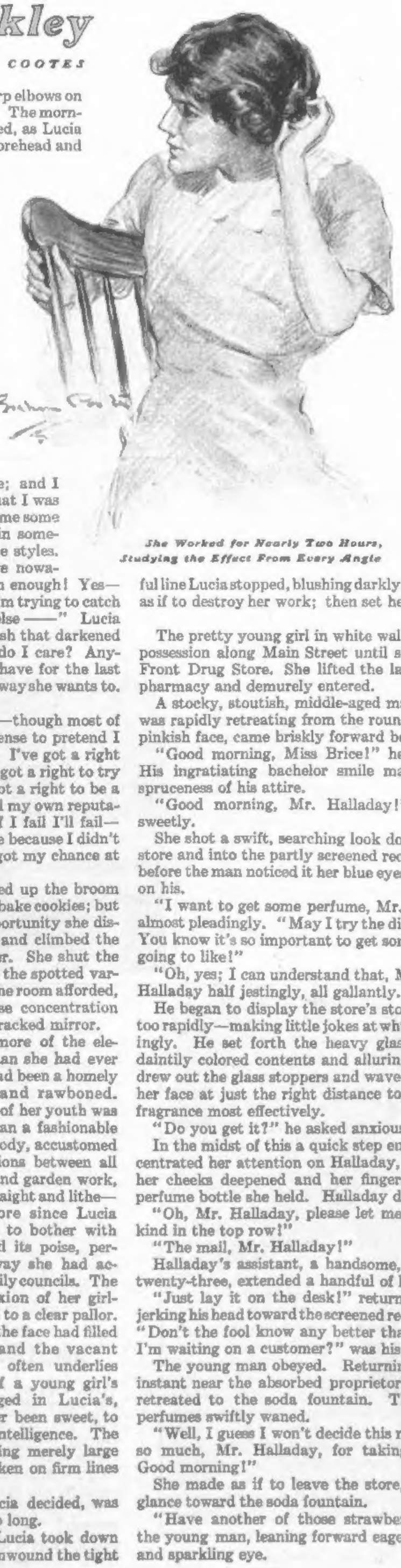
"It's what all the young girls are after—though most of 'em don't know it. I've got too much sense to pretend I don't know it. And I've got a right to! I've got a right to be as pretty and young as I can. I've got a right to try to win—anything I want to win! I've got a right to be a fool if I want to! It's my own money and my own reputation and my own courage I'm using! If I fail I'll fail—and I guess likely I shall!—but it won't be because I didn't have grit enough to try when I got my chance at the end of all these years!"

Lucia rose from the step, picked up the broom and went in. She had intended to bake cookies; but in her newborn evaluation of opportunity she dismissed the cookies as irrelevant and climbed the stairs to her small, neat chamber. She shut the door, pushed the old dresser with the spotted varnish into the best light the room afforded, and studied with intense concentration her own image in the cracked mirror.

Lucia at forty had more of the elements of good looks than she had ever possessed before. She had been a homely girl, awkward and rawboned. The meagerness of her youth was now no more than a fashionable slimness. Her body, accustomed to rapid transitions between all kinds of house and garden work, had remained straight and lithe—possibly the more since Lucia never had time to bother with corsets. It owed its poise, perhaps, to the sway she had acquired in the family councils. The muddy complexion of her girlhood had turned to a clear pallor. The outlines of the face had filled out somewhat; and the vacant expression that often underlies the sweetness of a young girl's face had changed in Lucia's, which had never been sweet, to a look of swift intelligence. The mouth from being merely large and ugly had taken on firm lines of character.

The nose, Lucia decided, was undoubtedly too long.

Deliberately Lucia took down her hair. She unwound the tight twist, parted the loosened mass above her forehead and tried to draw it gracefully over the tips of her ears and into a loose, low coil at the back of her neck. The unaccustomed strands resisted her, falling flat and spiritless. She worked for nearly two hours, studying the effect of every attempted arrangement upon her face from every angle, putting into the labor all the determination won from grimmer conflicts—if any conflict can be grimmer than a woman's struggle, against Nature and Fate, to be beautiful.



She Worked for Nearly Two Hours, Studying the Effect From Every Angle

Once when the mirror caught an unexpectedly graceful line Lucia stopped, blushing darkly. She put up her hand as if to destroy her work; then set her teeth and went on.

The pretty young girl in white walked with dainty self-possession along Main Street until she came to the Blue Front Drug Store. She lifted the latch of that superior pharmacy and demurely entered.

A stocky, stoutish, middle-aged man, whose blond hair was rapidly retreating from the round forehead above his pinkish face, came briskly forward behind a counter.

"Good morning, Miss Brice!" he said very genially. His ingratiating bachelor smile matched the bachelor spruceness of his attire.

"Good morning, Mr. Halladay!" returned the girl sweetly.

She shot a swift, searching look down both sides of the store and into the partly screened recess at the back; but before the man noticed it her blue eyes were fixed earnestly on his.

"I want to get some perfume, Mr. Halladay," she said almost pleadingly. "May I try the different kinds, please? You know it's so important to get something you're really going to like!"

"Oh, yes; I can understand that, Miss Brice," declared Halladay half jestingly, all gallantly.

He began to display the store's stock of perfumes—not too rapidly—making little jokes at which she smiled charmingly. He set forth the heavy glass bottles with their daintily colored contents and alluring flower names. He drew out the glass stoppers and waved them slowly before her face at just the right distance to convey the whiff of fragrance most effectively.

"Do you get it?" he asked anxiously.

In the midst of this a quick step entered. The girl concentrated her attention on Halladay, but the pinkiness of her cheeks deepened and her fingers tightened round a perfume bottle she held. Halladay did not observe this.

"Oh, Mr. Halladay, please let me try that pale-green kind in the top row!"

"The mail, Mr. Halladay!"

Halladay's assistant, a handsome, dark-eyed youth of twenty-three, extended a handful of letters and papers.

"Just lay it on the desk!" returned Halladay curtly, jerking his head toward the screened recess in the rear. . . . "Don't the fool know any better than to interrupt when I'm waiting on a customer?" was his irritated thought.

The young man obeyed. Returning, he hung a baffled instant near the absorbed proprietor and customer, then retreated to the soda fountain. The girl's interest in perfumes swiftly waned.

"Well, I guess I won't decide this morning. Thank you so much, Mr. Halladay, for taking so much trouble. Good morning!"

She made as if to leave the store, throwing a winged glance toward the soda fountain.

"Have another of those strawberry fizzes?" invited the young man, leaning forward eagerly with quick smile and sparkling eye.

"How extravagant you are!" retorted the girl, approaching the shining soda fountain.

They fell at once into a give-and-take of laughing allusion, which Halladay could not follow. He watched their swift chatter a brief moment. Then he went into the partially screened place and sat down at his desk. He opened his letters with businesslike concentration, so that if Harry or the girl should glance that way they might see how completely he had dismissed their frivolous presence from his mind. But the message staring up at him between the lines of every letter ran like this:

"Tom Halladay, you're an old fool! What does that pretty young thing know or care whether you have got the best-paying business in town and a neat little bunch of money in solid investments on the side or not? All she sees is that you're getting fat and bald. All she's looking for is a slim young fellow with handsome eyes. . . . I suppose I could get that little girl if I went after her. The old folks would see the business side all right—and girls catch on fast enough to what money'll buy. But—well, I don't want to play the game that way. I guess I'm an old fool, wanting to be 'loved for myself alone' at my age!"

Ten days later when the plum trees were a riot of white bloom and the apple blossoms blushed and paled in every breathless bud, Lucia Power walked into the Blue Front Drug Store. Was it Lucia Power? Halladay blinked at her across the haze of a twenty-year acquaintance.

This was a svelt, youngish woman whose stylish gown fitted her slender shapeliness as gowns only fit over an eighteen-dollar corset. The gown itself was an apparently simple affair of white linen combined with pale blue. In Clearview brunettes are all but forbidden to wear blue; and yet—Halladay noted dazedly—this blue went astonishingly well with Lucia's clear, dark skin. Pale blue had always been his favorite color. She wore new black velvet shoes—and over her soft, dark hair, carelessly and gracefully knotted at the back of her neck, a modish and very becoming spring hat of white and blue—the exact shade of the blue in her dress. Across her bosom was pinned a long spray of plum blossoms, whose fresh, intense fragrance beat down the druggy odors of the store.

"Good morning, Tom!" said Lucia crisply. "I want to buy some stuff to soften and whiten the hands. What's best for that? I suppose you think it's foolish at my age."

"A woman is the age she looks, Miss Lucia," replied Halladay, with the automatic gallantry evoked by her appearance.

"Oh, cut out the Miss, Tom!" retorted Lucia. "I'm not proud if I have got a new hat! . . . Here—I guess this will do. And I want a box of talcum and three cakes of this violet toilet soap. That's all. . . . Oh, how much are these little bead purses? I'll take this too. I'm getting it for little Elinor Larkins," she added explanatorily as Halladay wrapped her purchases. "I promised her something. I've been keeping the children at my house a good deal afternoons so their father can get a chance to write his sermons."

"Better look out, Lucia!" warned Halladay archly.

"Why?" asked Lucia innocently.

"You know what folks will say!"

"What will they say?" challenged Lucia with a look from her dark eyes.

Halladay decided to risk it. She might get mad—Lucia had a temper all right!—but there was something piquant about her this morning.

"That you're setting your cap for the minister!"

"I've noticed, Tom," said Lucia dryly, "that you never get to do anything worth while if you think too much about what people are going to say. And then again there are other things you'd better not let 'em say. It all depends!"

"I guess you're right," returned Halladay vaguely, handing her the package. . . . "Well," he remarked to Harry Ackerman as the door closed behind Lucia, "I heard her Aunt Mary left them each something, but I didn't know it was as much as that!"

"She's certainly got the right duds," said Harry.

"I don't know any one that deserves an easy time more than Lucia," declared his employer with a slight note of reproof. "She took all the care of her mother for years and years—ever since the old lady broke down. Then her sister married kind of young—Almeda was the pretty one—and that left Lucia with the whole thing on her hands. The old man's pretty slack, I guess; and the boy was too young to be much help till lately. Lucia put him right through school. She's just about run the whole family."

"Looks like an imperious dame, all right!" observed Harry.

"Seems to me I went with her once or twice a long time ago," mused Halladay. "Either her or her sister—I forget which. Wonder if she really is setting her cap for Larkins! A fine woman like Lucia ought to do better than that."

Lucia caught step with a wrinkled little woman carrying a large bundle down the street.

"Good morning, Mrs. Parrott! Ain't it hard to think of anything to cook this time of year?"

"Well, I should say so!" returned the little woman heartily. "Specially when you've got a whole tableful of boarders."

"Yours must like your cooking, all right," observed Lucia, "or they wouldn't stay the way they do. You've had Miss Sproul five or six years, haven't you?"

"Longer'n that—goin' on seven. And Mr. Halladay's been there longer yet—more'n eight years."

"I s'pose you get used to their notions about what they want to eat, same as if they was your own folks?"

"Oh, yes—a person has to; but it gits harder all the time to git anything out of it. Meat prices has gone up awful."

The Town Began to Say It Was All Settled

"Don't you find Miss Sproul kind of hard to cook for?"

"Well, yes; she is—some ways. She won't touch no kind of light bread. Now Mr. Halladay, he'll eat cream biscuits any time I'll make 'em—can't have 'em too often to suit him; but then he don't like no salad with onion in it. Miss Sproul, she ain't particular. Oh, I do the best I can to please 'em; but I dunno's I do."

"I'm sure I've always heard your cooking awful well spoken of. How do you make your cream biscuits?"

In May the Ladies' Aid Society gave a dinner in the Methodist Church parlors, which all the business men attended as a matter of course. Halladay observed that Lucia Power seemed to be the most efficient of the waitresses. She wore her white-and-blue dress with a band of pale blue velvet in her black hair and the filmiest of blue-beribboned white aprons tied about her trim waist. She did not serve the table where he sat, nor was she aware of his presence. Twice she dashed across to his table to perform some little thoughtful service for some one near him.

"Try these cream biscuits, Mr. Willitts," she said to the gray-bearded senior at Halladay's right. "I'm sure they can't hurt anybody. I made them myself." The plate passed to the left.

Again she carried a glass dish appetizingly heaped to a woman across the table.

"You don't like onion, Mrs. Miller; I know there isn't any in this salad—it's mine." The dish went round the table toward Halladay.

As he left the church, meditating formlessly on the excellence of the cream biscuit and salad, he caught sight of Lucia in the Sunday-school room talking earnestly and confidentially with the minister. He went out with a distinct and apparently causeless sense of irritation.

The following Sunday Halladay went to church. He was an irregular attendant on the means of grace, distributing his intermittent devotions among the four denominations of the village. This morning, moved by some unanalyzed impulse, he decided to sit under the ministration of Mr. Larkins.

Lucia sat with her gray and faded father in what he remembered to have always known as the Powers' pew. She wore a silk dress of lustrous and changing blues, a gold chain about her neck and white gloves on her hands. She glanced round as he settled himself in his seat and involuntarily he caught her eye. A little later he noticed that her cheek was burning with a fierce but becoming blush, and she fixed her eyes defiantly on the minister. He wondered if she resented his coming there to spy upon her, having mysteriously divined that he had done so!

After the service he found himself descending the church steps simultaneously with Lucia and her father; so he walked down the street beside them. Halladay usually avoided such chances, being well aware that a bachelor in a small town, who desires to remain one, cannot guard his freedom with too jealous an eye; but Lucia was too sensible to misinterpret a little casual friendliness. She was! She chatted sensibly and pleasantly about neighborhood topics. She had a keen interest in the burning question of paving Main Street, on which Halladay had taken a strong position before the town council. Almost before he knew it he was lingering beside the rosebush at the turn of her walk, explaining it to her.

Halladay reflected cheerfully as he quickened his steps toward Mrs. Parrott's Sunday dinner table that if Larkins thought he could pick up so intelligent and attractive a woman as Lucia for his second matrimonial drudge he must be a bigger fool even than he looked.

The roses were pushing pink tips out of their reluctant, ineffectual sheaths on a morning in late May when Lucia Power and Jennie Brice appeared on Main Street, converging from different directions upon the Blue Front Drug Store. Lucia was farthest away, but she got there first. She descended instantly on Harry Ackerman's side of the store with a vivid and absorbing demand for picture postcards. Jennie Brice entering a moment later faltered to Halladay a disconcerted request for stationery. As he languidly served her he could hear Lucia talking eagerly to the restless Harry.

"Haven't you any views of the Baptist Church? And the Presbyterian? Oh, this is pretty, isn't it? I want to see all the residences you have too. Isn't there any view of the Methodist Church that shows the Sunday-school room?"

Jennie had completed her purchase and was inspecting hairbrushes when Lucia paid for her assortment of postcards and turned away. Halladay came forward half expectantly. She tossed him a bright, brief nod and was gone.

The young people drifted instantly together. Halladay went back behind the screen and began compounding prescriptions. He felt lonesome and ill-used. Why hadn't Lucia stopped to chat a minute? Was she offended at anything? Yet he was one accustomed to pour measureless scorn on fool women who wanted to visit men in business hours!

That evening he strolled down to Lucia's house, disregarding an inner voice of inarticulate warning. If a man could not chat an hour with so old an acquaintance as she without setting all the gossips' tongues wagging —— Lucia's rosebush was covered with fresh, pink buds; and

(Continued on Page 30)

Joy Riding for Every Family

By Maude Radford Warren

JOY riding is not confined merely to excessive speed in a motor car, with or without a sense of pleasurable sin; by the use of the transferred epithet it can mean any especially luxurious expenditure that may—or should—be indulged in without a sense of foolhardiness. It takes a sense of balance to indulge discreetly in joy riding; a large percentage of the population do not seem to have it. They either never joy ride or else they make it their sole vocation to joy ride.

Witness the Carstairs, who live beyond their income—economizing only on children, benevolence and honesty. When Mrs. Carstairs married she was very young and quitewithout thought for the future. As they drove away from her father's door to begin their wedding trip, Carstairs asked her: "Got any loose change, dearest?"

"About five dollars, and some silver—why?"

"Tips for the porters, and so on—I'm short," replied Carstairs.

He explained, as if it were a good joke, that he had borrowed the clergyman's fee from one of the ushers; and his best man, to whom he owed something, had kept half of it.

"But—But the bill at the hotel we're going to?" hazarded Mrs. Carstairs.

"Oh, I'll run across some one I know—and I can always hock my watch and pin!" explained Carstairs easily.

Mrs. Carstairs was uncomfortable, but she did not do any real thinking. She had spent every cent her father had allowed her for her wedding on her trousseau, disregarding any hint that she ought to be buying linen for her new home. She counted on wedding presents and on "showers," and on mother stepping in—or finally on Carstairs paying any bill without looking to see what each item was. She was all front and bluff without being conscious of it; and she felt safe because she had always leaned on some one—first her father and now her husband. Carstairs was all front and bluff, too, and was quite conscious of it, even taking pride in his accomplishment; he leaned only on himself and his luck, with all youth's strong belief that the powers of both could never depart.

Carstairs settled the expenses of the first week of his honeymoon by telegraphing for an advance from his salary, which an indulgent employer granted on the score that most people usually have only one honeymoon. By clever manipulation of trunks and bags he jumped the bill for the second week.

How Mr. Carstairs Blew Up

AFTER they got home Mrs. Carstairs, who had been reading some magazine articles on budgets for young wives and how to make home happy, asked her husband if she was to have a regular allowance. He pinched her cheek and told her to order what she liked—and he would never scold. This was reassuring; but, still upheld by her literature, she ventured again, and asked him what his salary was. He replied that it was three hundred a month and extras, and that he was a valuable man and would be advanced—and would some day pour all the riches of the world at her little feet. At this combination of devotion and assured prosperity Mrs. Carstairs lost hold of any factitious notions of prudence and economy that might have touched the surface of her shallow little mind.

At that very moment one corner of the mission table was piled high with bills, for Carstairs was in debt several hundred dollars. Even as he was making love to his wife a ring came at the door, and a creditor presented his account in no uncertain voice. Mrs. Carstairs heard her husband assuage him and come back, laughing at his own skill. That pile of bills and the creditor at the door became her household companions. She had to assuage; and as she was not so successful at it as Carstairs she suffered many a humiliation. She found out—after the honeymoon was over—that Carstairs by no means refrained from scolding when she ordered what she liked; but even when she tried to economize he was just as likely to lose his temper.

She came to see that he was good-natured when he was not too much hounded by creditors, and ill-natured when he was; and that she, as the only human being to whom he could behave naturally, had to bear the brunt of his evil moods. After that, and especially when he was displeased because the baby was expected, she spent as she chose, determined to live for the hour—as he did—and let the future take care of itself.

With the Money Saved the Family Could Indulge in Joy Riding—From Saddle-Horse Exercise to Trips Abroad

When the baby came Carstairs used it as an excuse for further front, and employed a nurse whose affection for the child kept her with them long after her wages ceased to be paid. Carstairs' salary was raised, for he really was a valuable man; but he increased his expenditures in proportion to his income. They moved two or three times to get away from their debts; and on each occasion they went to a more expensive neighborhood and made friends who were much better off than they were, and to whose expenditures they tried to live up. Though they lived in an apartment, they talked of living in a house.

Though they kept but one maid, they talked of presently having two. When, at last, they got a house they mortgaged it to buy an automobile.

They began to give expensive dinners and after-theater suppers to people for whom they cared nothing. Carstairs said frankly that human beings liked each other only for what they could get from each other; yet he went on making heavy expenditures for the sake of such fair-weather friends. Though they owed money to all their tradespeople, they were not pressed for payment so fiercely as people would have been who lived more modestly—for they were supposed to be rich. They counted, of course, on this illogical psychology of butcher and baker. Joy riders like the Carstairs take their dangerous chances in life easily, for to them every hour is casual.

One night the Carstairs drove some friends to a restaurant where they had an account. Mrs. Carstairs noticed the doubt on the face of the head waiter when they entered; he withdrew to consult the manager. Evidently they were to be served once more. Carstairs did not tip the waiter, remarking that he had forgotten his pocketbook, but would make the matter right next time. He drove his friends to their house, progressing rather slowly, and then took the car home. When they were inside, Mrs. Carstairs said hesitatingly:

"I haven't seen you alone since morning; but mother was here this afternoon. Father is in difficulties. He'd like to borrow a thousand dollars. Can we—I suppose ——"

Carstairs did not answer for a moment. As she looked at him she was thinking how little he had changed in their ten years of married life. He had the same fresh-colored, hearty face, scarcely lined; the same carefree manner—that was because he obeyed the cynical maxim to let other people do the worrying in life.

"My dear," he said, "if I could borrow that thousand dollars for your father I would; but I guess my credit in this city is about gone. I didn't have a dime left to tip the waiter with; and I crawled home with the car because one tire was like tissue paper—and I could get the moon about as easily as I could get another tire. Besides, the man who sold it to me is sick of waiting for his money; he's going to call for it tomorrow. While I'm singing this sweet song I might as well tell you that they broke it to me at the office today that I could count myself out of a job at the end of the month. My work's all right, but they don't like my gait of life. I know where I can raise a little on the furniture, and we'll pack up and get out—and try a new city. I'm young yet and I can make good till the cows come home—you believe me!"

"Of course you can!" said Mrs. Carstairs, for she was plucky enough to play the game as well as she knew how; but she came pretty near doing a little thinking in that she felt glad that she had only one child. Then she resolutely shut the eyes of her mind; for it is the code of the over-zealous joy rider to see no future and no past—to live only in the moment. The Carstairs and their kind go on spending, with no illumination of common sense or honesty, and influenced by our American habit of being socially imitative. They avoid crisis after crisis until their final crash can be no longer delayed. Then they disappear—even from the rim of the world that used to know them.

If there are plenty of people like the Carstairs who overwork joy riding, there are many more to whom joy riding has become a lost art. The high cost of living has grown to be such a familiar skeleton at our family feasts that we even dangle it before the eyes of our youngest children.

"Mother," says Tommy, "I want some more cake and preserves."

"You can't have them," replies mother. "They are not good for you."

Tommy is used to the irritating reason that things are not good for him and he disregards the refusal.

"But I want some more!" he persists. "I'm hungry!"

"You may have some good bread and butter," says mother dishearteningly. "Plenty of children never have anything else. If the cost of living keeps on getting higher and higher I don't see how we'll be able to afford any more cake and preserves! The bills are just dreadful this month; though, goodness knows, I economize in every way I can. You children are so hard on your shoes; I wish I could get you some of sheet-iron. Talking of luxuries, indeed, when it's so hard to find the necessities!"

Hunting Excuses for Extravagances

THOUGH these remarks are nominally addressed to Tommy, they are meant in part for father at the head of the table, whom mother suspects of an intention to buy a new fishing rod, which he could not use more than half a dozen times and which is a foolish toy anyway for a grown man; but Tommy does not understand. Tommy's form of joy riding is cake and preserves; and he leaves the table with a dismal impression that his world is about to fall, and that he'll be like one of the children who come to school in their father's cut-down clothes, which the other children all recognize and comment on. This mood is bad for Tommy's digestion, just as it is bad for Tommy's father's digestion to reflect that things are coming to a pretty pass when, after grinding day in and day out, a man cannot take ten dollars to buy himself a fishing rod without feeling as mean as if he had robbed a bank.

There are plenty of people like Tommy's mother and father who feel obliged to find some wise-sounding reason for any little extravagance, to assure themselves—and doubtless with truth—that it is really an economy, to be justified on the grounds of health or to induce the spirit of play, which will keep them going.

There was a time when middle-class families, at least, had a more happy-go-lucky attitude about spending than any dare assume today. Ethics then had little or nothing to do with household accounts; the average conscience thought itself sufficiently concerned with the responsibilities of state, church, relatives and neighbors, and people were able to make and enjoy present expenditures without too much fear for the future. Now, in direct contrast to the Carstairs type, they often hesitate about any real joy riding.

However vividly our attitudes toward spending may differ, there are certain economic laws to which we are all subject. One is that the normal man is a being whose wants run ahead of his ability to satisfy them. Another is that families below the thousand-dollars-a-year mark

spend all or nearly all their money in providing for the satisfaction of their merely physical wants. Such people naturally make greater sacrifices to secure the satisfaction of present than of future needs; the manual-laboring classes are likely to look only a few months ahead in their economic calculations.

A third law is that most of our wants are determined by social standards of taste rather than by the independent judgment of the individual consumer. Still another is that families of salaried men and of farmers spend relatively less for food than the families of wage-earners and relatively more for personal service, education and amusements. The money that goes from both groups for shelter and clothes, however, keeps its relative proportion, because clothes and houses are marks of social standing; and the desire for social esteem is so strong that people are willing to spend a large part of their surplus in keeping up appearances.

There is little concerned with human life that has not been put into statistics. Investigators have told us in determined-looking figures exactly how much a day it costs to feed a man; exactly how much less a woman eats than a man; more or less precisely what it costs certain families in certain circumstances to live. Anybody who has been struck with the wide divergence of figures and psychology may cherish reasonable doubts about the ability of statistics to reveal the meaning of human life. They are, however, very valuable as a starting point.

Associations and bureaus that investigate the cost of living generally make of their subject five great divisions—food, rent, clothes, fuel, light and "other expenses." This last would appear to include furnishings and repairs, general operating expenses, education, amusement, vacations, illnesses, savings and insurance. The expenses of families with a thousand dollars a year or slightly under are, roughly, a trifle over thirty-eight per cent for food, fifteen per cent for rent, something over seventeen per cent for clothes, close to five per cent for fuel and light, and perhaps twenty-three per cent for all other expenses. The family with twelve hundred dollars and over spends something like thirty-five per cent for food, fifteen or sixteen per cent for rent, seventeen per cent or more for clothes, five per cent for fuel and light, and perhaps twenty-six per cent for other expenses.

Year by year, as the high cost of living increases, these families pay more for food and economize on the fifth class—or other expenses. Inevitably, as the income increases, the percentage of the fifth class enlarges, while that of the first class diminishes. A family with an income of four thousand dollars a year might spend less than twenty-five per cent for food and more than thirty per cent for other expenses.

Any such statistics must be very much modified by the factors that always destroy the perfection of statistics—such as the individual temperament of husband and wife; the power of efficient management of each; the number of their children; their residence in city or in country, in a state where vegetables and fruit are cheap or dear; their nearness to a market and the kind of market; the number of middlemen employed—and also by the family's attitude toward joy riding.

Joy riding is a matter of the present. What limits the joy riding of the millions of salaried families with incomes of from one thousand dollars to five or six thousand is that most of them fear the future. They have a terror of sudden death or of illness and resulting debt, and of a dependent old age. Perhaps the families of farmers are less stricken with this fear, for they know they have their land behind them; but the salaried family has only the father's health and ability behind them. They borrow from the present and fend off the menacing future by taking out insurance and by saving up for a rainy day.

The amount of insurance a family takes out depends primarily on what they have to pay for the fundamental necessities of food, rent, clothes, fuel and light. After that, it depends on how efficient they are as managers and on how much they go in for joy riding.

There has been so much clanging talk of late about efficient management in the home that conscientious housekeepers are trying hard to engineer their homes scientifically. It would be pretty hard to define the characteristics of an efficient home so that every family would agree to it, and still harder to produce it unmodified.

Theoretically, a home should be handled as scientifically as an office. The manager of an office begins his manipulations with the chief ideal of economy; he has human beings under his control who are trained to habits of order and mechanical obedience, and they inherit his theory of economy. Always he is ready to learn from other managers fresh devices for economy; he is willing to boast and to be boasted to about schemes for saving office waste. He can count on all such cooperation as he needs. Moreover, he has no cumbering precedents to throw away.

The housekeeper, however, though she has the ideal of economy, is hampered by the social ideal of keeping up appearances. Now and then she may reveal to another housekeeper some pet economy of which she is particularly proud, because she has worked it out for herself; but she makes many economies of which she does not speak and which she would prefer not to have known. Another reason why she cannot count on this cooperation from her neighbors is that, though economy is an ideal, it is not her chief one; the chief one is to make a harmonious home for her husband and children—and to introduce outside cooperation in this regard would seem rather like violating privacy.

She cannot depend on full and intelligent cooperation from her husband. Very few wives and husbands talk over housekeeping together—partly because the husband is likely to think the problem is his wife's. When they do they are not likely to get to the very bottom of the matter—partly because it is impossible to teach a man the problems from the bottom up on account of the fact that he has had little or no experience with them, and because he cannot spare the time. Moreover the housekeeper cannot count, as the office manager can, on the satisfactory cooperation of the human beings who help her carry out her business.

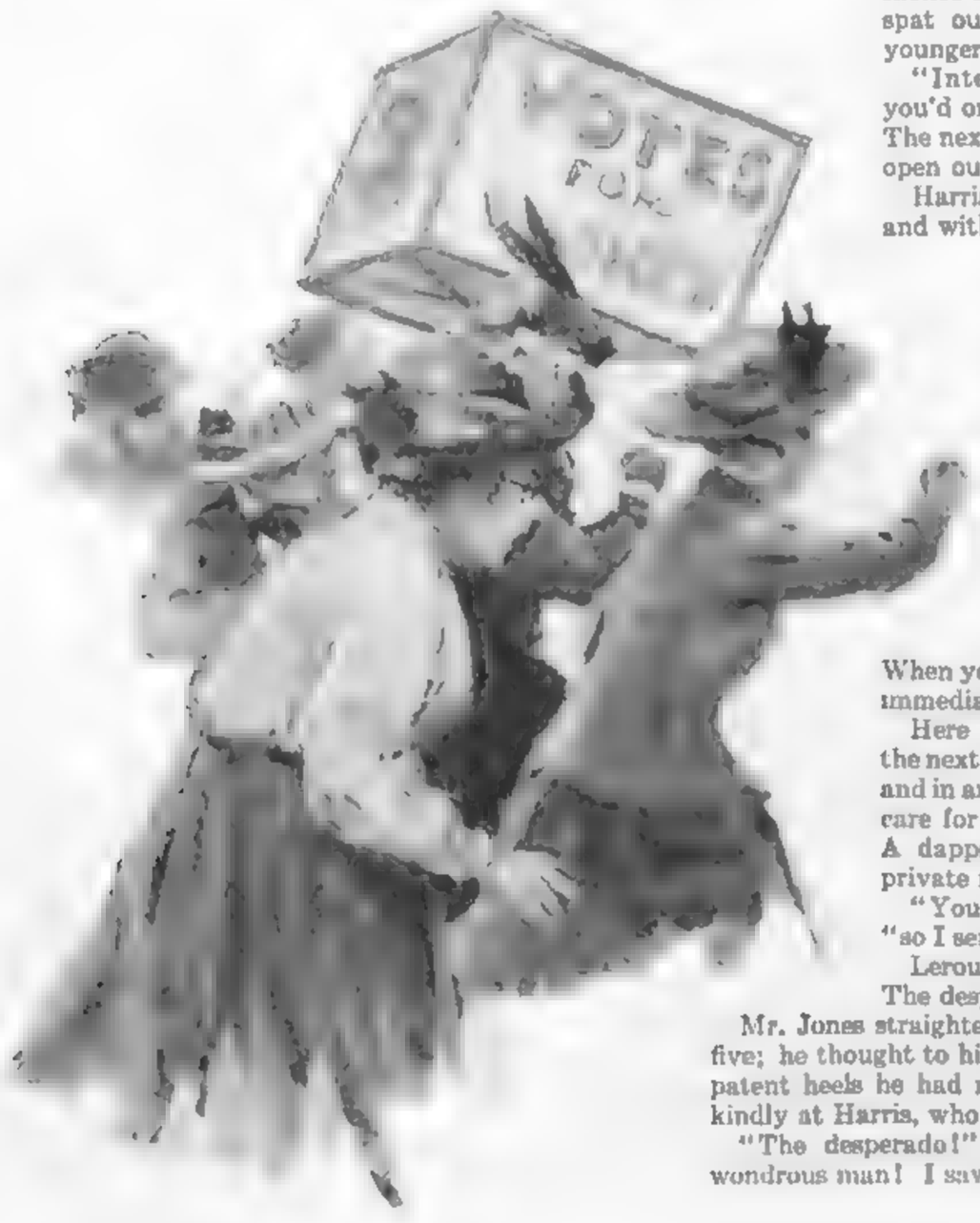
(Continued on Page 36)

JONES GOES TO JAIL

By DOROTHEA CONYERS

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

MR. SAMUEL MOSENTHAL sat biting at his penhandle when he ought to have been doing several other things. He was put out and he was rather frightened. Parcels of uncut stones had to reach him; he had to send stones away; the firm often bought up valuable old ornaments from distressed foreign nobles—these had to be fetched; and they had lost more in the year than they cared to think of.



The detectives said it was curious, because, as a rule, when a gang of thieves set to work they robbed from more firms than one. Mosenthals' was the only sufferer. Mr. Samuel bit his pen, and Mr. Amos preserved his pungent silence until Mr. Samuel bit the handle through, spat out the pieces, and swore softly at his younger brother for grumbling so hard.

"Internally!" snapped Mr. Samuel. "If you'd only say something—suggest something! The next thing they will do," he stormed, "is to open our safes here!"

Harris, their trusted messenger, coughed sadly and with some dismay.

"If there was any one to suspect ——" he said. "Last time I went as you suggested, Mr. Mosenthal—as an old man. Bless you, they knew it! They nearly had me at the Gare du Nord—banged into me as if disguises were nothing to them. A fellow with a shaved eyebrow did it."

Mr. Samuel banged the table.

"Jones' man!" he shouted—"Jones' man! He's taken it off."

Mr. Amos still said nothing gloomily.

"That eyebrow," said Mr. Samuel, "saved my diamonds at Dackminster. When you see it again, Harris, arrest the owner immediately!"

Here Mr. Amos broke the silence by saying the next time the eyebrow would be red or white, and in any case he did not think the police would care for it—and that he heard Leroux outside. A dapper Frenchman was shown into their private room and Mr. Samuel sent for Jones.

"You know Monsieur Leroux," he observed, "so I sent for you."

Leroux remarked pleasantly: "Ha! *V'là!* The desperado of the roof!"

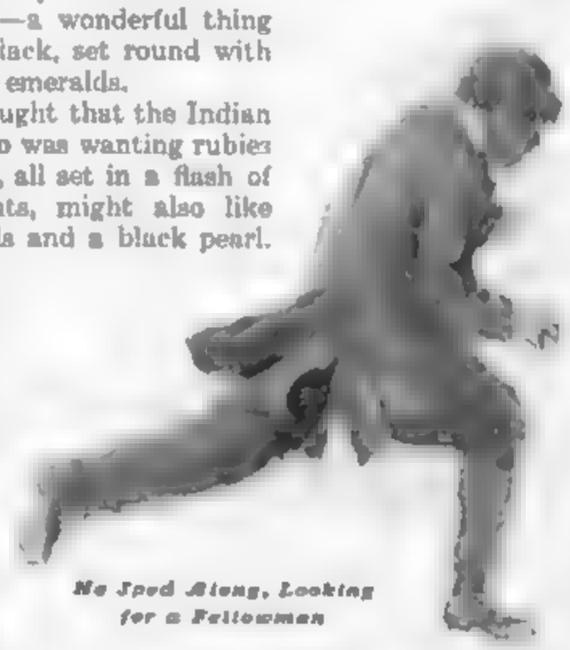
Mr. Jones straightened his tie and tried to look five feet five; he thought to himself that he might really see about the patent heels he had read of in advertisements. He smiled kindly at Harris, who pulled his upper lip thoughtfully.

"The desperado!" said Leroux. "*Nom d'un chien!*—a wondrous man! I saw them afterward."

Mr. Jones shuddered; for Leroux referred to the two men whom he, Jones, had shot in defense of his employers' stones.

Leroux wanted rubies—he wanted emeralds—to complete a necklace of barbaric splendor. The steel safe opened its jaws and the Paris jeweler hovered over the rough stones in the compartments. Good rubies were scarce just then; he knew that Mosenthals' had picked some up. He weighed and considered; and he gave his order—one worth having. He hovered also over a peculiar pear-shaped pearl that Mr. Amos had just purchased from a Spanish lady—a wonderful thing of lustrous black, set round with little glowing emeralds.

Leroux thought that the Indian potentate who was wanting rubies and emeralds, all set in a flash of small brilliants, might also like some emeralds and a black pearl. Mr. Amos named a price that gave him a modest profit. Leroux said he would wire and get all at once.



He Sped Along, Looking for a Fellowman

"But you'll take the stones yourself or send a man?" said Mr. Amos suddenly. "You must Leroux!"

And Monsieur Leroux, *désolé*, regretted. His men were cutters—assistants. So far Mosenthals' had always supplied the messengers. As for his own part, he suffered from a weak heart and ran no risks.

"*Tiens!* From what you tell me," said Leroux, "I should be attacked before Dovaire. *Non! Non!* I buy—you deliver. Monsieur Harrees here, he will come—or Monsieur Jo-anes, the so undaunted!"

Mr. Jones observed respectfully that he feared the city of Paris and would prefer not to go. Mr. Samuel fumed and Mr. Amos was silent. They were growing nervous. Monsieur Leroux suggested detectives; Mr. Samuel snorted at the futility of the men whom he had employed.

Mr. Jones looked out of the window, dragged his thoughts from his sweet-pea seedlings and, looking at the safe, made a suggestion.

"Write your directions, Mr. Amos," he said. "Write them out for him, if you will, please."

Here Mr. Amos exploded into forcible speech. Did Mr. Jones imagine there was a mental wireless apparatus running from their office to the thieves' ears? Did he believe that some one was concealed under the table? Here he tweaked at the blotting paper and upset the ink, which did not improve his peace of mind. Had Mr. Jones any other suggestions to make? he inquired fiercely.

Mr. Jones remained blandly impassive. He merely said: "Tut! Tut! How unfortunate!" when the ink went over.

"The unsuspected, sir," he said, "is generally what we least suspect. My suggestion was merely a suggestion."

"The boiler," said Mr. Samuel, as his brother fell back because he could find no words to help him, "is still at your disposal when you find out the mystery. Very well, Leroux, we'll deliver to you. And about those diamonds you wrote of the old necklace? We purchase—Harris could bring it back. The new Canned Goods King wants it for his wife for her first court."

Leroux saw other things—uncut stones in the second safe—some of which he bought. He was sure to write for the necklace. Harris would carry a valuable parcel when he went on his journey.

"And I don't mind saying I wish myself safely back," said Harris glumly. "I'm not a nervous man, but all this business will make me one in time."

About ten days later, on a Saturday, Mr. Jones left the office with a joyful, soft spring afternoon before him. Anna, his wife, had gone to see her aunt; he was free! April flirted high above the chimney-pots, gleaming and dancing lower down, where she could find sootless space.

Mr. Jones' sweet peas were troubling him. He had heard from a nurseryman some little way out who had seedlings to sell and also geraniums for future bedding. The beauty of the day tempted Mr. Jones to undertake a long walk. He thought of his greenhouse, now sadly darkened by the palm; and he dreamed wistfully of a garden where he could have six flower beds instead of one, and a patch at the back full of vegetables fit for exhibition. He plodded on, a meek, unobtrusive little figure in frock coat and tall hat, until the streets fell away and the endless, hideous monotony of the suburbs was with him. Mr. Jones saw nothing but beauty in the rows of neat houses; he yearned for the conservatories and beds full of wallflowers and forget-me-nots.

Then he missed his way; he found himself suddenly in a poor street, mean and dingy, with shrill voices echoing here and there behind dirty windows, and flapping washes hung across sour patches of earth.

The street was narrow. Mr. Jones hurried from it into one narrower, but slightly cleaner; and as he did so three hundred suffragettes came pouring along, surging in noisy might with Votes for Women displayed at all angles, since the hand of woman is not oversteady. Mr. Jones objected to idle females who struggled for votes. He walked on in rigid disapproval.

The leader of the suffragettes, a thin and bony woman, who was palpably drunk with excitement, espied the neat figure and called a sudden halt. She thrust a banner against Mr. Jones' nose as she demanded imperiously whether he sympathized with their cause.

"I do not in the least, madam!" said Mr. Jones primly. "'The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world,' but it will never gain rule by rocking banners—unevenly," he added, looking up expressively.

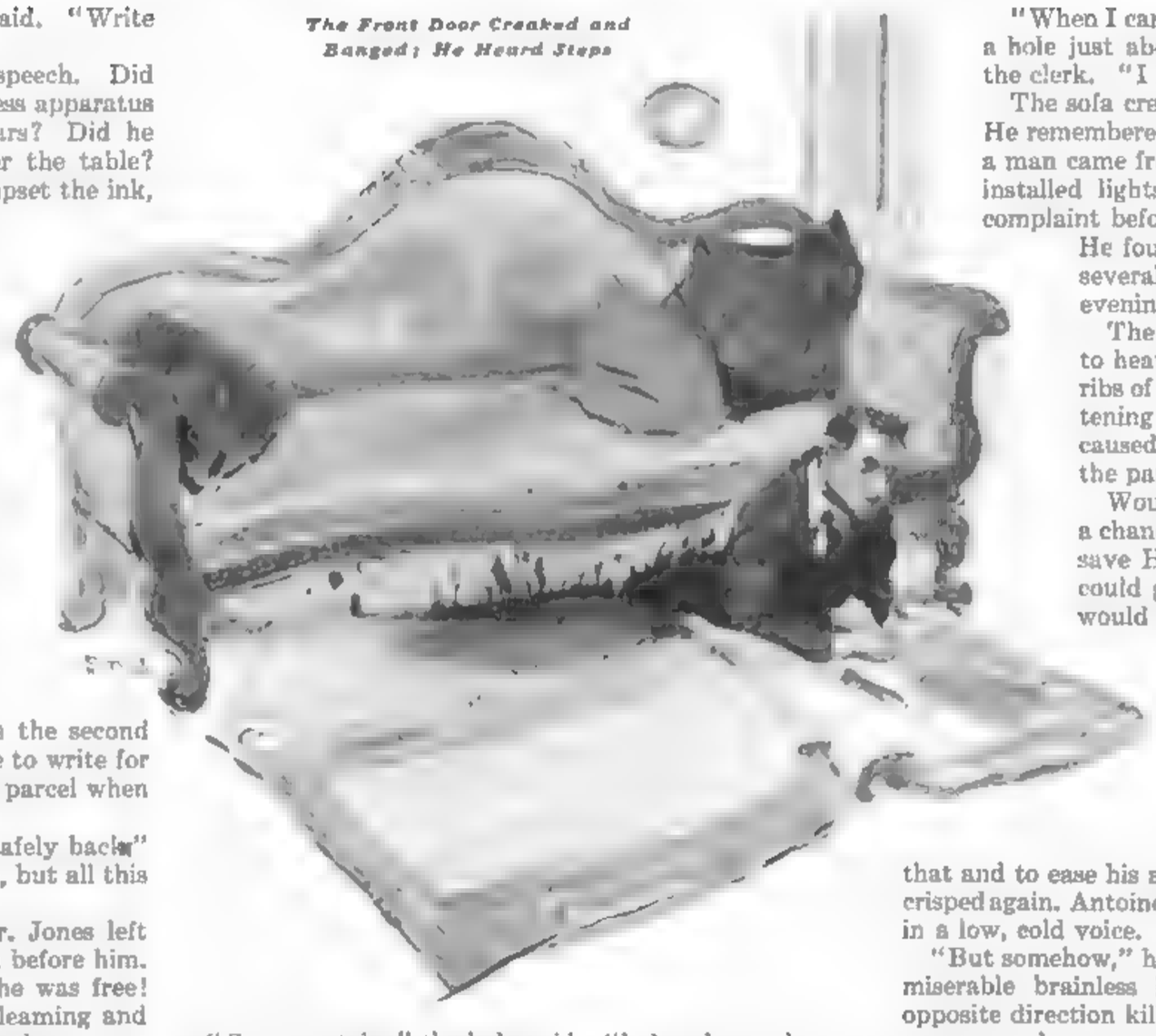
Here the thin suffragette plunged into oratory; she was joined by several colleagues, who mocked Mr. Jones.

"If you'd anything to do, or got any young men to walk out with, you wouldn't walk out in the mud and shout," said Mr. Jones politely. "Good evening—er—ladies!"

He had raised the wind, however; he reaped a whirlwind of mockery. So he was a lord of creation, was he? A ruler, was he?—laughing at their cause, was he?—a great, strong man!

Here the thin, stalwart lady tweaked off Mr. Jones' hat and stamped on it; and Mr. Jones, outraged, called her a hussy. In a moment he found himself hustled, threatened; they shrieked out they would lift him on their shoulders and carry him westward with Votes for Women pinned on his chest!

The very thought brought a chill crisp of horror down Mr. Jones' spine. Anna might be out walking! Mr. Samuel—any of the clerks! The women surged toward him and Mr. Jones took to his heels. He sped along the railings, looking for a fellowman; gained a moment's start and dashed up some steps to demand help. To his surprise, the door swung in to his touch; he dashed through it, with ten women close behind him; flung into a room on the left of a narrow hall, and plunged without hesitation right under a sofa, with steps clattering behind him. As he lay panting the thin suffragette thrust the door open violently and Mr. Jones believed himself lost.



The Front Door Creaked and Banged; He Heard Steps

"Gone upstairs," the lady said; "lodges here, p'raps—the misery! We'll call the others and fetch him. Do you hear, you sprat? We'll fetch you!" she sang out clearly.

"You will have to find me!" thought Mr. Jones, as he lay flatter.

The steps and voices died away. Mr. Jones peered out cautiously. He was in a dingy parlor, shabbily furnished, with the inevitable vases on the mantelshelf, and the chiffonier, sacred to the lodgers' bread and butter, in the corner.

The house was quite empty of any noise. Mr. Jones mentally conned the words he would have used to the "girl" if she had been his. The patch of carpet under the sofa had not been dusted for a month—its acrid taste was in his mouth; and he thought he had better come out. The front door creaked and banged; he heard steps.

"They have come for me!" whispered little Jones, crouching flat. "I will not be made a guy of. I shall resist!"

The steps came nearer. Mr. Jones looked and gasped! For Mr. Grant, fourth clerk at Mosenthals', came into the room; and, even as Mr. Jones was about to say Peek-a-boo! playfully and see Mr. Grant's pleased surprise, he choked speech back—for the man who followed Grant had very large eyebrows, and little Jones felt sure he recognized him as the robber of Paris and Dackminster Castle.

Mr. Jones said to himself: "What is this?" He felt a thrill of excitement and he flattened himself in the dust. On thinking carefully he was certain that his appearance to this man Antoine might cause unpleasantness.

"House empty, hey?" said Antoine. "Mrs. Landlady out—she leaves note to say so on the table. No one in the place, eh?"

Mr. Grant said a little irritably that no one ought to be—and Mr. Jones quite agreed with him.

"Walls have ears," Grant grinned—"eh, Froggy? And men throats!"

He opened the chiffonier and took out some bottles and glasses. The smell of tobacco came pungently to Mr. Jones' nostrils. He trusted he would not sneeze, for he felt he might be in danger; he had not liked the hint as to throats. Grant laughed again. He began to talk. Lying dustily, afraid to move, growing cramped and chilled, Mr. Jones listened.

"When this Harris takes the rubies ——" began Grant. "I've got it all here. He leaves tonight from Charing Cross, disguised, with his rubies in a box labeled cigars. The French customs people have been notified. Well, we'll track him from his house, and we must secure him between Calais and Amiens. A jab of this needle in his wrist will make him sick enough for us to mind him."

"We are on for business, then, this time?" said Antoine grimly. "*Nom de Dieu de nom de Dieu!* If we carry him away; but surely we cannot bring him back alive."

Mr. Jones' spine crisped as young Grant, whose claret and chops he had eaten, said brutally that Harris could be left somewhere to take his chance.

"For this ends it," said Grant. "We'll get off. I'm on this job myself! I'll see these things cut up. I'm on a holiday, you see, for a few days. Father very ill! Mr. Grant's resignation will cause no surprise."

"*Saperlotte!*" swore Antoine. "But that electrician's job of mine was good, *mon bon!*"

"When I came under their smug noses and drilled a hole just above Alec Grant's desk ——" grinned the clerk. "I had some trouble with it too."

The sofa creaked. Mr. Jones felt obliged to start. He remembered when the partners were both away a man came from Lee & Wait's to look at the newly installed lights. Mr. Mosenthal had made some complaint before leaving. The man went to work. He found it necessary to strip the walls in several places—and he stayed quite late one evening to get the job finished.

The treachery of it had induced Mr. Jones to heave his shocked head against the under ribs of the sofa. This Grant sitting and listening! The gaps in the robberies were caused by Grant's occasional absences when the partners gave their directions!

Would the two never go—never give him a chance to get away to tell Mr. Samuel and save Harris? Harris might start before he could get the information through. Harris would travel disguised. The sofa creaked.

"Rats; the place is full of 'em," Mr. Grant said. "Rotten old hole, but it's off the map and handy to meet at."

Mr. Jones listened to fresh revelations. Some horsehair, oozing out, was tickling him horribly. He had moved along a little to escape that and to ease his aching bones. At this point his spine crisped again. Antoine, the uneven-eyebrowed, was speaking in a low, cold voice.

"But somehow," he said, "I want to be even with that miserable brainless lucky-bag who by shooting in the opposite direction killed Derek and Le Rat. It is he who crosses us alway, *mon ami;* and being a fool he does what you expect not." Mr. Jones said to himself that this was rude; he made a mental note of it. "To shoot and hit that dried-up cabbage stalk! To catch that other fool drunk—to bury his diamonds in a flower pot at Dackminster! *Nom de Dieu!* but I would take pleasure in slicing across that little throat if it were not for the law! Yet, in a year or so," said Antoine fiercely, "Jones shall suffer. If it were only he tonight! A little extra drug and—*pouf!*"

"And poof! poof!" murmured Jones soundlessly. "Yes; but it is not he—*mon ami* Antoine."

"Where is this Jones? Why are they not sending him?" rasped out the Frenchman.

Grant said rudely that doubtless Jones was catching slugs or digging up dandelions.

"Earthworm!" said Antoine, and spat.

They sat until the dusk came on gray feet outside and the gas was lighted. Then, after an absence in the small bedroom, Jones could hear their voices discussing the merits of different disguises. They left; he could see nothing but one flash of red under a long coat.

The front door banged. Little Archibald Jones crawled out and rubbed his knees. He was grimed with dust—he had no hat—his collar was filthy—his clothes smeared; but he only looked at the clock. "Oh, Charing Cross!" he gasped as he rushed from the room. He encountered a lady in rusty black on the doorstep, all but knocking her over.

"Been to call, madam," said Mr. Jones hurriedly but politely; and he could not understand why the elderly lady should have sat upon her own doorstep and wailed "Police! Robber!" down the lonely road.

Absolutely unaware of his disreputable appearance, Mr. Jones scuttled on, racing into the next street of small shops. Here he dashed into one and bought a hat; that it was of jaunty green felt was as nothing to him; it was the nearest thing he saw. The shopman took three shillings with a doubtful air; in fact, he bit the half-crown sharply. But Mr. Jones fled again, oblivious of everything save the need for haste. He ran along the quiet streets, panting, melting; his clothes covered with dust, his face dirty; the green hat perched incongruously on his head.

"When I get back," panted Mr. Jones thoughtfully, "I shall buy a home exerciser; this lack of condition is appalling! . . . Quite appalling!" he repeated as he toiled on. "Yes: home exerciser!"

It seemed hours before he found a cabstand and directed the driver of a knock-kneed horse to fly until he met a taxi. Time was passing; the train left at nine and Mr. Jones was not sure what could be done.

It was joy to leave the crawl of the horse-drawn vehicle and swoop, petrol-driven, toward Queen's Gate. Here Mr. Jones met a check. The footman who opened the door gave one glance at the dust-begrimed coat and face, at the green hat, and remarked: "Nothin' 'ere for your sort!"—and shut the door crisply.

In vain did little Jones ring and pound; no one came; the footman, in fact, watched with a smile from the dining-room window.

Mr. Jones grew desperate. He saw that the tradesmen's entrance was open and he rushed through it into the kitchen.

The cook, who was watching the kitchen maid prepare supper, turned with a scream and threw her apron over a silver spoon on the table. Mr. Jones spurned the kitchen maid's attempt to stop him with the frying-pan, and shouted for the butler, who knew him.

It was a matter of thousands—a robbery; he clung to the sphinxlike head servant.

"Where is Mr. Samuel?"

"Not in. Mr. Samuel is dining with a foreign prince in Park Lane; will not be home until late."

Mr. Jones wrote the number down and rushed out, panting; he was now quite certain that he would start a course of home exercise.

The cook took her apron off the spoon with a wrathful air, and the footman who had spurned Mr. Jones listened to several things sullenly.

The footman who opened the door at Park Lane was given no chance of shutting it, for the little man made speedy way into the hall and demanded Mr. Samuel Mosenthal on the most urgent business. Here, for the first time, Jones caught sight of himself in a glass—and he shuddered with dismay.

The footman, joined by a second, mentioned "Meat course" in a doubtful voice; and he stared at little Jones aghast, hoping, aside, that it was a murder.

Mr. Jones rubbed himself down with the edge of a coat lying on a chair and awaited his employer, while he confided to the footman his hopes of growing orchids. Mr. Samuel, painted with a diner's blush, came quickly into the hall.

"Sir," said Mr. Jones, leaping up, "it is the boiler!"

Mr. Samuel looked at his clerk quite sadly; in somewhat acid tones he suggested that he feared it was the bottle.

"The boiler!" cried Jones. "The thieves! In here!" He pushed Mr. Samuel into a room off the hall and told his story quite calmly and precisely. "The girl's carelessness," he finished up, "accounting for my appearance, sir; and the hat being the nearest, I did not remark its unsuitability above a frock coat."

Mr. Samuel was not thinking of dust any more. He ran to the door and down to a string of waiting motors.

"Charing Cross!" he thundered to Marks. Mr. Jones had only driven in the small car; the purring might of this fifty-sixty was as magic to him.

"Risk a summons!" snapped Mr. Samuel through the tube. "Get on!"

They got on, to find the boat train had just left.

"A special!" Mr. Samuel stormed into an office, directed, ordered.

A special could not catch the train. By the time it was started and the lines cleared the Calais boat would be ready to cast off.

Mr. Samuel stood biting his fingers. One could not wire to France to catch unknown thieves. He could not stop Mr. Harris, who was traveling under an assumed name.

"Which I don't know!" almost wailed Mr. Samuel. "Amos gave him his directions." Then he wheeled to the telephone office and got through to Dover. Chance favored him—the man he sought was dining, as he hoped he might be, at The Lord Warden.

Mr. Jones, busily brushing his coat the frying-pan had bespattered him with grease—listened to a bewildering request for a yacht called Seagull, and for steam up ready to start.

"We'll catch it!" said Mr. Samuel. "I thought Peterson might dine on shore. Come, Jones!"

"Where to?" said Mr. Jones.

"Dover!" rasped out Samuel Mosenthal. "We may be in time for the boat. I've wired the police to be ready. We'll want you, Jones. Come along!"

Mr. Jones put on the green hat; he spent twopence on slabs of chocolate for his supper and followed meekly.

"If they have gone you must follow them," said Mr. Samuel. "I cannot—I have to be here tomorrow. Also, you know them."

"I do not," said Mr. Jones firmly. "I do not, sir; but their disguises will be pitted against my powers of observation."

"Go, get in! . . . Now go, Marks!" said Mr. Samuel sharply. "Dover! Let her out!"

They swooped and dived through the traffic, darting perilously, rushing, checking, flying forward, until the streets gave way to rows of drab houses—until there were trees and gardens, and the lamps picked up the emptiness of a country road.

Checking suddenly, Marks took out his spare gasoline tins. He explained that he had only a little in the tank, and it was better to fill up; they were rushing past——, thirty miles from London. A variety of policemen had practiced throat exercises as the car had roared past them—Marks taking no notice.

And here misfortune fluttered her wings. Marks, having filled up, came round to fasten a loose catch in the bonnet, when a heavy touring car came rushing by. The roads were greasy, the driver one of the men who consider that near shaves show their dauntless driving powers. Before Marks could get aside the tourer skidded and struck him heavily with her mudguard—her driver flying on without taking any notice.

The result was that Marks crumpled up, going down with a groan on to the wet road, his arm broken and his hip badly bruised, while Mr. Samuel got out and raved to the watery night that it was all over.

"I can't drive!" stormed Mosenthal as he examined Marks' injuries. "I can't drive, and here we are—nowhere!"

Mr. Jones looked reproachfully at Marks; he remarked judiciously that no doubt Mr. Samuel would now proceed to learn, and was pained when his employer snarled at him. People from a neighboring inn came in answer to calls for help. The big car stood inert on the road, her lamps flashing golden lights on to the wet road.

"I," said Mr. Jones precisely, "found it quite easy to learn to drive, sir."

"You!" said Mr. Samuel. "You!"

"'Eld the wheel," murmured Marks feebly. "Guides well. Thought it no 'arm, sir, to let him guide sometimes."

"I have done so most successfully!" said Jones. "If you consider it worth the risk of your valuable car, Mr. Samuel, I'll try to get her on for a little, to some town."

Mr. Samuel stepped toward the car. He looked at the small man in the green hat—at the meek, dirty little face.

"You can murder," he rasped out, "and steal! By Heaven! You Jones, there's no reason you shouldn't be able to break the law behind the wheel. You shall take me to Dover. Have at it, Jones, and endeavor to get back alive to your geraniums."

"Oh, if you wish it," said Mr. Jones quite calmly and without surprise. "I have learned the speeds and brakes."

But he looked nervously at the men who were attending to Marks. Murder and steal were both unpleasant words.

"Corners an' carts!" murmured Marks sadly.

"Have at it!" roared Mr. Samuel, his expression heroic. His face set grimly, he reft the motor cap from Marks' drooping head, placed the green Homburg on the landlord's, left money and directions for Marks, and stood ready to resume the journey.

"Wind her up, Napoleon Jones! I'd risk more to catch these fiends!" slid out Samuel Mosenthal between clenched teeth.

"If I scrape her," said Mr. Jones, "you will excuse me. It is really as easily learned as shooting." Then, exceedingly modestly, he took the wheel, and felt the isolation of importance as he realized that he was in sole command of the big car—that she must sway to his touch, depend on him for the safety of her paint and varnish. To himself he never gave a thought. "I have no license," he remarked as he slipped his clutch in. Mr. Samuel, getting up beside him, said he was thinking of a shorter word, beginning with *l*; in fact, life!

The car slid off with a lurch to one side, was righted, lurched to the other, and flung forward in her might. In a moment little Archibald Jones felt the hidden power of the monster in his charge—felt the power of her as she purred into the darkness, the rush of fleeting air, the joyous danger of the lamplit road.

"It is really quite enjoyable!" he said gently.

Mr. Samuel said "Is it?" very grimly. He was thinking of the market cart that had been shaved by an inch. "Get a move on her then!" he snorted. "We're crawling!"

The speedometer showed twenty-five up a slope. Mr. Jones sighed vaguely. To guide a small car with a man sitting beside you is very different from racing through the night at a terrifying speed, with the lamps raking black objects too suddenly from the darkness, and the great car lurching as one dashed past them. Get a move on her! Mr. Jones was there to obey his employer. His life was insured.

"One will strike so very hard when one does strike at a fast pace!" he said apologetically; but he opened his gasoline valve and let her go.

Go!—she seemed to pour herself along the road, purring savagely as she spurned the miles beneath her wheels. Not once but twenty times they avoided collisions by sheer luck. They lurched and bounded to the unskillful hands on the wheel. They tore through villages where watchful policemen shouted frantic warning; the air grew colder as they flew, until there was salt on its breath and the lights of Dover twinkled below them.

"You see, sir," observed Mr. Jones, taking a corner on one wheel and checking with a jar of brakes before a cab, "I did not exaggerate when I said that I could drive."

Mr. Samuel wiped his face and unclenched his hands.

The lights of The Lord Warden were before them—when, in avoiding a woman, Mr. Jones took a lamp-post in his stride and put out the engine with the shock. His apologies were lost as he was almost hurled to the pavement, with his employer's voice saying triumphantly that a lamp put out was better than a life; and the car, one front wheel crumpled, was abandoned in the street.

Another motor was at the hotel door. A man in blue serge waited on the steps, watching for them. The Seagull was ready for her rush to Calais, he explained.

"But I have no idea what to do, and I cannot wheel a steamer!" said Mr. Jones, who was really getting bewildered—yet ready to obey.

In the few minutes left to them Mr. Samuel thrust gold into Mr. Jones' hand. He was to penetrate the disguises of the plotters. The wires had already warned the police all along the line. He was to get the men arrested and warn Harris of his danger. And he only had as far as Amiens. Little Mr. Jones clung to the rail of the steam yacht and looked quite upset, yet relieved to find he was not to command the yacht.

"I will do my utmost," he said determinedly; "and that, Mr. Samuel, is not to be despised. My utmost, sir—especially if it is not rough upon the waves."

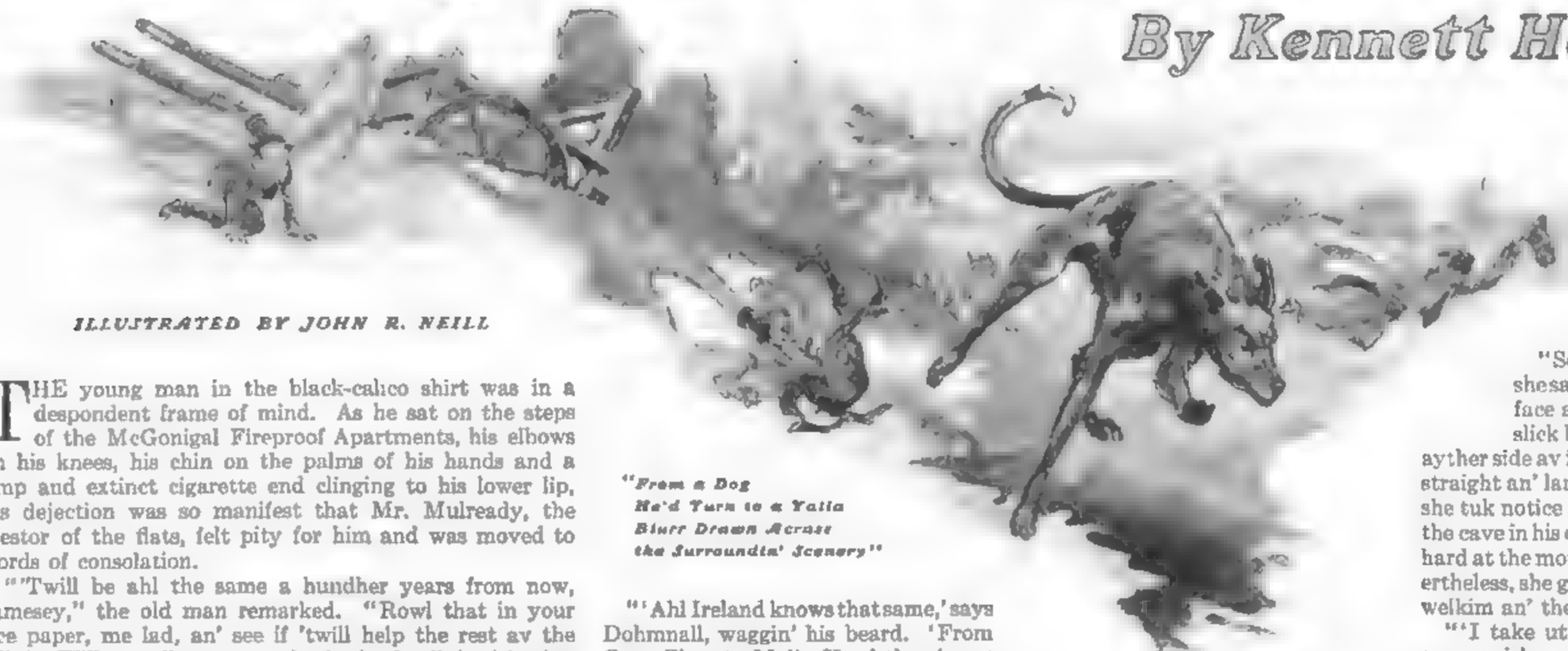
"Drove a sixty car," said Mr. Samuel, to his friend Lord Petersham, "nearly the whole way here, on four lessons from Marks! Got right to the lamp-post before he broke it up. No, I can't come! I must

(Continued on Page 47)

The Lady Gave Her Name Sweetly as Miss Brown, of Number 5, Kensington Gardens Road, London

Phadrig Carves for Himself

By Kennett Harris



"From a Dog He'd Turn to a Yalla Blurr Drawn Across the Surroundin' Scenery"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

THE young man in the black-calico shirt was in a despondent frame of mind. As he sat on the steps of the McGonigal Fireproof Apartments, his elbows on his knees, his chin on the palms of his hands and a limp and extinct cigarette end clinging to his lower lip, his dejection was so manifest that Mr. Mulready, the Nestor of the flats, felt pity for him and was moved to words of consolation.

"'Twill be ahl the same a hundher years from now, Jamesey," the old man remarked. "Rowl that in your rice paper, me lad, an' see if 'twill help the rest av the fillin'. Will ye tell me now what's the family's objection to ye? 'Tis out av frindly inthrust an' not impertinent curiosity I'm axin' ye."

"They think she might do better," muttered Jamesey reluctantly.

Mr. Mulready considered that with a twinkle of his hyacinth-blue eye and a pursing of his lips on the stem of his pipe. "Sure, I'm av the same opinion," he observed at last. "An' she might do worse," he added. "There's ahlwis that to be said in thim cases. Afther ahl, 'tis not so much the soort av a man a gyurl gets as the way she handles him. If he'll take her advice—— Did ye iver hear av MacDatho's pig? No, I know ye niver did. I'm not blaming ye for ut ayther. Sure, we can't ahl av us be Irish, more's the pity. But for your entertainmint an' insthruction I'll tell ye about ut.

"'Twas in thim good old days whin Brian Boroihme was rulin' over Thomond wid wisdom an' justice an' a big broadax, an' houldin' his coort at Kincora, like the fine gintleman that he was; the days whin there was plenty in the land an' as much peace as an Irishman iver needs or wants. Well, in thim days, Jamesey, there lived a young sprig av nobility by the name av MacDatho, who tuk ut into his poor silly head that ut was high time for him to get married.

"I'm not sayin' that marriage is a bad thing, ye' undherstand, Jamesey—aven for the young. There's worse notions intirely a lad might get, an' more harmful to himsilf. There was no rayson in life why MacDatho shud not marry, for he had the sivin-dured house an' the land that his father left him, an' a good character as charachters wint in thim parts, an' to the back av that he had the dog, Brechan, that was the bate av ahl dogs whelped since Tobit's.

"Ye'll not belave me, 'tis like, but there's written record for ut that the baste cud run round Thomond bechune sun an' sun av a summer's day. Thomond, ye'll mind, tuk in County Clare an' Galway from Galway Bay to where the Suck meets the Shannon, an' thin east to Ossory an' south below Limerick. I'll not tell ye av the bets MacDatho won from strangers with that dog. Sure 'twas awful! An' ye can guess the pride that was in MacDatho's heart bekase av the long-legged, slab-sided, wind-shplittin' streak av swiftness.

"'Heich, ye divil!' he'd yell, an' Brechan, who might be asleep in the sun or busy wid his own small annoyances, wud gather himsilf up an' from a dog he'd turn to a yalla blurr drawn across the surroundin' scenery to the skyline an' wiped out again in the half av an eyeblink, an' whin he kem back he'd not have a hair turned on him, while half an hour afther he'd lain down his shadow wud arrive wid ut's tongue hanging out.

"'Well, as I was tellin' ye, MacDatho tuk ut into his head he'd get married, an' he goes to Dohmnall O'Brien, wan av his neighbors, an' axes him for his daughter, Macha. 'For 'tis known she has wisdom an' discerning, an' thim is commodities that ut's handy to have round. I'm wise mesilf, so I know,' says he.

"'Wid ahl the plisure in life, ye may have her,' says Dohmnall. '"Tis an honor to me poor house, so ut is, to have a gintleman wid a dog like yours connected wid ut in anny way, shape or manner. Sure, 'tis the proud gyurl Macha 'ill be whin I tell her av your kind intintions.'

"'Don't mintion ut,' says MacDatho. 'Still,' he went on, 'though I say ut as in modesty shud not, the dog's a grand dog intirely.'

"'Ahl Ireland knows that same,' says Dohmnall, waggin' his beard. 'From Cape Clear to Malin Head there's not a child hasnut heard av him. Sainta be good to us, what wud nut the crayture do wid a tin can to the tail av him! But sit ye down, an' I'll let the colleen know you're here.'

"Now, for fear av misundherstandin', I'll inform ye that Macha was no marked-down remnint av old maidenhood. From the days av the Danes, County Clare has been cilibrated for the grace, iligance an' beauty av her faymales, an' Macha, wid her level head, was the flower av the counthryside at that, an' was not the gyurl to insult her mirror by disbelavin' what ut tould her. So whin she heard av the good luck that had befallen, she turned no handsprings.

"'I'm not plased wid that cut-under chin av his,' she objicted. 'He'll not be much betther than a gomeril, that MacDatho man av yours.'

"'Ye've sinse enough for both, mavourneen,' says Dohmnall. 'An' thin,' says he, 'he'll not be apt to stint ye on ixpenses as a wise man might. Ye'll remimber the ould ancient sayin' wid regards to fools an' their substance.'

"'"Tis sildom the wife that parts thim,' Macha made answer. '"Tis the fool that closes his purse to her—or at laist, the man that closes his purse to his wife is a fool. 'Tis as broad as ut's long. An' ye'll mind, 'tis aisier to share goold than wit.'

"'But there's ahlwis the dog, Brechan,' says her father.

"'An' there's ahlwis distimper an' hydhrophoby an' mange an' poisoned mate,' she says.

"'An' there's the house wid the sivin dures an' the sivin roads runnin' through thim. Ther'll be a power av divarsion watchin' the world go by. "Tis an illigant situation—to say nothin' av the dog, Brechan.'

"'There's the fire in the thatch has left the manny a house a heap av stones an' charred sticks,' says Macha. 'Howiver,' she says, 'I'll not crass me father's will an' pleasure, an' if ye think 'tis best for me I'll marry MacDatho an' the dog.'

"'Ye're a jool!' says Dohmnall, cuttin' a caper. 'Ye're the joy av me heart an' a credit to me upbringing av ye. There's niver a man widin the four says has a daughter the aquil av ye. Ye've brought honor to me age an' riverince to me gray locks. Ye're the pearl av wisdom an' the patthern av filial virtue, an' I'll give ye a weddin'——'

"'As I was sayin' whin ye intherrupted me,' says Macha, 'I'll marry him if ye think ut's for the best afther ye've takin' a year to considher the matther; but meanwhiles I was thinkin' av Phadrig O'Meara. Ye might include Phadrig in your miditations, father dear.'

"'I'll not need to miditate longer than it takes a goat to wag his scut,' says Dohmnall, smashing a joint stool to smithereens to ixpriss his displisure. 'Has Phadrig house or land or a groat in his pouch to kape the divil from dancin' in ut? By this an' by that, 'tis crazy ye are intirely!'

"'He has a soft tongue for his frinds an' a hard fist at the ind av a strong arm for his inimies,' Macha answered him. 'Wid good guidance he may win what he lacks, an' what he wins there's few will take from him, I'll go bail. Whin there's a big fight who's the first into ut an' comes the last out an' does the most damage, will ye tell me? Who is ut that bards make the songs about? Still, I'll not deny there's crookeder sticks than MacDatho.'

"'Thrue for ye,' says Dohmnall, 'an' there's the dog.'

"'I'll niver deny there's the dog,' says Macha.

"'MacDatho is waiting,' her father hints.

"'"Twill be good practice for him,' says the gyurl. 'However, I'll see him.'

"So she wint down, an' whin she saw the fat, round, smirkin' face av the young man an' the slick hair av him, combed from ayther side av its center part an' hangin' straight an' lank over his ears, an' whin she tuk notice av the bow in his legs an' the cave in his chist, she sighed, for 'twas hard at the moment to be sinsible. Nivertheless, she gev him good day an' kind welkim an' the smile av her lips.

"'I take ut Dohmnall has tould ye av me wishes an' me hopes?' says MacDatho with an impident wink. Ye'll mind the crayture had drunk Shannon wather, which they say is a cure for bashfulness. 'Whin is ut to be?' he axes her.

"'An' why will ye be wantin' me?' she axes him.

"'Faith,' he says, grinnin' like a cat, 'I want ye for the best av raysons. Ye've tuk me fancy an' me house is big an' wantin' a musthress. To the back o' that, ye've wisdom an' discernin', they tell me, an' like shud go to like. I'm wise mesilf.'

"'Thin ye'll need none o' my wisdom,' says she. 'Ye'd niver take the advice I gev ye. 'Tis that I'm fearful of.'

"'Sure I'd take ut,' he tould her, wid sincerity in his voice an' desayt in his heart.

"'"Tis jokin' ye are,' says Macha. 'Ye'd take ut if ut plased ye.'

"'Ye wrong me,' he tould her. '"Twud ahlwis plase me. Thry me an' see.'

"'I'll do that,' says Macha. 'Me advice to you thin is to go back the way ye kem an' say no more av marriage, nayther to me nor to Dohmnall, for a twelve-month from this day.'

"He lukked at her an' she lukked at him stiddy as the Rock o' Cashel, an' as like to move for annything short av an earthquake. Women is poor, weak, fickle craytures, so they are, like clay in the hands av the potther, hither today an' thither an' beyant tomorry. Anny fool knows the depindince ye can putt in the spoken word av thim. Nivertheless, there's times whin anny fool can luk a woman in the eye an' see that she manes ivery syllible av it.

"'Do ye tell me that I'm to come no more to see ye for the twelve-month space?' he axes her, wid an ugly frown.

"'I'll not say that,' Macha answered him. 'Come an' see me whiniver ye want advice.'

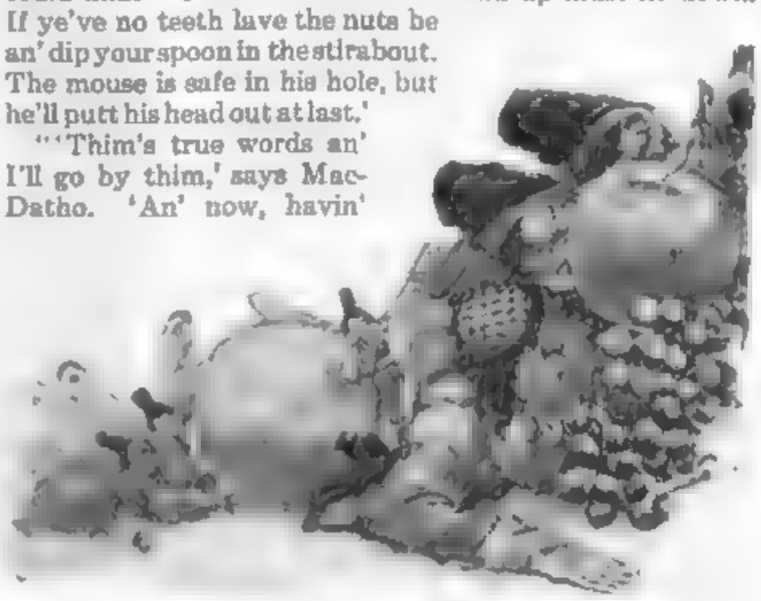
"At that MacDatho's heart lightened a thrifle, for, as his eyes dwelt on her loveliness av form an' fayture, he felt ut in his bones that he was going to have frequent necissity for Macha's counsel. So widout more ado he wint his way.

"The nixt day he was back again. Wan av his tinants at Slievenagory wud nayther pay rint nor lave his houldin, an' what wud the Lady Macha do in such a case?

"'Has he annything ye can take wid the sthrong hand?'

"'He has plinty,' says MacDatho, 'but me hand's crippled up wid the rheumatiz.'

"'Thin I'd bide me time till I got the use av ut,' Macha tould him. 'Thim that cannot shtand up must lie down. If ye've no teeth lave the nuts be an' dip your spoon in the stirabout. The mouse is safe in his hole, but he'll putt his head out at last.'



"'Thim's true words an' I'll go by thim,' says MacDatho. 'An' now, havin'

disposed av business, wud ye condescind to enchant me ear wid a touch av the harpstring?'

"'I've a touch av the rheumatiz in me fingers,' says she.

"The nixt day MacDatho was back again.

"'The blight is in me cornfield,' he cries. 'What will I do at ahl, at ahl?'

"'Putt the toorch to ut an' burn ut to the roots,' says Macha. 'Thin take the plow an' turn the roots undher an' lave the ground lie fallow two saysons before ye sow ut to hemp,' says she.

"'Sure that will not save the corn,' objicts MacDatho.

"'But there will be no blight in the seed that comes av ut nor in the ground that grew ut,' she answered. 'Save the egg an' soon the sarpint hatches. If ye grieve to lose bait, 'tis few fish ye will ate. Betther no gain than what gives ye pain. Bad might be worse an' may be betther, an' while the cow's alive there's hope for butther, aven if she kicked the milkpail over.'

"'Thim's pearls av wisdom an' I'll fire the field,' says MacDatho; 'an' havin' setthled that,' says he, 'I'll hould the skein for ye to wind, if ye don't objict.'

"'Thank ye kindly,' says Macha. 'Me bower-maiden, Bridget, was just askin' for to wind ut, an' now if ye'll hould ut I'll be relaved intirely. Sure ye've a helpful nature!'

"On the fourth day, at a time Dohmnall was out spoortin' wid his hawks, there kem to Ballyvachan a fine, big, sthrappin' young fella wid a straight luk in his bright eyes, a promisin' yalla beard an' the step av a buck. He was dhressed in a shirt av mail that was the worse for wear an' weather. There was a long, two-handed soord over his left shoulder an' he carried a spear in his hand. His hilmet was dinted an' there was a dint in his cheekbone, an' ahltogether he had the luk av a man ye'd not thrifle wid if he wasnut in the humor for thriftin'. An' whin he axed for the Lady Macha, the porter lad that opined the dure to him bent himsilf double an' scurried like a scared rabbit to tell his misthress who wanted her.

"'Say to him I'll be down in a minyut,' Macha tould the lad. An' wid that she changed her dhress three times an' did up her hair in six different ways an' hurried down.

"'I hope I've not kep' ye waitin' long, Phadrig O'Meara,' she says, wid a low curtsy an' a quare smile. 'Sure, I wasnut ixpictin' the honor av a call this mornin'.'

"'Tis a good hearin' that same, for I've been gev to undherstand that MacDatho has been here three times handrunning, an' I was faylin' onaisy,' says Phadrig. 'I was on my way to spitlicate him for to relave me mind an' show me annoyance,' he went on.

"'Sure, that's a clever notion,' says Macha couldly. 'Did ye think ut out ahl by yoursilf? Still, ye might let a poor gyurl take her choice av a husband whin aven her own father's willing to. 'Tis a privilege I'd like, if ut was only plasin' to ye. Cud ye not find some business av your own to luk afther, if ye tried hard an' put your mighty brain on ut?'

"'Macha,' says Phadrig, 'me brains is little to brag av, Hivin knows; but there's enough av thim to tell me that a splayfutted, spindle-shanked, trencher-faced mollycoddle like MacDatho wud be no choice but Hobson's, an' here's me ——'

"'I see ye,' says Macha. 'Ye're a brave sight in your rusty armor an' faded cloak, wid niver a fut av freehold to your name nor a thraneen in your poke. Don't tell me ye have, for I know betther. Ye gev goold to the lad that brought me word av ye, an' if ye'd had more ye'd have gev more.'

"'Why not?' asks Phadrig. 'As for land, I've the whole av Ireland for me delight, wid shady wood an' spreadin' fields an' muddy bog an' mist-wrapped mountain, wid the sthrames that run through to the say an' the sky that stretches above over ahl. Sure, ye'll say I've not a sun nor a moon to me name, nor a solitary star I can cahl me own. What wud I want wid goold? Me name is Phadrig O'Meara. I've a sharp soord an' a stout heart an' a swift steed. A king cahls me brother an' honor walks by me side an' fame goes before me.'

"'My Advice to You Is to Go Back the Way Ye Kem an' Say No More an Marriage'"

"'An' much good will it do the woman at home whin ye come to the ind ye'll come to,' says Macha. Yet there was a glint av kindness in her eyes as she lukked at him an' she felt wanst more that 'twas hard to be sinsible. 'From Lisdooavarna to Kilshany an' aist to the Cliffs o' Moher, ahl that the sun shines on is MacDatho's, under Brian,' she wint on. 'An' the Big House wid the sivin dures on the sivin roads is MacDatho's, an' there's a sthrong-box in a safe place that's his, an' what's in ut will buy sharp soords an' stout hearts an' swift steeds an' lave a thrifle for silk robes an' jools an' other nicissaries for MacDatho's wife. An' there's the dog, Brechan.'

"'Sure, I niver thought av that,' says Phadrig, mighty downcast.

"'Tis high time ye did,' says Macha. 'Fame flies far an' wide, but fat is betther food than feathers. Glory is in the mouths av men, but 'tis poor mate to bite on. Honor was doing well, but a poor memory killed it, the crayture. Will ye take me advice, Phadrig?'

"'Why wud I not?' says he.

"'Think av your widdy before ye think av a wife,' says she. 'The nixt time ye take a ship from the Danes or a city or the like, hould to your share av the spoil. Whin Olioll, of Connaught, calls ye brother, ax him what's a brother's portion av the kingdom; an' whin ye coort a maiden, don't begin wid a massacree av ahl the other gintlemen that happins in to pass the time av day, or ye'll make yoursilf unpopular. Last av all, Phadrig ——'

"'Yis?' says Phadrig dolefully.

"'Be aisy,' says she. 'But not too aisy,' she says; 'for I promise nothing.'

"So Phadrig wint his ways, and soon afther the word wint through the counthryside that he'd got the lands av Fergus O'Dea at Ardderhoo by succission, Fergus havin' died suddenly from a rush av blood to the neck just below where his head had been. Thin the men av Connaught made a raid into Ulster with Phadrig at their head, and, afther they kem back Phadrig was well spoken av in financial circles. In the mean while, there kem to Ballyvaghan wan day a kern from Slievenagory wid news av a saying from Brian Boroihme to MacDatho. MacDatho had sint to Brian's dun at Kincora wid complaint av the tinant that wud pay no rent.

"'Go back to MacDatho,' says Brian, frowning. 'Tell him that help niver held wather in a riddle, but there's crocks galore in Thomond.'

"'Tis a riddle to me,' says Dohmnall from his seat above the salt. 'What does it mane, agra?'

"'I'm fearin' ut manes that MacDatho will not take the good advice he asks for,' says Macha, 'an' that he'll be sorry for ut whin 'tis too late,' she says. 'I'm wonderin' now where he will be, for 'tis long past his time for tellin' his throubles.'

"'I Cyarse for Phadrig,' He Shouts in a Voice Like a Bugle"

"Sure enough, it was close on to sundown whin MacDatho kem, an' there was throuble in his face an' disthress in his voice.

"'If iver ye gev me wise counsel, give ut to me now,' he says to Macha, stammering. 'Here's messengers from Conall, king av Ulster, an' from Olioll, king av Connaught, an' what will they want but to buy me dog, Brechan, that's the pride av me heart an' me principal soorce av revenue.'

"'What do they offer?' asks Macha.

"'Conall offers three score hundred milk cows,' says MacDatho. 'An' 'tis not a bad price,' says he, 'if I had but the grass to feed thim. Annyway, that's ahl I'll get, for Olioll bids the same. Sorra a hair av the baste wud I part with for ahl the cows iver calved, if I had me will; but needs must whin the divil dhrives, an' the divil av ut is there's two av thim dhrivin.' If Conall gets the dog I'll have Olioll on me back, an' if I sell to Olioll me ricks'll be in a blaze before a fortnight an' there won't be enough av me left to wake dacintly. They're waitin' now for me answer.'

"Macha leaned her purty pink cheeks in her hands.

"'Who's the sthronger av the two?' she asks presintly.

"'Tis an opin question,' says MacDatho. 'Wan av these fine days they'll fight ut out, but there's the best kind av faylin' bechune thim now—if anny wan's fool enough to belave ut—an' the bloody skirmishes an' raids that takes place ivery day is onauthyrized an' deplored an' dipricated an' deeply regretted—if ye're a diplymat an' like to talk that way. 'Tis about an aven break up to now.'

"Macha twirled a lock av her shinin' hair round her fingers.

"'A thrial is no denial,' says she. 'There's ahlwis the differ in stiff an' in stiffer, in sthrong an' in sthronger, in long an' in longer. The peas in a pod, whin ye match thim, is odd. Blow for blow, as Conan tould the divil, but the divil got in the last lick. Take me advice an' sell Brechan to both. Take aich av the messingers to wan side an' accipt his terms. Set a short day whin aich king shall come for his dog, attinded by the flower av his warriors an' the milk cows. The same day for both, ye'll mind. Thin they can setthle the matther bechune them. Ye can kill the big pig for the feast, an' it may be that I'll attind for to whisper another word or two av counsel, if there's occasion.'

"'I'll do as ye say an' thank ye kindly,' MacDatho tould her. 'The wan that gets the worst av the argymint will niver miss the cows he brought, an' the winner 'ill not grudge his honest paymint.'

"So wid that he sets off, an' whin he got to his house he tould the messingers what Macha had tould him to say, an' set a short day for the cirimony av thransfer.

"I'll not go into the particulars av the arrival av the guests, though 'twas an illigant spictacle, so ut was. King Olioll came first wid the flower av the men av Connaught behind him, like the leaves on the trees for number, an' wid a bristle av bright spears upstandin.' His wife, Meve, rode at his right hand, an' on his left, glisthening in a brand-new suit av mail an' wid a goold collar on his neck, an' torques av goold on his arms, was Phadrig O'Meara—an' they had not forgot the cows. An' behould ye, by the time the foremost av the procission had reached the place where MacDatho stud, smirking an' bowing, there's a scream av the pipes, an' over the hill beyant the house kem King Conall, av Ulster, wid a resplindint an' jingling calvycade av shock-headed huskies thrailin' afther him, an' a dhrove av cows in the rear.

"'Sure, this is an unixpicted plisure,' says Olioll to MacDatho, jerking his thumb at the Ulster men.

"'I'll ixplain later on, your high majisty,' says MacDatho, as Conall dismounted from his horse an' sthrode up.

"'Where's me dog, MacDatho?' cahls Conall. 'Ah, me r'yal brother av Connaught, 'tis a sight for sore eyes ye are! Not that there's annything wrong with mine,' he wint on. 'Where's me dog, MacDatho?'

"'Plase ye to be sated, your majisties, an' gintlemin ahl,' says MacDatho, wid the sweat on his forehead, an' he waves his hand

(Concluded on Page 44)

USEFUL PRESENTS

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Morris Perlmutter Buys One for Barney Flug

"RETIRE!" Abe Potash exclaimed as he finished his dessert in Wasserbauer's one pleasant March noontime. "Why, you ain't no older as I am, Barney!"

"Ain't I?" Barnet Flug, of the F. K. B. Manufacturing Company, replied. "Well, maybe I am a whole lot older as I look, Abe; and that's just the point. Some people, understand me, retire *mit* seventy-five thousand dollars, Abe, and others retire *mit* Bright's disease of the kidneys; *aber* me, I'm in good health *umberufen* and I got enough of manufacturing dresses and waists for a living." He paused and bit the end from a mild domestic cigar. "Also," he added, as an afterthought, "I got enough of Harry Kosmin and Louis Berker."

"Why, what's the matter with them fellers, Barney?" Abe asked. "I always thought you was such friends."

"So we are," Barney replied; "*aber* nobody knows where the shoe pinches till they get a couple corns to remind 'em, Abe; and I don't need no corns to tell me which way the wind is blowing. Them boys is too up to date for an old man like me."

Abe nodded and shrugged. He had long ago learned that the best way to elicit confidences is to preserve a discreetly incurious attitude; and he sipped noisily at his after-dinner coffee while Barney gained a new start.

"Which I told them boys she wasn't that kind of a buyer, Abe," Barney continued; "and yet they went to work and bought for her a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar diamond ring when she completes her twentieth anniversary *mit* Joseph Kammerman."

"Miss Schliestein!" Abe exclaimed.

"Miss Flora Schliestein," Barney replied. "Kammerman's staff gives her a dinner and she gets plenty presents from a whole lot of concerns, Abe, like B. Gans gives her for thirty dollars a traveling bag—*aber* a cent over forty he paid for it, anyhow. And what did she done, Abe? She turns right round and buys from Gans a big bill of goods, understand me, and all we get is an order for a couple styles which there ain't fifteen dollars net profit over the cost of manufacture hardly."

"Well, that's the way it goes," Abe commented.

"Not with me it don't!" Barney Flug declared. "So, when them two boys renews me an offer to buy me out at seventy-five thousand dollars, Abe, I took 'em right up; and I'm going to retire, Abe." He puffed vigorously at his mild cigar.

"I guess a single man *mit* no relatives nearer as one cousin in the building business in Sacramento could easy live on seventy-five thousand dollars, Abe," he continued. "And when I die the whole thing goes to charity."

"*Gott soll hüten!*" Abe declared—"not for thirty years!"

"That ain't no dream, neither, Abe," Barney said. "There's many a young feller twenty-five years of age should got for insurance purposes my heart and kidneys, Abe; and *mit* my stummick and liver, Abe—I don't know—I think I could eat an oitermobile tire. But as I never tried nothing worser as good broiled steak, and once in a while chicken, Abe, my digestion never even give me so much as a *Schlucken* even. I'm as sound as a new pertater."

"Then what do you want to retire for?"

"Seventy-five thousand dollars while I can get it," Flug replied positively—"and hafterward I would consider what I would do. In the first place, I think I would go to Europe for a trip."

"What d'ye want to go to Europe for?" Abe commented. "I got a few weeks over there myself once, Barney; and it'll remind you of the time you was making Southern tours for old man Baum by dollar-and-a-half-a-day hotels, Barney—except you could call them Europe fellers all kinds of suckers, Barney, and they couldn't understand you at all."

Barney heaved a sigh of regret for his career as a traveling salesman.

"There's worser lives for a single man as selling goods on the road, Abe," he said; "so, if I wouldn't got to got no more hardships as a Southern trip, Abe, I guess I would take my passage for next month already."

"So soon!" Abe cried, and Barney nodded.

"Them boys is anxious to reorganize on an up-to-date basis, Abe," Barney replied. "Card indexes and looseleaf ledgers—and *Gott weiss was noch!* They're right up to the minute—Harry and Louis is, Abe. New fixtures they would got it and full-page ads in the Daily Cloak and Suit Record, Abe. And they would also give me a farewell dinner at the Prince Clarence—where I live, Abe—to show my personal following among the customers that they ain't got no hard feelings for me."

"A farewell dinner!" Abe exclaimed.

"Sure—why not?" Barney said. "I'm agreeable, Abe—especially as we close up the books tomorrow."

He scraped back his chair and rose to his feet.

"Which them boys may be up to date, Abe," he declared, "but they ain't going to stick no farewell dinner in the petty cash account as sundries on me, Abe—and don't you forget it!"

Abe waited until Barney's erect figure had disappeared on to the sidewalk; then he paid his bill and hastened back to his place of business.

"Well, Mawruss," he cried as he entered the showroom, "did you hear the latest about Barney Flug?"

"*Am I in Time, Mr. Perlmutter?*"

"Sure, I know," Morris replied with exasperating calmness. "He's going to retire and take a trip to Europe."

"Who told you?" the crestfallen Abe inquired.

"I heard it last night already from Harry Kosmin," Morris replied; "and, besides, this here come in the mail while you was out."

He handed Abe an engraved invitation reading as follows:

"Mr. Harry Kosmin and Mr. M. Louis Berker request the pleasure of your company at a dinner to be given to their retiring partner, Mr. Barnet Flug, at the Prince Clarence Hotel, Thursday, March tenth, at half-past seven o'clock.

"R. S. V. P. to F. K. B. Mfg. Co., Knitgoods Exchange Building, Fourth Avenue, New York."

"Well, then Barney was mistaken," Abe declared as he finished reading the invitation. "Here they send to us an invitation, Mawruss—and Barney says them boys only invites his personal following from the customers to come around and see that there ain't no hard feelings, understand me. That's the way they expect to keep on their books any doubtful accounts."

Morris snorted indignantly.

"That's Barney all over!" he commented. "He don't give them boys credit for nothing at all, Abe. Harry Kosmin says that you would think, when they first got in card indexes for their credits, that they would be shedding the old man's blood, already—so sore he was at 'em."

"He ain't so old," Abe corrected.

"He's old enough that new ideas he's terrible stubborn about, Abe. Harry says that just lately, there, they hired it a young feller from a school of commerce in a regular college yet—not a business college, Abe, but a college from college students, already—and the way Barney kicked settled it for 'em. They knew, then, they must got to buy him out."

"*Aber* why ain't you told me this morning that Harry says all this to you last night, Mawruss?" Abe demanded in hurt accents.

"I got other things to think about when I come down here in the morning, as I should tell you every bit of nonsense somebody talks to me, Abe," Morris retorted. "We're running a cloak-and-suit business here, Abe—not a *Kaffee-klatsch!*"

"So you think it's a nonsense—a dinner at the Prince Clarence, Mawruss—which the least it costs them boys is five dollars a head, without wine!" Abe retorted.

"Harry didn't say nothing about the dinner," Morris admitted. "He ain't that kind, Abe. He wouldn't throw up to me in my face yet that he's went to work and invited us to the dinner, Abe, which I must say it's pretty decent of them fellers they should invite competitors as well as customers to a dinner, Abe, just so as they would get a couple of presents for the old man, understand me."

Abe nodded his head satirically at the word presents.

"An elegant chance that old feller stands he should get from us a retiring present, Mawruss!" he said. "He's lucky if I would give him for ten cents a *Weichsel* cigar-holder already. An old snoozer like him turns round and retires *mit* seventy-five thousand dollars, understand me, and he wants his competitors they should make him presents yet! *Chutzpah!*"

"*Aber* you would go to the dinner, anyhow—ain't it?" Morris asked.

"Sure I would," Abe replied.

"Then we must got to give the feller a present, Abe," Morris decreed oracularly; "which the way you figure it, Abe, our dinner would cost them boys, without wine, ten dollars—ain't it? And if we would drink between us a couple glasses *tchampanyer*—say, a dollar and a half—and a little sow-turn, maybe, for another dollar, the whole thing stands 'em in twelve dollars and a half, Abe—ain't it?" Abe nodded again. "Then you must got to figure also," Morris concluded, "that we would meet there a lot of buyers for highgrade concerns, Abe; so we could easy afford to spend six dollars on a present for Barney—a cigarcase *oder* something."

Abe made a rapid addition with the stump of a leadpencil on an old envelope.

"We don't want to be small, Mawruss," he said at last; "so you could go as high as seven dollars and a half—*aber* no more!"

Morris put on his hat and coat.

"I'll buy it on my way in from lunch," he said, and when he returned, three-quarters of an hour later, he took from his overcoat pocket a tissue-paper parcel, which he proceeded carefully to unwrap under his partner's curious gaze.

"Gen-wine English morocco and the edges is from eight-carat gold!" he said proudly.

"*Aber* where do you put the cigars in?" Abe asked.

"Cigars!" Morris exclaimed. "What d'ye mean cigars? That ain't no cigar-case."

"No?" Abe said.

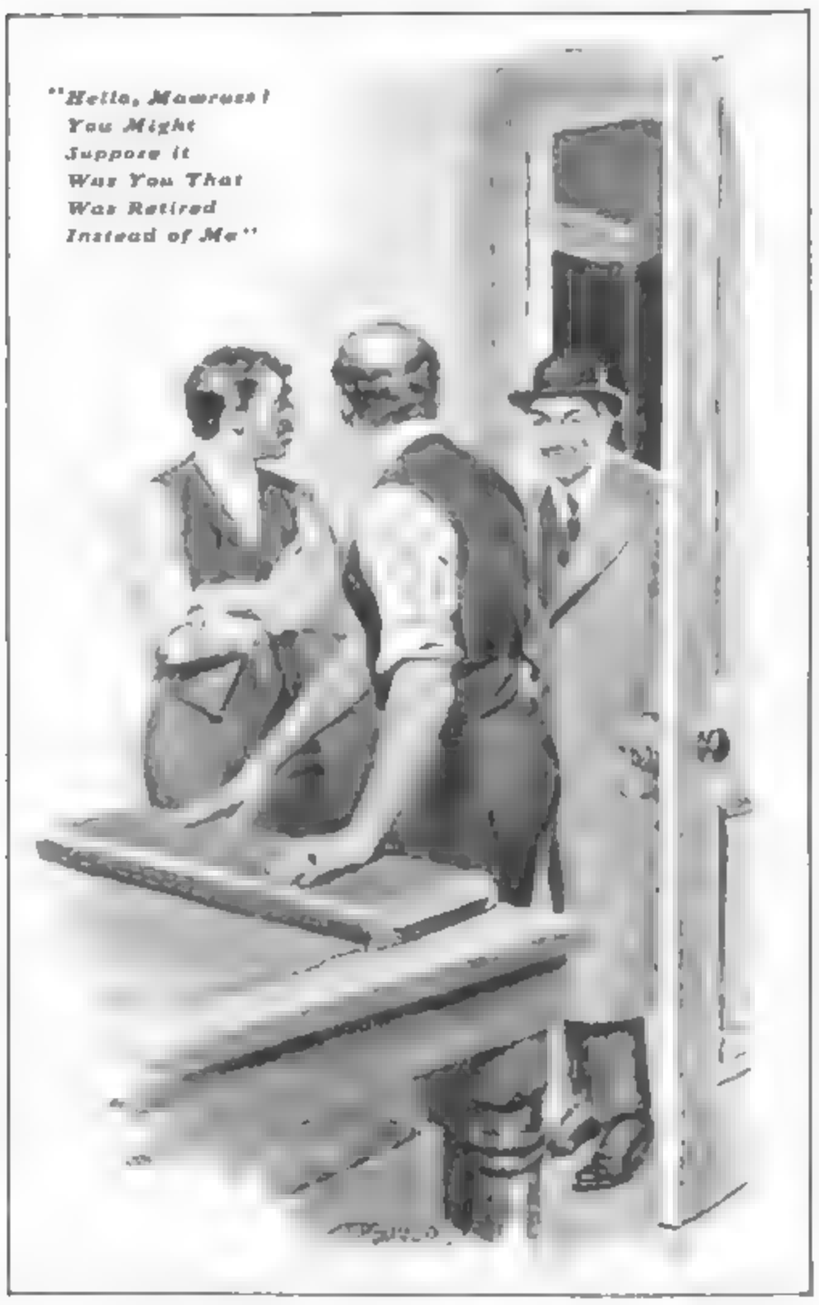
"Certainly not," Morris said. "How could I buy a cigar-case at a stationer's, Abe, which Wasserbauer gives me the tip the feller is on his last legs ever since New Year's understand me; and I beat him down, so sure as I am standing here—from twenty-five dollars to ten dollars and fifty cents."

"Ten dollars and fifty cents!" Abe shouted. "For that thing!"

"What d'ye mean for that thing?" Morris demanded. "That's an elegant looseleaf order book."

"Order book!" Abe exclaimed. "What are you talking nonsense—an order book for a feller which is going to retire!"

"He could be going to die even," Morris declared, "and yet he must got to appreciate the way this here is fixed up. Every page is ruled for quantity, style number, size



number, description and price; and at the foot is shipping directions, while in front is a thumbnail index and everything—seventy-five pages and six extra fillers thrown in." Abe examined the book anew, and he could not conceal his admiration for the ingenuity that had been displayed in its manufacture. "Which you've also got to figure, Abe," Morris concluded, "that if Barney don't like it he would probably turn it over to Harry Kosmin or Louis Berker—and them two fellers is crazy about looseleaf books, and card indexes. Also, we are getting the dinner from them two boys, Abe, and not from Barney, which, for all that old crank cares, Abe, his competitors could starve to death, let alone eat dinners at the Prince Clarence."

"*Aber* ten dollars and fifty cents is a big price, Mawruss," Abe protested.

"Not when you reckon the cigars and a couple glasses Chartroos, Abe; three cigars apiece, Abe—a big one, a little one and a middle-sized one, tied up *mit* ribbon," Morris corrected. "You forgot the cigars and Chartroos."

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"All right, Mawruss," he said. "It comes out of you as well as me; so wrap it up again and send Nathan over with it this afternoon yet."

"What's the hurry?" Morris asked.

"I want to go round there myself later and get a line on that feller which has started in as a new beginner in Bridgetown, Mawruss," Abe explained. "Them two boys has fixed up an elegant credit system over there, Mawruss—and don't you forget it!"

II

"THEY always start from one to two hours late," said Barney Flug gloomily, on the night of the dinner. It was seven o'clock; and, thus advised by Barney, Abe and Morris sat in a corner of the Prince Clarence café imbibing cups of hot bouillon, while Barney, despite his former pretensions to a simple diet, toyed with a corned-beef sandwich and six queen olives from the free-lunch table. "Once I went to a banquet from corset manufacturers already," he commented, "and I got so sick and tired waiting, Abe, I went over to Third Avenue—and I guess I got away with a half a dollar's worth of beefstew in one of them Joe's restaurants, understand me; and at that when I got back to the hotel I was good and hungry before they served the soup even." He bit viciously into the corned-beef sandwich. "None of 'em is here yet except us!" he declared.

"Oh, yes, they are!" said a voice at his elbow, and Abe and Morris hurriedly extricated themselves from their chairs, for the newly arrived guest was a woman of most impressive appearance. She was tall and slender, and her costume was of a color combination and design that later in the evening caused many out-of-town buyers to borrow pencils from waiters for the purpose of making brief notes of its elegant simplicity.

"Why, how do you do, Miss Schliestein?" Barney cried. "I didn't think they let ladies into the café here."

"Lady buyers get anywhere, Mr. Flug," Miss Schliestein replied; and the assistant maître d'hôtel who had led her to Barney Flug's hiding place discreetly brought a leather screen and placed it round the table, while Miss Schliestein sat down in a newly dusted chair. "May I have some bouillon too?"

Abe and Morris remained standing in anticipation of a formal introduction by Barney, for they knew Miss Schliestein only by reputation.

"Sit down, boys, and make yourselves comfortable," Barney said. "Miss Schliestein don't stand on no ceremony with garment manufacturers. She sees too many of 'em every day."

"Are these gentlemen manufacturers?" Miss Schliestein said. "I thought they belonged to the buying end."

"Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmutter," Barney replied. "The good-looking one is Abe and the regular handsome feller is Mawruss."

The two partners grinned shyly and ducked their heads in unison.

"Don't mind him, Mr. Potash," Miss Schliestein said—"he used to talk that way to me, too, until my hair got so gray."

Abe looked at Miss Schliestein's hair, which, to be sure, was nearly white.

"My Rosie was gray when she was twenty-five yet," he remarked solemnly; "in fact, most ladies which has got good complexions gets gray hair young."

"Mine didn't come from a good complexion, Mr. Potash," Miss Schliestein replied. "It came from twenty years of garment buying for Joseph Kammerman."

"Sure!" Barney Flug said satirically. "You look like a regular invalid, Miss Schliestein. I really think you should ought to be retiring instead of me."

"Retiring on what?" she asked. "Experience?"

Barney was about to remind her of the amount of money a garment buyer could save in twenty years when he suddenly remembered having heard of Miss Schliestein's aged parents and invalid sister.

"Well," he said, "experience ain't a bad thing to retire with, Miss Schliestein. It gives you something to think about and talk about when you ain't doing nothing for a living no more."

Miss Schliestein laughed mirthlessly.

"When I retire from Joseph Kammerman's," she said, "it won't be to do nothing for a living. I'll either have to find another job or borrow the capital to start a little business of my own."

"Right here and now, Miss Schliestein," Morris said jocularly, "we give you a line of credit ninety days up to a thousand dollars."

Miss Schliestein put down her cup of bouillon and became suddenly earnest.

"I may take you up on that before long, Mr. Perlmutter," she said, so seriously that Barney Flug suddenly turned to her with uplifted eyebrows.

"What's the matter, Miss Schliestein?" he said. "Any trouble up at the store?"

Before Miss Schliestein could reply, the screen was drawn roughly aside, revealing the immaculately clad figure of M. Louis Berker.

"Well, boys; so this is where you was hiding yourselves!" he said, with a rather strained jocularity, for at sight of Abe and Morris sitting in such friendly discourse with Miss Schliestein, who was even then wearing the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar diamond ring, he was resolved at all hazards to maintain the rôle of genial host; and he very nearly succeeded—that is to say, he could not forego glaring at his late partner, whom he conceived to be responsible for this little convivial meeting.

"Miss Schliestein finds us here, Louis," Barney explained. "and she insists on sitting down, even though I told her this café ain't supposed to be for ladies."

Miss Schliestein jumped to her feet in mock indignation.

"Now I'm insulted!" she said, taking Louis Berker's arm. "So you can lead me to the café that is supposed to be for ladies, Mr. Berker."

"And you boys better come along too. Pretty near everybody's arrived!" Louis called over his shoulder as they walked away.

"We'll be right with you," Barney announced; and then he turned to Abe and Morris, who were hurriedly consuming their bouillon.

"What d'ye make of that remark of Miss Schliestein's?" he asked. "Do you think they would really and truly go to work and fire Miss Schliestein after all that time she is working by Kammerman?"

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"The best garment buyer in New York ain't never sure of his job, Barney," he replied, "because he don't know when a better one from Chicago is coming along, Barney; and if the concern he's working for is up to date, Barney, they'll right away fire him and hire the Chicago feller in his place. Which, you could take it from me, Barney, a successful merchandiser ain't got no more heart as a cash register, Barney."

"*Aber* I don't think there's any one in Chicago could beat out Miss Schliestein when it comes to buying garments," Barney protested. "No one could fool her for a minute, Abe; and if she would really got to go in business for herself, understand me, you didn't make no mistake, Mawruss, when you quoted her ninety days up to a thousand dollars—even if you meant it as a joke even."

"I never make jokes about credit, Barney," Morris replied, "because if Miss Schliestein could get capital enough to open up a store, Barney, she's good for an initial order of a thousand dollars in our place any time."

Abe nodded, while Barney ate the last of his queen olives and sucked the stones reflectively.

"Well, it only goes to show that I was right about that there ring, Abe," said Barney at last.

"Why, what was the matter with it?" Abe asked as all three rose from the table and departed for the hotel lobby.

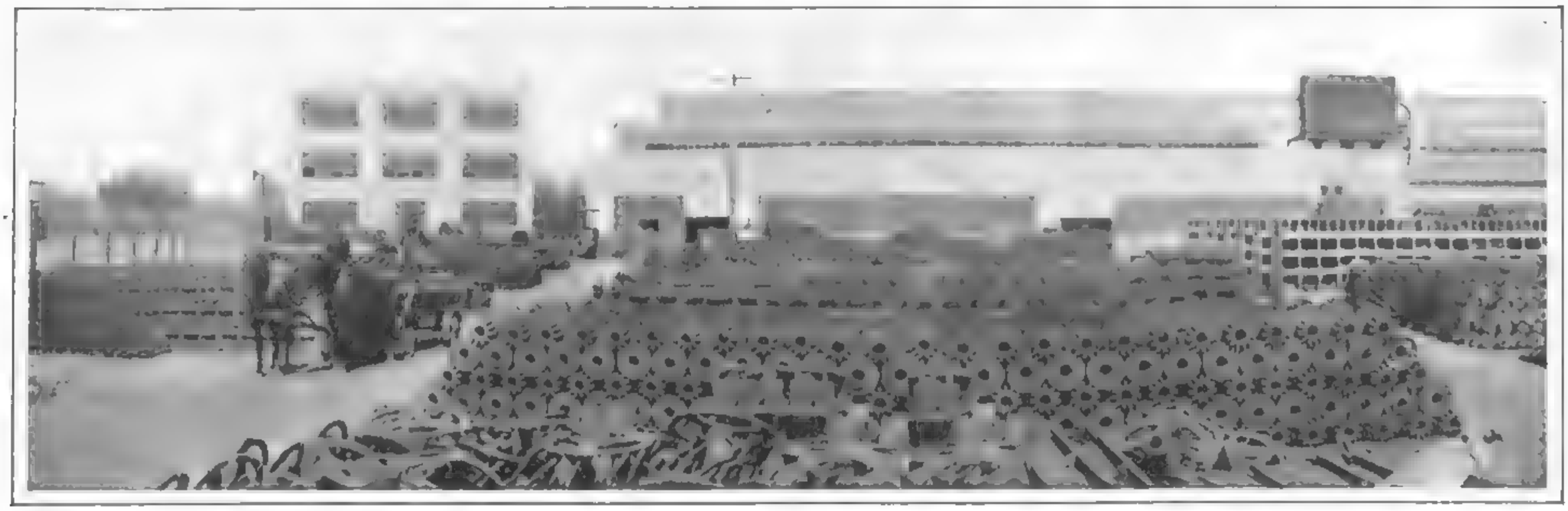
"Nothing was the matter with it, except it should ought to have been a scarfpin," Barney replied, "and given as a starting-in present to the feller from Chicago whenever he shows up." He shook his head slowly. "It's awful funny *mit* these here presents, Abe," he declared. "When I was

(Continued on Page 32)

"I'm Out in the Cold World," She Declared, "With No Prospects Except a Three-Months Line of Credit"

The Rise of the Bookkeeper

How the Human Equation Figures in the New Accounting



Modern Accounting Keeps Track of Materials Which are Often More Important Than Money

By JAMES H. COLLINS

GREAT changes have come over bookkeeping in the past few years. Like many other details of business, it has been improved, expanded and transformed into a regular process. Gone is the highly temperamental man of figures who was once shut up in a cage with the ledgers and the money drawer. In his place we have the administrative accountant, with a statistical supervision of business that was once possible only in a government bureau. Gone, too, are the dapper clerks who once perched on high stools and kept themselves unspotted, with cuff protectors and pongee coats, and wore green eyeshades, and seethed with excitement over questions of seniority and office politics.

The department has become a machine shop. Columns are added, trial balances taken off, tables prepared and envelopes addressed—by machinery. Even the postage stamps are licked automatically in a purely hygienic way. It is a day of looseleaf records and vertical files, and carbon copy systems that almost run themselves, and intercommunicating telephones, and scientific office lighting. The main purpose of bookkeeping nowadays seems to be to get enough girls to operate machinery.

Quite naturally there are people who regret the change. They feel that somehow mechanism has destroyed the human equation, and that a fine element of individuality disappeared with the old way of doing the thing.

"I'm puzzled about my boy," says the anxious father. "All the business is done by corporations. But if I put him in the office of some big company he'll get into a rut and become just a cog in a wheel."

"Don't worry about the boy," advises a man familiar with corporation methods. "Get him a job with some live company—the bigger the better; and if he falls into a rut you can depend on the company's improving it away from under him."

Young Accountants in the Making

A GENERATION ago this boy would have gone into the bookkeeping department as a clerk, after a high-school education, backed up perhaps with business-college training. There he would have stuck, unless he happened to be one boy in a hundred. His days would have been occupied with figures, copying and checking. His salary would have been slender and practically stationary, or based on length of service rather than ability, while his chief hope of advancement would have been the chance of promotion when everybody moved up a peg on the death or retirement of an old clerk.

The individuality connected with such a job was largely imaginary.

It is true the clerk wore better clothes than the mechanic, worked somewhat shorter hours, and had gentlemanly associates; but the mechanic made more money. In course of time the inevitable happened and machines were invented to do the perfunctory work of the clerk.

Today this boy probably enters the accounting department of a big company after leaving the grammar school, and need know very little of bookkeeping. If he is a bright boy with a well-grown bump of curiosity not much importance will be attached even to his arithmetic or handwriting. He starts with a dozen other boys as a uniformed messenger going about town with letters and packages. He is taught to be courteous; and it is expected that when he happens to be sitting in the office and a visitor enters he will show enough interest to find out what the visitor wants and see that somebody attends to him.

After a few months of this sort of work he is sent on errands inside the offices, so that he learns who is who and what is what, where different matters go and how they are attended to. By and by he is able to welcome the visitor and say: "Yes, sir; that will be taken care of in the secretary's office, Room 317, on the floor below this if you'll just step this way I'll show you where it is."

From these duties he advances a bit and is presently intrusted with the filing of papers, and begins to see something of the records and the complicated modern classification incidental to the work of the many offices and departments he has gained actual knowledge of while running about the place.

Then somebody somewhere observes: "That seems to be a bright youngster—I'll have him assigned to work under me." It may be the statistician, or the comptroller, or the auditor's secretary. The boy doffs his uniform, steps into civil life, and begins to apply to some specialty the wide general knowledge of the organization he gained while he was running about among the different departments.

His first work in this new field may be machine operation. More than five hundred separate machines are now available for accounting operations. They range from simple devices—such as check protectors or time stamps to record the hour of receipt on a letter—up to costly calculating and tabulating devices.

Bookkeeping, as a process, now involves the turning out of a vast number of strictly standard parts by machinery and assembling them in a condensed, standard whole. On the average from seventy-five to ninety per cent of modern accounting is machine work. Yet this new order of things, far from putting a damper on the human equation, really puts a premium on it.

Most of the machine work is done by girls. They come into the office, stay there three or four years earning a living or spending money, and then marry. Accounting theory and the supervising details of the business have no practical interest for these girls, because hardly one in a hundred stays at the work. Thus it happens, though ninety per cent of the work may be pure routine, there are also excellent chances of promotion for the boy who comes into the office hunting for a life occupation. There is also an excellent chance for the hundredth girl who fixes her eye on a supervisory position and stays.

The boy may be set running a billing machine at first—but only for a little while, to give him familiarity with it.

In other days he would have been set writing out bills by hand. It would have been an endless grind. The company might have kept a hundred clerks at the same manual operation, yet there would have been no way in which supervising skill could have cheapened the work.

Today, however, with machinery, all that is altered. In every department of business automatic machinery gives a margin for speeding up. There is a chance for supervising skill. As soon as the boy gets the hang of these billing machines he can be given charge of a battery of ten or twenty of them, and will have an outlet for his invention and imagination. Motions can be studied, stop-watch in hand. The temperaments of different operators may be taken into account. Routing of work can be simplified and sometimes forms altered. Better ways of checking for errors may be devised and good methods developed to deal with new routine. Over ten boys, in charge of ten batteries of machines, the expert with broader experience and ability is set, and on that principle the machine operation alone opens up a world of opportunity.

Classification is as important as machine operation. Some day the auditor, impressed by the intelligence and willingness and practical curiosity of this boy, who has now begun to shave, calls him into his office and sets him at a new task.

"Several items in Routine Six have gone astray the past month," says the auditor. "I want you to make a new study of everything we do under Routine Six and write me a fresh definition of it. These errors have happened because the work is outgrowing our last definition."

"Yes, sir," says the young man, and takes up a task that on the surface might seem to be the most perfunctory routine; but it is really full of instruction and human possibilities. For all the diversified transactions of the public with the company, and all the problems put up to the company by the public, and all the company's interdepartmental relations must be fitted into the new definition, so that none will go astray or be handled under the wrong classification.

The Story of a Clothes-Pole

HERE is what may happen when definitions are not full and clear: A public-service company put up a new building. The building interfered with a clothes-pole in an adjoining property-owner's yard. He wrote to the company about it and the company's organization provided for just such cases; but, because the routine was not clear, the letter was sent to the division superintendent. His office forwarded it to the district inspector, where a subordinate was sent to talk with the man about his clothes-pole, though it was out of the inspector's jurisdiction.

Several weeks went by; nothing was done; and the inspector's office forwarded the letter to another department—and that to still another. Finally it got to the right office, with two months' accumulation of reports and papers; and the matter was settled satisfactorily with the property-owner in a couple of hours.

The writing of such a definition, therefore, calls for broad study, keen analysis, exact deduction and expression. When it is written the young man knows everything pertaining to Routine Six, and while the latter has improved, so has he.

Then, probably within the month, something entirely new, unforeseen and unclassified turns up. A telephone company paid the funeral expenses of a faithful employee. The undertaker sent in his bill. It found its way to the voucher division without directions for charging to a specific account. It was referred back to the authorities.

Somebody scanned it casually and sent it back bearing the indorsement: "Charge to underground maintenance."

From work like this the young man goes on to other things—unless he stops thinking and growing. The departments of every big company fairly hum with competition nowadays; but it is competition of one department trying to beat another, and each department is set upon beating its own records. The accounting department keeps the scores and acts as coach and umpire in most of this inside competition, because it is the one department with a constant view of the whole organization. The salesforce, the shop foremen, the chief engineer and the superintendent wait eagerly for the latest figures pertaining to their work, make comparisons, find shortcomings, go to the accounting department to have tangles straightened out and get better information or advice.

The accounting function in many concerns has grown so great that it no longer centers in one office, but has branches like the sales department. This means that employees must be trained so they may be transferred from one office to another and find themselves at home with the work. It means careful studies for finding standard methods, forms and equipment. It means traveling as an auditor, an installer of systems, a supervising expert, a student of methods in other lines of business. The bookkeeper is out of his wire cage and running at large, physically as well as mentally.

Accounting work follows a monthly cycle, with a tendency to rise to a high, sharp peak the first of the month, when bills are being sent, collections made—and so forth. A great deal of study is directed toward leveling this peak, distributing work through the month so there will be neither congestion nor slack periods.

Every corner of the business must do some bookkeeping and it is up to the accounting department to make it as easy as possible. That involves a knowledge of human nature and a facility in managing men. Incidentals of yesterday have grown into important specialties. Yesterday, for instance, Johnny, the office boy, licked the stamps and sent out the letters; but today mailing may represent an expenditure of seventy-five thousand dollars a year, and must be in charge of a man who has all the post-office regulations at his fingers' ends—train schedules, steamship sailings, hours and days of high and low pressure on the postal service, and ability to time and route mail to get the best results. Transportation rates and classifications, foreign tariffs and trade movements, patent law, business law and similar matter have become accounting specialties.

So the best men in a modern accounting department are dealing with issues so broad that the human equation, far from being stifled, is the main thing.

The other day, in a large corporation's accounting office, the comptroller and his chief assistant sat down to a typical present-day accounting job.

The comptroller is a man of about forty years of age, who started in the days of old-fashioned bookkeeping and clerks. Today he seldom lays eyes on a ledger, and among hundreds of employees in his department has just one man who performs bookkeeping duties on the old lines—an elderly chap with a liking for figures and neat records, who deals with the grand totals of all other departments, making them up into summaries.

These summaries come to the comptroller's desk, and lie under his hand as a loose-leaf binder, weighing not more than five pounds. Millions of separate items are there in skeleton, each department's results having been condensed by machinery, compared and condensed further, and compared and condensed again—until finally there emerges a quintessence of essence of records—a very attar of figures.

The comptroller has plenty of books right at hand; but they are printed books—economic works dealing with organization, social questions, actuarial matters, the science of rates, the relation of corporations to the Government and the public. They form a considerable library in charge of a librarian.

His assistant is even less a bookkeeper, for he is a man of about thirty who took a general course in the humanities at a big university, dabbled in poetry and art for a while, and then found himself doing detail work in a remote branch of that company. Accounting problems were shoved on to his shoulders one by one—at first minor questions and then some that were more complicated. Lacking the technical training of the bookkeeper he dealt with each on its merits as it came along and got very much interested. Step by step he was promoted until he reached his present position as chief helper to the comptroller. For want of a better title he is known as the "company statistician."

A real bookkeeper would be horrified at his slender knowledge of arithmetic, and he and the comptroller often joke about his illegible handwriting. What has been most useful to him—what he is interested in today—is the economic questions he studied at college.

Here is the work they were doing:

About two years ago the company put a pension system into effect. Every employee in future will retire at a specified age and receive an annuity based on the wages or salary earned at retirement. Before this scheme was adopted the comptroller and statistician went through all the books dealing with pensions and actuarial matters, drew up an estimate of cost, determined the proper retiring ages for men and women, laid down rules for retirement in cases of injury or impaired health, and built the underlying financial structure.

Now, after two years' actual experience of the system, they were looking into the future to see what might happen and where details could be improved. Had the company's work developed any important occupational diseases? If so what could be done to prevent them? What were the strains and stresses incident to the work and how could conditions be bettered? Where was the line to be drawn in hiring new employees? How could the best possible results be obtained for both employees and the company, and what was practical and right?

The trend of business today throws many such inquiries on to the accounting department. Even a small concern will adopt a pension or profit-sharing or stock partnership

(Concluded on Page 34)

BACK-FIRE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

VII

THE hound, which ran mute until its quarry broke cover, burst into full tongue not far from where Edna and Penfold were posted on a runway that led between two swamps. They caught a glimpse of the buck as it plunged out through the brake, but the next instant it had disappeared in a growth of bays from which the moss swung low in funereal festoons. The deep-toned baying of the hound tolled out again and was answered by the two others. All of them were of Spanish bloodhound stock, though not of pure blood.

"Why didn't you shoot while you had the chance?" asked the girl.

"I'd only have missed and turned him into the swamp. The way he's headed your father ought to get a shot."

"I don't believe you'd have missed, if he did bounce through like a scared rabbit. He must have got our scent, though there's no wind. Listen! The dogs are turning to the right."

"Let's get round on the other side of the head," Penfold suggested. "We might get another chance."

They hurried round the head of the swamp, pausing occasionally to note the direction of the dogs. The region was filled with deer and was a network of swamps, bays and small ponds, the firmer ground wooded with pines and blackjacks; and the marsh places, densely wooded with gums, bays, magnolias and cypress growths, were actually submerged. The deer avoided these morasses, making usually for the open woods, though hiding frequently until again started up by the dogs, in close thickets of magnolia and liveoak, where the palmetto was dense but the ground fairly firm. Well-marked runways in the sand and over the thick carpet of pine needles showed their favorite routes, and made it possible for the hunter to intercept them when once put in motion.

As Edna and Penfold pushed rapidly ahead they could hear the clamor of the dogs growing mellow in the distance; but soon it freshened again, though well ahead of them. The day was overcast and threatened rain, but there was no breeze stirring. As they hurried along two turkeys thundered from a mossy thicket to the left, but flew away without becoming visible.

"Let's see if there are any more," whispered Edna. "Sometimes there is quite a flock in one of these roosts."

They pushed their way into the thicket, which appeared to consist of a thick fringe of undergrowth inclosing a central open space where the yellow grass grew waist-high. It was apparent that it had been disturbed, but whether by deer, sheep or wild hogs Penfold was not enough of a woodsman to say. They were crossing this when from some distance a rifle shot rang out, and with the sudden report there came a violent upheaval from the scrub palmetto about fifty yards ahead and a splendid buck bounded into the air, rising, as these animals do when startled, by a powerful, simultaneous extension of all four legs and landing in full flight.

It was not an easy shot, as the buck had sprung from the edge of the undergrowth to disappear instantly in the green, glossy leaves. Edna gave a startled little scream which was drowned by the report of Penfold's rifle. Again he fired, and there came a crashing in the palmettoes.

"That was quick work," gasped the girl. "Did you hit him?"

"I'm not sure. I got only a glimpse of him. Let's go see."

They hurried ahead, and found splashes of blood on the broad fronds of the ground palms and a spot where the buck had evidently fallen. Penfold stopped to listen.

"I don't hear the dogs," said he. "This buck is badly hit, though, and I doubt if he will get very far. Let's see if we can follow his trail."

In this there was no great difficulty, as the wounded animal had struck off for the open woods, bleeding profusely as it ran. The trail crossed a wide barren, then turned at right angles toward the big swamp. They had followed it for about a mile when the air began to thicken with fog, through which there fell a light drizzle of rain. Doctor Penfold stopped and looked doubtfully at Edna.

"We don't want to get lost," said he.

Edna's light eyes gleamed from her moist face at her companion.

"There's no danger," said she. "All we've got to do is to follow the edge of the swamp to the Twin Lakes."

"Hate to Be Such a Nuisance, But I Make a Fool of Myself Like This Once 'n Awhile"

Penfold looked dissatisfied. He hated to give up the chase, but the weather seemed to be darkening all the time.

"Just the same, I think we'd better go back and get one of the boys. It's easy to get turned round in this place."

"Let's go on a little farther," said she. "Then if we don't come on him we'll go back. He can't travel far losing so much blood."

Penfold yielded and they pushed ahead again, coming presently to where the stricken quarry had apparently lain down. The trail crossed and recrossed a little creek where the buck had evidently taken a drink, then turned off again into the open woods. Penfold thought that they must have zigzagged about a small area for something close on to five miles, though he doubted if they were half that distance from the camp in a straight line. Nevertheless, he had about made up his mind to abandon the chase and return to get the dogs when Edna suddenly touched his arm.

"Look!" she whispered.

Not one hundred yards ahead there was a commotion in the palmetto, and as Penfold looked he saw an antlered head rise, sway for an instant, then fall back again. Running quickly forward, he came upon the buck in its death struggles, and these he quickly finished by a bullet through the heart.

"What shall we do with him?" Edna asked.

"I'll cut out a haunch and take it with us to the camp; then return with one of the boys and a horse."

"Do you think that you can find this place?"

"Oh, yes; it's not very far to camp. We've been traveling in a half-circle. Sit down and rest while I do a little butchering."

Edna seated herself on a fallen pine while Penfold threw off his shooting coat, rolled up his sleeves and set to work with his hunting knife. The rain was falling in a fine drizzle, but the weather was warm and muggy. Under Penfold's skillful strokes the haunch was soon secured, whereupon the two set out for camp. It was the middle of the forenoon, and as his companion seemed rather tired Penfold decided to strike straight through the woods for the camp. This was by no means an easy thing to do, as the sky was a dull monotone of muddy gray and there was nothing to guide one beyond an innate sense of direction. But Penfold had observed in a general way the course taken by the wounded buck, and did not anticipate any difficulty in going straight to the camp, especially as the place was located on the shores of a small lake. While following the buck they had encountered no swampy districts of any great area, and he hoped to be able to keep to the solid ground of the piney woods.

This expectation, however, proved a vain one, and at the end of an hour's steady tramping they found themselves involved in a labyrinth of small, detached ponds, with shallow creeks running in every possible direction. They had been forced to make endless detours to avoid impassable places, sometimes running into a *cul-de-sac* whence it was necessary to return on their tracks. Penfold's sense of direction was rather better than that of the average man of outdoor life, but he was presently forced to admit to himself that he not only lacked the slightest idea of the direction of the camp, but that he had lost all sense of the points of the compass. The only alternative seemed to be to take the back track for the entire distance they had traveled, and this he estimated must be some eight or ten miles.

Edna did not need to be told what was passing in his mind. She was a plucky girl, for all of her feline ways, and made no complaint; but the face she turned to Penfold was white and anxious. It was also evident to him that she was getting very tired. When another half-hour had passed in twisting and turning, with no sign of a trail or anything that suggested human habitation, she stopped and asked a little tremulously:

"Have you any idea where we are?"

Penfold managed to hide his anxiety. "I have a general idea," he answered; "but the trouble is that these beastly tangles make it impossible for me to follow a straight course. Sit down and rest for a minute and I'll fire a few shots. Very possibly we may be close to the camp."

Edna sank down at the foot of a pine and Penfold, raising his rifle, fired three shots in rapid succession. No sound came in answer, except the steady drip, drip, drip from the soaking pine plumes. Edna looked at him with wide, frightened eyes and a colorless face.

"Are we lost?" she asked.

"We're in rather a disagreeable mess, I'm afraid," he answered gravely; "but, at the worst, all we've got to do is to bear east to strike the railroad. It can't be very far."

"But which way is east?"

"That's what I'm trying to study out. These creeks don't appear to follow any general course and the sky looks all the same. If it would only breeze up we could tell, as the wind is pretty sure to be in the east."

"A southwest wind sometimes brings this sort of warm rain. Don't you think it might be better to go back to where we left the deer? We might be able to remember how we came from there."

Suppose That the Following Day Were to Find Him Delirious

"I doubt if I could find the spot," he admitted. "These places all look so much alike, and it would take an Indian to follow our trail through this scrub."

"Then what shall we do?"

"Let's push on, as soon as you are rested, and perhaps we may strike a trail, or something."

Edna gave a little gulp. "Dad says a person might wander for weeks in this place and never come on a sign of human life," she answered hopelessly.

"Oh, we'll get out all right," Penfold assured her comfortingly. "As soon as they miss us the boys and the dogs will start in to hunt us up."

Personally he had but slight faith in the dogs, these being trained only to track game. He realized perfectly that their situation was a very serious one, as the weather might remain overcast for several days; but he concealed his fears and presently they resumed their way.

"At any rate," said Penfold, "I've got a pocket full of lunch and a big haunch of venison. Let me take your gun."

"No, you're loaded down enough as it is."

He insisted, however, and Edna was forced to give in. They plodded on, twisting and turning to avoid the constantly recurring patches of jungle and at times making fair progress through the open woods. At twelve o'clock Penfold called a halt, and they sat down beside a clear little stream to eat their lunch. It was rather a silent meal, as any attempt at gayety or jocularity on Penfold's part would have been forced and unnatural, while he had already advanced all suggestions of a comforting nature that he could possibly imagine. Both, too, were thinking of the same thing—a night spent in that gloomy, sodden desolation with no shelter of any kind. Their clothes were already becoming saturated and they had waded knee-deep through numerous sandy-bottomed creeks. Penfold had not yet fully recovered from a malarial fever, and he shuddered at the possibility of a sudden severe recurrence as the result of chill and exposure. What would happen in that case to this brave girl who was fighting so pluckily against the terrors of the situation? Suppose that after a night spent in the swamp the following day were to find him delirious, as he had been once or twice before in his life?

Still the meal restored their strength and they started on again. Penfold was sure that they had traveled twice the distance to the camp, but there was always the possibility that they might cut across the rough trail that led to it. He could not be sure of his direction, but was strongly under the impression that they were moving toward the east, though this was merely an instinct. He did not fire his gun, knowing that their absence must by this time have caused alarm and that the searchers would themselves be firing shots from time to time. And so they traveled slowly throughout the afternoon, with frequent intervals of rest, for Edna was very tired and even Penfold's tough, elastic strength was sagging under the weight of the two rifles and the venison, which latter burden now meant much to them.

Then as the winter afternoon began to darken, with still no sign of rescue, Edna's nerve suddenly gave way. This happened at a gentle remark from Penfold, who had been studying a thick tangle of scrubby growth.

"Well," said he thoughtfully, "it begins to look as if we might have to go into rough camp for the night. After all, we've got our supper, and with a big fire and a shack of some sort it won't be so terrible."

Edna stared at him and he saw the pupils of her light-colored eyes dilate. Every vestige of color left her face, and he could see that she was fighting hard for self-control. Her lips moved tremulously, but no sound rose to them. Then suddenly she turned on her heel, walked to a big pine tree, and folding her arms against the wet bark buried her face in them. Her shoulders shuddered convulsively.

Penfold, judging it better to let the pent-up feelings have their outlet, did not immediately interfere. But when he saw that they were not having their outlet, but that the girl was merely fighting for self-control, a sudden wave of tenderness swept through him. Edna was making a brave and silent struggle. Her supple body quivered like that of a person in physical pain, but no sound came from her. Penfold stepped to her side.

"My dear girl," he said gently, "don't be so frightened. I can soon throw together a snug little lean-to, and thatch it enough with this palmetto and pine-straw to keep out the rain. Then with a big, fat-pine fire and some strips of grilled venison we'll make out wonderfully. The weather will probably clear tomorrow, and then we'll get our bearings and find our way out. It's only for one night."

Edna turned suddenly, let fall her arms and stood with her back against the tree, smiling at him through her tears.

"I'm an awful baby," she said. "I didn't want to break down, but I'm so tired. And it was all my fault. When you suggested going back I was the one who urged going on. I thought that we might get lost——"

"But surely you didn't want to get lost?"

"I had no idea how frightful it would be, and I had——" She checked herself, biting her lip, and the tears flowed down her cheeks. "Oh, I'm a pretty bad lot, Doctor Penfold. You'll know me better some day. Now I'm getting punished for it."

"You're a game little thoroughbred and it's an honor to be lost in the woods with you. It's all my silly fault anyhow, for trying to take a short cut through the fog and mist in such a mess of swamps. However, we'll get out tomorrow, so let's turn to and build a house."

Edna tried to smile, and taking the hand he offered her scrambled to her feet.

"I wish that I had a nip of something to brace me up," she said.

"Sorry I haven't any to offer you. I must say, though, I'd rather have a frying pan than a flask. However, we'll have to get along without either for one night. Let's start a fire first; that always cheers up a place."

This suggestion was easy of accomplishment despite the drizzling rain, for they were on the edge of a barren where many pines had blown down in West Indian gales, and the branches, rich in turpentine, were quick to kindle from a few fat splinters and an armful of bay leaves filled with aromatic oils. Penfold gathered a great quantity of fuel. Edna helped him, and when the fire was blazing fiercely they set to work to construct a lean-to, making use of a couple of blackjacks that grew about eight feet apart for the main supports. Penfold cut a quantity of boughs, from which he shook the water, and thatched these into the scaffolding which formed the roof, heaping pine straw on top. The sides of the shack were thatched in like manner, and it was not long before they had a shelter that would serve to keep off the rain and hold the heat from the fire.

Edna began to recover her spirits as the work of construction proceeded, and lent a hand in collecting material that might serve as thatch. By the time night fell their work was finished, and they had a refuge that offered a fair amount of protection against the weather. Penfold had strewn the floor of the shack with burning brands, in the hope that even if they failed to dry out the place they would warm the ground to some extent.

The rain stopped after dark and a draft of colder air began to whisper through the lofty pines. Penfold looked up at the sky.

"The weather's going to change," said he cheerfully. "We'll probably have the sun tomorrow, and then we'll be all right. Now let's get supper in the primitive way."

He cut some strips of venison from the haunch and hung them to grill over the coals on green sticks thrust into the sand. Edna watched him apathetically, too tired to speak or move. Crouched before their fire, they waited for the meat to cook, while the darkness deepened and the silence of utter desolation fell upon the place. Some nocturnal animal stirred in the thicket behind them and the girl shivered and drew closer to her companion. Penfold, who was sitting with his back against a small blackjack that formed the principal support of the shack, put his arm about her shoulders and drew her to him, so that she rested with her head against his shoulder.

"Not cold?" he asked.

"No, just tired and nervous."

"You'll feel better when you've eaten something, and then you can go to sleep. It will be warm enough in that

lean-to with the heat of the fire pouring into it. And there's really nothing to be afraid of, you know."

"If ever I get lost again," she answered, "I hope that it will be with you." She snuggled closer and her thick hair brushed his cheek. "I suppose that poor Dad and Lucia are nearly wild."

"They'll guess that we lost the camp and struck out for the railroad. It can't be far, as I'm sure we've been hiking in a general eastern direction. For all we know there may be a ranch or something within half a mile of us. Anyhow we can't die of hunger or thirst or cold; it's just a question of discomfort."

"Well," she sighed, "there's comfort in you certainly."

"It's rather odd," mused Penfold; "you remember we were talking about getting lost on our way to the camp, and you told me that your father had got lost twice and had to spend a couple of nights in the woods."

"Yes, it might happen to anybody. Father always carries a compass now. Oh, dear; it was all my fault! Dad wanted one of the guides to go with us, but I wouldn't have it. I hate to have a negro hanging about, and besides ——"

"Besides what?"

She stirred uneasily. "There were other reasons, but you could never guess them. I wonder what you'd think of me if you knew the sort of girl I really am. It doesn't seem quite fair to you to let you waste so much kindness and chivalry and anxiety on me. I'm not worth it."

Penfold patted her shoulder gently. A little ripple seemed to run through Edna's supple body, which stiffened slightly, then relaxed again.

"Yes, you are," said he in a soothing voice. "I think I know what you mean, and there's nothing so terrible about it. Don't let it trouble you."

"What do you think I mean?" she asked in a low voice.

"I think you mean that you thought it would be romantic and exciting if we were to get lost in the woods together."

She was silent for a moment, then murmured almost inaudibly:

"It was lots worse than that!"

She drew herself away and sat upright, smoothing back her hair with both hands. She had taken off her hat, and the brilliant glow from the fire was reflected from her lovely, troubled face. She turned her head and looked steadily at Penfold.

"Then tell me what you do mean," he asked.

She shook her head. "I should like to," she said, "because I'm ashamed of myself and want to 'fess up. I'd feel better. But I'm afraid you'd despise me. A few days ago I shouldn't have cared if you did; but I should now ——"

Penfold looked thoughtfully at the charming, repentant face. Edna's sea-gray eyes were large and dark with shadows under them, and her mouth drooped at the corners like the mouth of a child too brave to cry though feeling the imperative need. Her bosom was rising and falling rapidly, and her breath came with an uncertain catch that made him fear that she was on the verge of a real breakdown. A sudden wave of tenderness and pity swept over him. What the confession might be that she seemed ready to make he could not guess, nor did he care to try. She was thoroughly tired out, nervous, frightened and unstrung, and the man's healing instinct came quickly to her rescue.

"Never mind," said he; "this is no time for confessions; and anyhow you're absolved in advance. Our supper's cooked, so let's eat it and get some rest. Here's a piece of bark that will do for a table; and here are some boiled eggs and a couple of sandwiches I saved from our luncheon."

"But I thought we ate it all?" She shot him a suspicious look. "What did you eat yourself?"

"Oh, a sandwich was all I could manage; I was so upset about having got us lost. But I feel better now. Watch me get away with this broiled meat." And he reached for one of his steaming spits.

VIII

IN THE gray dawn of a perfect morning Edna descended from the celestial heights of restful sleep by a Jacob's ladder of which the steps most naturally became less smooth as they approached the earth.

The first landing was a delicious sense of perfect repose and drowsy warmth. The second was the luxury of stretching supple and sleepy muscles that responded sluggishly but with an assurance of restored contractile power resulting from an utter relaxation of a number of passive hours. In doing this she discovered that the warmth was of a decidedly humid quality, less pleasing than its first promise. The third stage, which came with a bit of a shock, was the realization that she was not in her downy bed and covered by a fleecy blanket, but wrapped in some damp, coarse fabric which she discovered to be a moleskin shooting coat; and the final bump was the realization that she was still lost in the woods.

Edna raised her head and looked out. The fire was burning hotly, flinging its warmth and the pungent odor of blazing turpentine into her leafy nest. Almost in it, as it seemed, sat Penfold, his knees drawn up and his forehead resting on his folded arms in a position of truly aboriginal repose. Steam was rising from his shoes, and Edna discovered to her horror that a large hole was burned in his gray flannel shirt. The lower part of his back was against the small tree that formed the main support of the lean-to and kept the whole affair from falling. Some spits stuck into the sand, and leaning to an angle over the coals, held substantial strips of venison that were being partly grilled, partly smoked, yet gave forth an appetizing odor.

The fire had been freshly supplied and was blazing fiercely with a rich, pitchy flame that refused to be quenched by the crimson light in the sky. In its vivid glare Edna saw that not only Penfold's shoes and gaiters but his shirt as well were steaming.

She realized that he must have wrapped her in his heavy shooting coat after she had fallen asleep, then spent the night in keeping up the fire and dozing with his back against the tree.

For a moment she watched him silently, and as she watched she saw a convulsive shudder pass through the broad but attenuated frame. The damp flannel shirt clung close to Penfold's shoulders and Edna was shocked to see how thin they were. Because his bony frame was large he had impressed her as a powerful man muscularly; or perhaps this impression was due to that quiet forcefulness of personality that one associates always with strength. But as she saw him now, crouched on the edge of the fire, he looked to be scarcely more than skin and bones. With a pang of bitter self-reproach she thought of how he had carried the two heavy rifles, their joint supply of ammunition, and the heavy haunch of venison; then at the end of the long march had hauled log after log of firewood and built the shack while she, strong, well-fed girl, had moped at the foot of a tree. Staring at him now, she wondered where he had found the strength.

Another shudder shook the meager frame, and he roused himself with a start, stretched his arms and rose, glancing up at the sky. Edna scrambled to her feet and he turned.

"Hello," he said cheerfully; "did you manage to get some sleep? You see I was right; it's cleared off beautifully and there's the east, just as we thought. We'll soon be out of this now."

His tone was blithe, but Edna noticed how his teeth chattered as he spoke. She stepped to where he sat and laid her hand on his shoulder. Despite the warmth of the fire it was damp and cold.

"What do you mean by wrapping me up in your coat?" she cried, and there was a break of real distress in her voice.

"But I didn't need it—give you my word!" He rose lightly to his feet and looked at her in surprise. "I've been frying in my own grease out here."

"Your own grease!" exclaimed Edna vexedly; "you haven't grease enough to fry a whitebait. And I've got the blubber of a seal. I sat there and saw you shiver before you woke up."

"Oh, I'm the shivering sort!"

"And then you go and wrap me up in your coat. Here, put it on at once."

He took it meekly and slipped it on, then turned apologetically to the girl:

"I really didn't need it. You see I've been fussing about with the fire and starting breakfast so that we might get an early start. Did you get some sleep?"

"I slept like a cat under a stove," she answered shortly, "and I wish I hadn't too. What makes your teeth chatter like that?"

"They're n-n-not. Or at least they always ch-ch-chatter like that in the m-morning. When anybody n-n-notices it it makes it worse. It's like a m-m-man that stutters."

"Now you're putting it on, but you can't fool me. Did you get any sleep at all?"

"Lots. I've gone weeks on less. See what a lovely morning it's going to be. If you want a drink of water you'll have to go down to that little creek behind the camp. There isn't much for breakfast but an egg and some grilled venison."

"Where did the egg come from?"

"I found two more in my pocket. I've eaten mine."

Edna turned away. There really was not much to say to such a man. When she returned Penfold was spreading the strips of meat on the bark platter of the night before.

"Young housekeepers of limited means really ought to get lost in the woods once in a while," he observed. "Just think what an empty tomato-can would mean to us now. And as for a pinch of salt!"

There is one thing to be said for venison cooked over wood coals, and that is its high grade of nutrition. Both ate heartily, and by the time that the breakfast was finished the rising sun was smearing the higher pine plumes with molten gold. The life of the woods, too, had awakened. A cat-squirrel chattered from its mossy nest; a great woodpecker with a crimson head passed them in sweeping aërial undulations and tried to hammer down a pine-tree near by. Some bird or animal, fond of its morning bath, was squattering about in the creek, and overhead a small flock of flamingoes, tired perhaps of the Gulf, had taken advantage of the high westerly breeze to make a passage to the Bahama Bank. Buzzards wove circles in the deepening blue, and the distant gobble of a turkey, indignant at the late morning hours of his harem, was answered by numerous songsters and the bad language of a jay.

"It's time that we forest dwellers were on the move," Penfold said. "All we've got to do now is to walk under the sun until we hit the railroad."

Edna did not immediately answer. She had already observed that his eyes were unnaturally bright and the lean cheeks filled with a flush that was not that of health. But there seemed to be no lack of energy in the broad, bony frame, and when she tried to insist on carrying her rifle he took it from her by actual force.

They set out in the fragrant morning under a brilliant sky, with a breeze that was almost cold and that grew gradually in volume until it set the pine plumes swaying and scattering diamonds over their heads. It seemed to Edna that she had never felt so strong and vital and prepared for whatever might befall of good or ill. Perhaps, if he had stopped to think, it might have seemed to Penfold that he had never felt so ill; but he had learned from experience that this was an unprofitable subject for meditation when

She Realized That He Must Have Spent the Night in Keeping Up the Fire and Dozing With His Back Against the Tree

(Continued on Page 46)

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Melodrama in Court

A MAN recently discovered that his wife had been wronged some years before. After deliberating a month he purchased a revolver, spent two days tracking the wrongdoer, and assassinated him in the extremely cowardly manner that exemplars of the unwritten law usually affect.

The indictment will charge that he did, at such a time and place, deliberately and with malice aforethought, murder the deceased. But there is no dispute about that. The man himself admits it. So what the indictment charges and the written law prescribes will cut very little figure in the trial—which will take the form of a long, sloppily sentimental and disagreeably erotic melodrama, enacted under the eyes and with the sanction of the court for the precise purpose of vitiating the law.

All the ingenuity of astute counsel will be exerted to portray the deceased as the heavy villain. The assassin will pose as the heroic defender of a wife whom, in fact, his own act—and not the act of any other man—exposed to public shame; as the champion of a home that he deliberately blasted. The element of farcical relief, so necessary in a melodrama, will be supplied by jangling experts.

For this shocking travesty of law, both courts and legislatures are responsible. Deliberately planned and executed murder having been admitted, only one question remains for the written law—namely: Was the murderer mentally competent? That question should be decided by a jury of experts, who need never see the woman in order to reach a scientific conclusion.

The woman should not appear in the trial at all. She has no place there—except for the purpose of making an emotional play out of what should be a strict inquiry into the questions: Did the accused commit murder, and was he mentally responsible?

Retail Lending

IN REMARKING that coöperation is less practiced here than in Europe it is generally forgotten that there is a one-sided form of coöperation which is more extensive in this country than anywhere else. We mean, as the most important illustrations, the mutual savings banks and mutual life-insurance companies. These concerns are strictly coöperative at the intake. Every dollar of their money belongs to depositors and policyholders; all the profit arising from its use goes exclusively to their benefit. And the two sets of institutions hold more than six billion dollars and a half, belonging to several million persons. This is probably the biggest pot of coöperative money to be found anywhere in the world.

It is true that this money, though coöperatively accumulated, is not coöperatively employed. Having made up the enormous pot, the coöperators lend it largely to railroads and city landlords at about four per cent. Many people believe that inability to command capital for small individual enterprises constitutes one of the defects of the country and the times.

Probably few of those who possess savings-bank books or life-insurance policies would be willing to see those institutions coöperate on the lending side. They would prefer the late Mr. Morgan's bond or Mr. Astor's mortgage. But experience elsewhere shows that money can be accumulated for coöperative lending.

If there is a field for the profitable employment of capital on terms of freer credit than the banks give, it can be accumulated here. Why does not somebody try it?

A Momentous Decision

THE railroads will lose more through the Minnesota rate decision of the Supreme Court than they can gain from the five per cent advance in freight rates they are asking the Interstate Commerce Commission to sanction. That decision affirms in the broadest way the power of states to regulate freight and passenger rates within their own borders down to the point of actual confiscation. That a Democratic Congress, theoretically devoted to states rights, will take action to curb this power is out of the question.

The courts have long held that carriers could not complain so long as rates yielded a fair return upon the investment; and with that doctrine applying to a railroad as a whole it is on safe ground. But the Pennsylvania, for example, has only a few miles of track in New York, where it has spent a hundred million dollars on terminals. Probably its business within that state would not pay the wages of the scrubwomen in its new station. It is about to spend millions for a terminal in Illinois, within which state its main line runs only twenty miles.

If the New York investment and the Illinois investment may be segregated according to some arbitrary rule, and local rates in those states reduced to the confiscatory line, there is obviously an opportunity for disappointing results when the accounts of the road as a whole are made up; for the through rate cannot be more than the sum of the local rates.

For the continued material development of the United States, nothing else is more necessary than that the railroads shall be able to command capital for extensions and improvements. If they cannot command the capital on their own credit necessity will compel a resort to Government credit, which means Government ownership of the roads. We believe it to be possible under this decision for the states to reduce rates to a point that will finally compel Government ownership.

Suspicious Samuel

UNCLE SAM is constantly advertising his firm conviction that the banks of this country cannot safely be trusted with so much as a plugged dime or a two-cent postage stamp. Any bank will lend you close to ninety per cent of the market value of a gilt-edge state or city bond; but Uncle Sam will lend a bank only seventy-five per cent of the market value of such a bond.

The fact that the bond is in the hands of a bank is, in the Government's opinion, a highly suspicious circumstance, making it less valuable for collateral than if it were in the hands of a private citizen. And even then the Government will accept the gilt-edge state or city bond to the extent of only thirty per cent of its deposit with the bank. The other seventy per cent must be covered by United States bonds. If other people had the same incurable distrust of banks that Uncle Sam has, every bank in the country would shut up shop.

The unwholesome concentration of money in Wall Street during slack times arises naturally and inevitably out of the American practice of paying interest on current deposits. This dubious practice the Government has now sanctioned and exaggerated by requiring the banks to pay two per cent on balances in active Government accounts.

Under those terms there is no profit to a bank, generally speaking, in a Government deposit. Yet most banks are eager to get such a deposit, for it enables them to advertise that, after carefully tying them with a two-inch rope and nailing them to the wall, the Government will intrust a little of its money to them.

In our archaic banking system nothing is more absurd than the relationship between the Government and the banks it is supposed to stand sponsor for.

The Case of Mr. Gee

CONCERNING the postmastership at Salem, Ohio, Congressman Whitacre wrote: "The office is not to be given entirely in return for personal obligations on my part. The Democracy of the county is to be considered. . . . If Mr. Gee, the editor of the Herald, will agree to run a genuinely Democratic newspaper, and will help put the gangsters of both parties out of business, I think he should get the office." And, having given satisfactory assurance as to his editorial conduct, Mr. Gee got it; which moved Senator Townsend, of Michigan, to rise and demand an investigation.

An impartial investigation will surround this transaction with the pure white light of virtue and patriotism. Comparatively speaking, it exhibits office-giving and office-getting upon an extraordinarily high moral plane. Congressman Whitacre says explicitly that this public office is not his personal perquisite, to be bestowed exclusively in return for services to himself. He goes the unusual length of considering the Democracy of the whole county. And in consideration of the office Mr. Gee promises merely to run a genuinely Democratic newspaper, which is a perfectly respectable function. He does not promise to serve as Congressman Whitacre's journalistic lackey during the next four years, to praise his friends, blackguard his enemies, and lick his political boots generally.

As to whether Mr. Gee will give the public, in the way of postal service, a better return for the salary it pays him than some other person might give, we have no information; and in that minor point nobody on either side appears to have the slightest interest.

The Turn of the Tide

THE most significant figures on immigration are often overlooked. This country has always been the goal of the immigrant. Probably no other country, within the same time, has ever received so great an influx of foreigners; and it is to that influx we still commonly look. But for over a hundred years immigrants, broadly speaking, came here to stay; and that is not true of recent immigration.

In the last five years over two million and a half aliens have left the United States, mostly returning to their native homes. About a million and a half of them have been of the class designated as emigrants. There never was a stronger demand for labor here. Money wages never were higher. Yet last year the outflow of alien laborers reached three hundred thousand.

For skill, ability and capital, we still have large prizes to offer; but the margin of opportunity for the unfurnished laborer appears to be not very much larger than in Europe.

The Revolt Against War

VERY slowly but very surely the militarist digs his own grave. It is not only that the increasing cost of military competition approaches a prohibitive figure, as witness the extraordinary new war tax in Germany. Such a tax could be imposed only once in a dozen or twenty years without disastrous results—for it brings increasing discontent among the masses of the people. Every increase in German military expenditure is followed by an increase in the Socialist vote; and at this writing the Socialists are powerful enough to postpone action on the war budget in the Reichstag.

Across the French border strange events of a martial nature are reported. For instance, it has been discovered that a hundred and eighty-five thousand copies of a soldier's manual have been distributed among conscripts belonging to trades unions, the said manual teaching that the army is a school of crime, vice, laziness and brutality; that the uniform is a livery of shame; that "every infamy and cruelty has had patriotism as its motto"; and that a really patriotic young conscript's highest duty is to desert at the first opportunity. Other military literature has been discovered containing carefully drawn diagrams, by following which a soldier can make his rifle useless. Complimentary references to the officers as slavedrivers and lazy brutes abound.

This literature marks an extreme of the antimilitarist movement; but the really effective revolt against war is that which is slowly growing among the peasants and artisans who furnish the dead and foot the bills.

Treaty Tangles

THERE is one country with which our relations seem to give occasion for no contention, argument or uneasiness whatever. That country is Russia. Six months ago, as you may recall, the treaty between Russia and the United States expired and all contractual relations between the two nations came to an end.

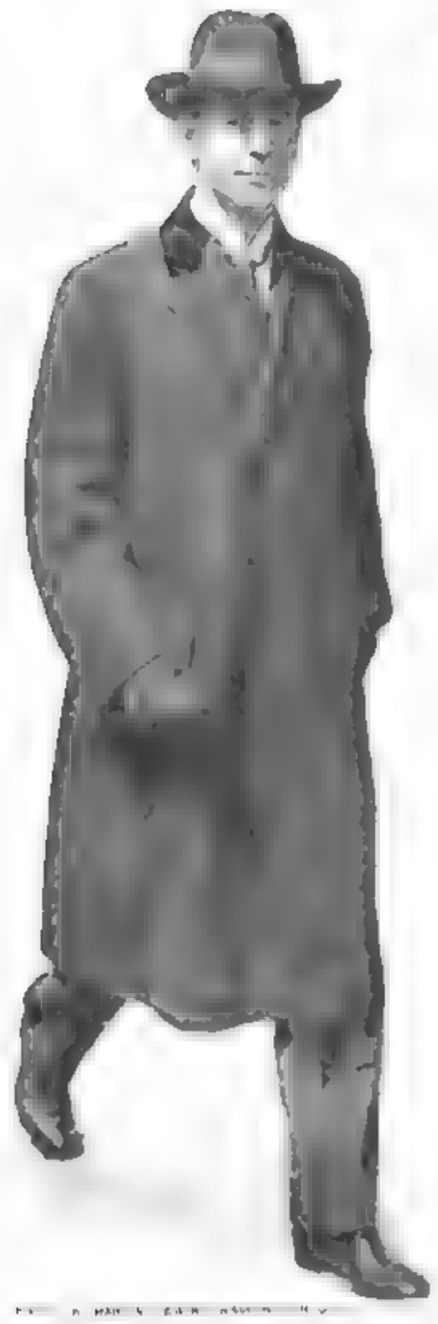
It is well known that we would not permit any discrimination against Jewish Americans in a new treaty. It is equally well known that Russia would not sign a new contract that did not discriminate against them. Consequently both countries seem to have made up their minds that a new treaty is out of the question—and there is nothing to bother about.

Russia cannot claim that we are violating clause three of section A; nor can we raise a question as to whether Russia is acting conformably with clause six of section D. As the basis for a dispute does not exist, it is highly probable that no dispute will arise. Being perfectly free agents, with no claims whatever upon each other, the two nations will presumably continue to get along in the most amicable manner.

Diplomacy is two-thirds buncombe. Attaching a grossly exaggerated importance to treaties is part of the buncombe. We have a treaty with Japan. Neither country has violated it. Yet a rather serious misunderstanding exists. It would almost be worth while to abrogate all treaties for the single purpose of stopping the Senate's pernicious meddling with foreign affairs.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



The Miner of the Senate

EXPERT statisticians provide us with dazzling arrays of figures every year to prove that a large portion of the annual production of wealth in this country comes from two principal sources—namely, the mine and the hen. It requires expert statistical skill to prove this, but only a rudimentary knowledge of mathematics is needed to demonstrate that not more than .000001 per cent of those who invest in mining stocks get any of this wealth, and a considerably smaller proportion of those who go in for chickens.

However the figures are there; and, as is well known, figures won't lie, though, on the shifty other hand, liars do figure. But that isn't it. For many years the importance of the mining industry in this country has been recognized and there are signs that the hen is coming into her own. For a long time now the United States Senate has contained a mining man; sometimes there have been two or three of them; but always one sturdy representative of those sturdier pioneers and prospectors who, daring dangers of incredible dangerosity, have delved into the bosom of old Mother Earth and brought forth her glittering treasures—or have not brought them forth, as the case may be.

There were Stewart and John P. Jones, among others—and later those hardy miners, Guggenheim and William A. Clark, who do their mining largely on Wall Street and Fifth Avenue; but these have passed. Now we have another, Key Pittman by name, of Nevada; and he is a miner—right! A miner and who shall say that he is not?

Let me particularize—not, mind you, that Key Pittman makes any boast of being a miner, but that I make the boast for him.

Key Pittman, as a matter of fact, modestly dismisses the matter in a line. He says he was in Alaska and the Northwest Territory from 1897 until the fall of 1901, and lets it go at that, seeking to deprive himself of the full meed of his achievement—and mayhap trying to put one over on the Senate by disavowing his claim to the designation, thus shattering a precedent that has existed ever since the early mining millionaires discovered that one good way to get something for their money was to spend a few gobs of it in laying in a toga.

I submit that Key Pittman is as much of a miner as most of the miners who have tunneled into the Senate; and in proof thereof I set down these items: A—He cut wood in the Klondike. B—He practiced law in Nome. C—He organized a telephone company in Tonopah.

Now, then, if that record does not substantiate the claim I make that Key Pittman is a miner, and a representative of that fascinating pursuit in the Senate, I should like to know the reason why—predicating my assertion and comparison, of course, on the mining records of most of the miners who have been senators.

Key Pittman is a Southerner. He was born in Vicksburg, Mississippi, a region where mining is comparatively an unknown industry. That was in 1872, long after the California and early Nevada excitements, but just in time, as it happened, to project the embryo miner into the Klondike rush. You see Key Pittman had left his ancestral halls in 1892, and had begun the practice of law in Seattle, where, it will be remembered, the first—or practically the first—news of the Klondike strikes came in, and where the early prospectors brought their gold.

Mining With an Ax

SEATTLE, like any other community in similar circumstances, began to revolve rapidly when this news and this gold came; and many of her leading professional and business men took the first boats for the frozen land, where the returning argonauts—most extraordinary liars!—said you could pick the nuggets off the trees. Among the first was Key Pittman, who, though learned in the law, hadn't been doing much at it, for reasons beyond his control, which involved principally a lack of clients.

Key hastened to the Klondike. He didn't burden himself with much in the way of an outfit; and so certain was he that the gold was there for him to find that he didn't encumber himself with any large amount of money. Why tote money into the Klondike when it was certain judging from the stories told, but not especially by the results exhibited—it was only necessary to go in, to remain briefly, and then to be in a position to tote great masses of money out? It seemed preposterous to Key Pittman that he should take any money in with him; so he took none. To be exact, he arrived at Dawson or thereabout with ten cents in cash—one silver dime—somewhat worn, but a dime.

It so happened there was nothing in Dawson or thereabout that any person would exchange for a dime—nothing. Twenty-five cents would buy the aged similitude of an egg, and it took a dollar to get a drink. As can be seen, our hero was not in a position either to eat or drink to any satisfying extent. Indeed about all he could procure for his dime was the shell of one of those aged two-bit eggs, containing little in the way of nourishment.

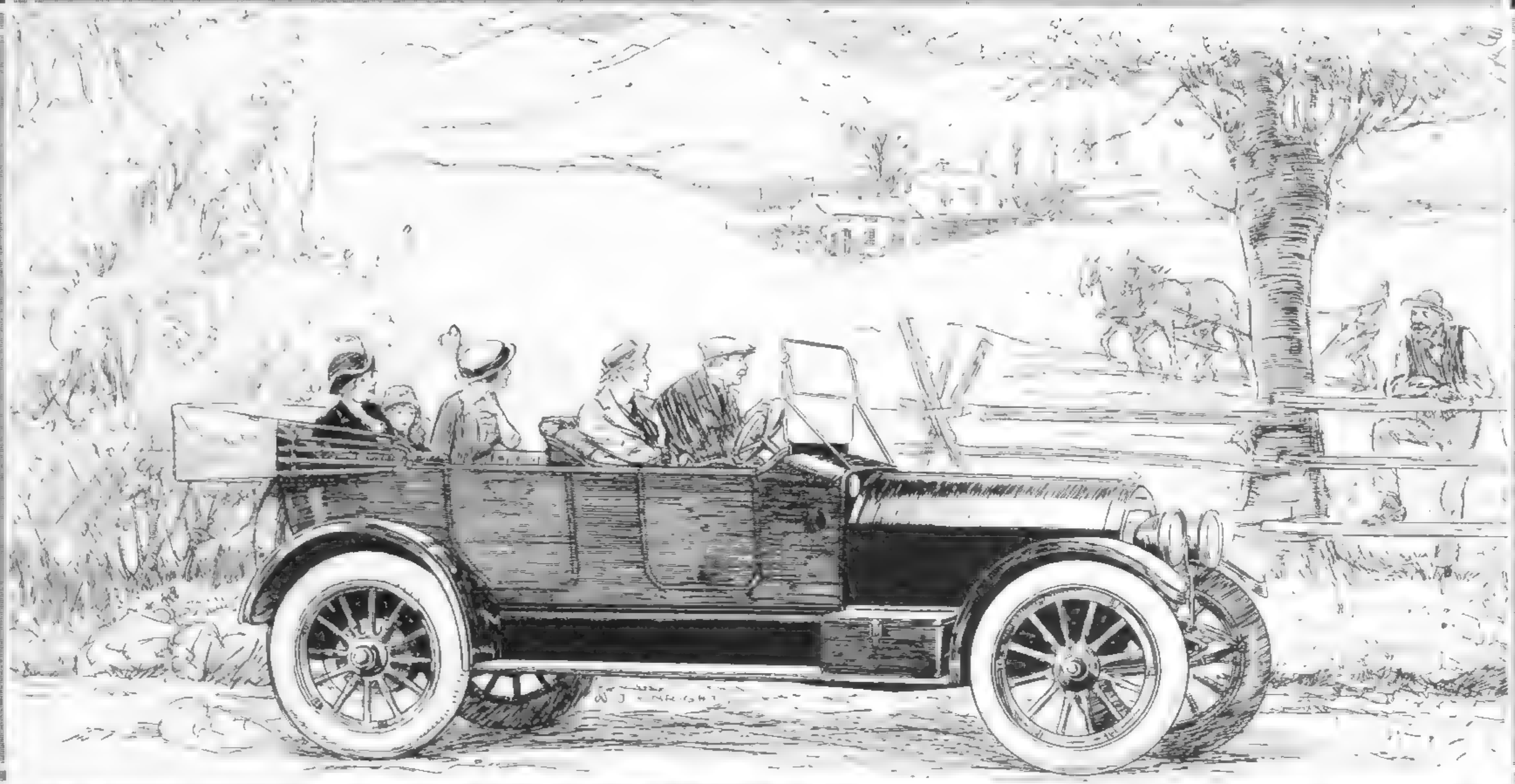
It was cold in Dawson or thereabout. This fact had impressed itself on a man who had thoughtfully brought in some money in case of emergency; and he told the future mining millionaire he would give him thirty dollars a cord for wood. All Key Pittman had to do was to go up on the hillsides, chop the wood, bring it in, and collect thirty dollars for each cord thus delivered. He had never chopped wood and he hesitated; but while he was revolving the matter in his mind he chanced to pass a tent in which several burly miners were feasting on baked beans and baking-powder biscuits. The aroma of the beans, floating out on the frosty air, convinced Key Pittman that he was a natural-born woodchopper; and he and his partner borrowed axes and a sledge and chopped wood.

Time passed on. Key Pittman, still convinced he was soon to become a mining millionaire, also became convinced he had picked out the wrong locality for arriving at that gilded and pleasurable position; so he went to Nome, landing on that desolate beach among the earliest. He was still a miner—a potential miner, but certain complications arose, and it devolved on him to practice law instead of washing the nuggets from the sand. Indeed, after the first few months in Nome there was much more law in the mining than there was gold. K. Pittman announced himself as a lawyer and he showed himself to be such. The lack of opportunity to demonstrate his legal knowledge that he had observed in Seattle did not exist in Nome. He practiced law always with the expectation of doing some mining when he had time. Presently news came of the strikes in Goldfield and Tonopah, and Key Pittman took the first boat out, having determined to transfer his efforts to Nevada, where there was a far better chance for a prospective mining millionaire.

He landed in Tonopah in 1902 and has remained there ever since. His long experience in mining led him to mine in the most approved fashion, for he became president of the First National Bank and organized the Nevada Telephone and Telegraph Company; and now, a few years later, he is a United States senator, thus showing that mining, if properly understood and practiced, helps greatly in the pursuit of political honors.

Pittman is tall, slim, good-looking, alert and able. He has an excellent address, talks well in public, and maintains a proper perspective both on himself and his surroundings. He is chairman of the Territories Committee and naturally is a member of the Committee on Mines and Mining. Indeed, when he gets time he is going to do some more mining. If there should be a big strike somewhere it would not be surprising to see the senator taking a few days off and going in, for the lure of it is still strong. However, he is now in a position to demand forty dollars at least for every cord of wood he chops.

She: "I Could Die Waiting!"



THE Marion SIX

$2150 **$2150**

Specifications

Six-Cylinder, 50 h. p. Motor
Dual Ignition, Magneto
Circulating Lubrication
Multiple Disc Clutch
Selective Sliding Gears
Full Floating Rear Axle
Four Double-Acting Brakes

Equipment

Westinghouse Electric Starter
Westinghouse Electric Lighting
Electric Horn Under Hood
Stewart 60-Mile Speedometer
Rain-Vision Windshield
Mohair Top, Boot, Curtains
Q. D. Demountable Rims

Big Features

Left-hand Drive
Center Control
Large, Comfortable Body
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Marion Dark Blue Color
Nickel-Plated Trimmings
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35 x 4½-Inch Tires | Foot Rest, Robe Rail | All Working Parts Enclosed

The Six Cylinder Master-piece of one of the Oldest Companies

HERE is all that is best in "Sixes" designed especially for the solid, substantial and shrewdly investing American family living in the city or the country. It is just the kind of a "Six" you would expect one of the oldest and foremost factories to build. It evidences in every line, in every curve, in every mechanical detail the skill of old established builders constructing a standard "Six" for all time; there is that refinement and finished workmanship which reflects a determination to have this "Six" live up to the company's well established hall-mark of quality and serviceability.

In this Marion "Six" doubt has been eliminated; it is an ingenious composition of all that is practical, proven and permanent in "Sixes." There is nothing hurried about it; it is a development. This big, powerful family car represents the welded experience, co-operation, brains, energy and integrity of a group of the oldest and most practical builders in the industry.

This "Six" is designed from the ground up and built expressly for the man who wants a good, clean-cut and absolutely dependable "Six," of perfect style and medium size—and who demands full value for his money.

We want each and every man who buys one of these greater Marions to feel glad that he bought it—and we offer it with a feeling of supreme confidence that the genuine service and satisfaction resulting from its intrinsic value will make him so. It is up-to-the-minute in every respect and is absolutely right.

The Marion "Six" *justifies in every respect a higher price than cheaper cars sell for, while at the same time it is a car so fine and so substantial that the most exacting need not pay more.*

THE Marion "Six" is furnished with the world's standard electrical equipment—Westinghouse. First of all there is the simply operated and powerful Westinghouse electric starter. It *spins* the big Marion motor as though it were a toy; it makes the operation of the Marion "Six" child's play. And the keen, brilliant electric lighting system—all controlled by buttons—is of the same famous Westinghouse standard.

The motor is conservatively rated at fifty horsepower. It is of the flexible, long-stroke type, 3¾ x 5¼ inches, and is harnessed to the most improved and efficient type of full floating rear axle, aided by the very best and the most expensive annular bearings.

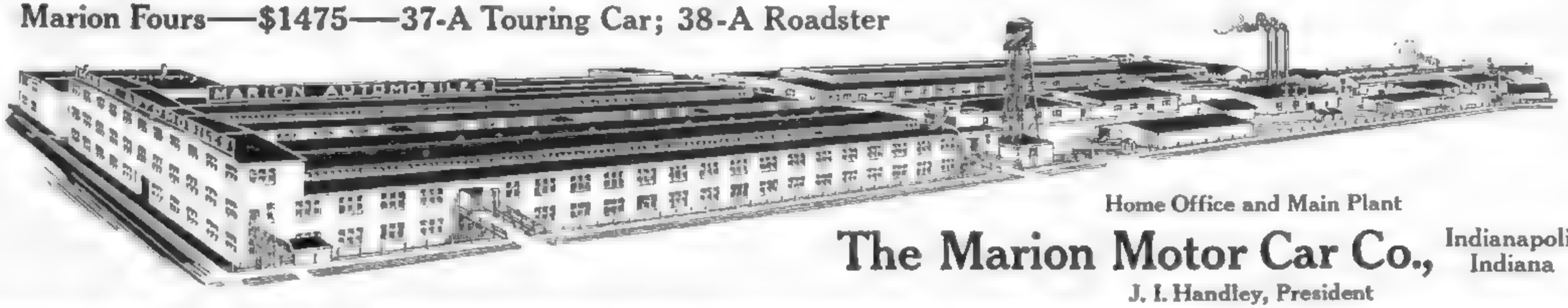
We have also provided abundant room in this Marion "Six." It has a wheel base of 124 inches. The drive is left-hand and we have moved the center control levers up forward and closer to the dash so that the driver can handle them without reaching under a robe.

Under the cowl dash there is a handy little electric light. Insignificant, perhaps, when considering a whole motor car, but indicative, just the same, of the care we have taken in building this big family car.

And another little feature of this kind is the substitution of aluminum for wood in the body rail. The tonneau is leather-lined. No marred and scratched bodies on the Marion, even if packed full of wild and wiggly youngsters.

Write us direct for descriptive and illustrated literature about this new "Six." It is the greater Marion, the latest and greatest link in the great chain of Marion successes.

Marion Fours——$1475——37-A Touring Car; 38-A Roadster



Home Office and Main Plant

The Marion Motor Car Co., Indianapolis Indiana

J. I. Handley, President

We Envy You

Who Never Tasted Puffed Grains

There's a charming revelation coming sometime to the folks who meet around your morning table.

They have yet to discover the most winsome morsels men have ever made from grain

Some morning, a dish like we show will greet them. A dish of porous, brown grains—eight times normal size—puffed by a steam explosion.

A dish of thin-walled wafers—airy bubbles of grain—with a taste like toasted nuts.

Some will serve them with cream and sugar, some will mix them with berries. And the grains will crush at a touch of the teeth into almond-flavored granules.

Then, for luncheons or suppers, you'll serve the grains floating in bowls of milk. You'll use them at dinner to garnish ice cream. You'll use them in candy making.

Thus will come to your table a new delight. Also scientific foods which stand among the greatest of food inventions.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

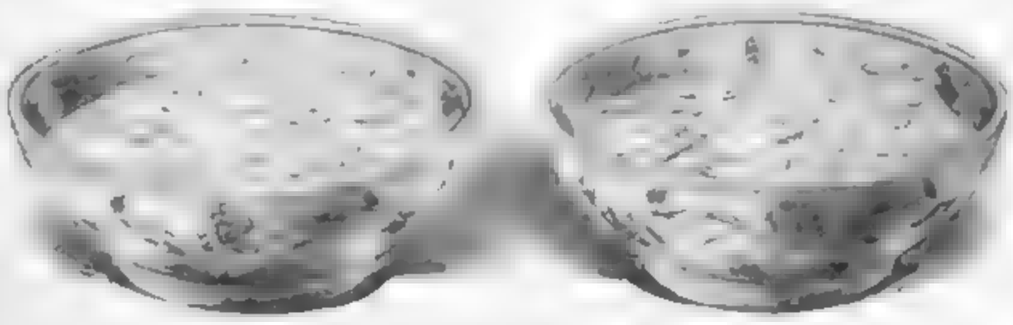
Millions of Explosions

Within each Puffed Grain have occurred at least a hundred million explosions. Every food granule has been blasted to pieces, by turning the moisture within it to steam.

Thus the countless cells are created. Thus digestion is made easy. And thus comes the nutty flavor.

Thus is Prof. Anderson's process for making whole-grain foods wholly digestible. But the foods are so fascinating—so dainty, crisp and melting—that one forgets the scientific side.

Don't let these summer days go by without having Puffed Grains on your table. Order them now—a package of each—and surprise your folks tomorrow.



Served like crackers in bowls of milk

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—CHICAGO

The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

LAST fall I wrote something about the new industrials. Within a year various manufacturing and trading concerns, which might be called small when compared with the Steel Trust, had been promoted in Wall Street, their aggregate capitalization being at least five hundred million dollars.

In most cases the preferred shares had been well distributed among small investors. What I said about those stocks at that time stirred up a good deal of criticism; but developments since then have amply justified the view that an investment in the preferred stock of an industrial company is exposed to greater hazard than any good bond investment. To be sure, the return is higher—generally seven per cent on the preferred stock as against about five per cent on the bond; but the higher risk entitles the investor to that much greater return.

One concern that I used to illustrate these new industrials was the M. Rumely Company, manufacturers of farm engines and machinery, at Laporte, Indiana, and several other places. The company was founded more than fifty years ago and had been notably successful. Recently it had taken over a couple of other concerns in the same general line of trade. When it was floated in Wall Street—in May, 1912—it had ten million dollars of seven per cent preferred stock and twelve millions of common. Its report for the previous year showed sales exceeding ten million dollars and profits of one million seven hundred-and-odd thousand—enough to pay the preferred dividend two and a half times over.

Moreover the preferred stockholders were protected by the following provisions: No property of the company could be mortgaged without the written consent of the holders of three-fourths of the preferred stock. No dividend could be paid on the common stock unless net quick assets equaled the amount of preferred stock outstanding. There was to be a sinking fund for the gradual retirement of the preferred stock. During the first two years two hundred thousand dollars annually was to be credited to this fund; thereafter a yearly sum equal to three per cent of the amount of preferred stock outstanding; also an amount equal to any dividend paid on the common stock in excess of eight hundred thousand dollars. From this fund preferred stock was to be purchased at a hundred and fifteen dollars a share and canceled.

With past earnings apparently equal to two and a half times the preferred dividend, with the business of the company growing rapidly, and with these liberal protective provisions, the preferred stock was readily taken by investors. The company's stock ledger by the end of the year showed hundreds of holders, scores of them having only five, ten, twenty or fifty shares.

The Rosy Outlook Before the Crash

Both issues were duly listed on the Stock Exchange. Last October and November the preferred stock was selling at a hundred and three; the common at a hundred and one. All reports that reached the company were highly encouraging. Sales for 1912, it was said, exceeded sixteen million dollars, an increase of about sixty per cent over the previous year—net earnings would be sufficient to justify handsome dividends on the common stock; in fact, a dividend at the rate of six per cent a year was duly declared and paid for the first quarter of 1913.

And between the time this dividend was declared and the time it was paid the company issued ten million dollars of six per cent notes to take care of its floating liabilities. To be sure, no property was mortgaged; but there was a liability of ten million dollars suddenly created ahead of the preferred stock, and a confession that the company was deeply in debt. Naturally Rumely shares got on the toboggan. The common stock had already dropped from above par to below eighty, and the preferred from a hundred and three to about ninety-three.

They kept on going down until—the last of April—the common stock touched a fraction over twenty-one and the preferred reached forty-nine—eighty points decline for the common and fifty-four for the preferred. An investor in the preferred who sold at that time would, of course, have realized less than fifty cents for each dollar he put in.

The eminent Wall Street bankers who had promoted the company then forced a thorough reorganization of its management and issued a lengthy apology. In the first place, they said, the old management had been carried away by a towering ambition to expand the company's business. Gross sales in 1911—before the promotion—were ten million dollars in round figures. In 1912, when the promotion had been carried through—and the management probably felt that all Wall Street's resources were behind it—sales were increased to about seventeen million dollars. And the management had made all plans—letting contracts, buying materials, and so on—for a gross business of twenty-eight million dollars in 1913. As its products are practically all sold on long time, this meant a huge increase in floating liabilities. Hence the ten-million-dollar note issue. But the apology continues:

"At various times during 1912 estimates and reports had been made by the officers of the company as to earnings for the year; and we ourselves had employed independent certified public accountants, who made several visits to the works for the purpose of checking the company's estimates and generally examining the condition of affairs. Reports made to us in October indicated that earnings of at least two million two hundred thousand dollars for the year might confidently be counted on. As late as December, 1912, the company furnished a profit-and-loss statement, as of September thirtieth, showing upward of two million one hundred thousand dollars earned for the first nine months. . . . Subsequently, during the progress of the annual audit, we were for the first time led to believe that neither we nor the accountants whom we had employed had received full or reliable information from the officers of the company regarding its true manufacturing and financial position."

And the Investors Held the Bag

From all of this it is easy to imagine a situation that would account for the smash. There was a management carried away by ambition to expand the business and, in its abounding enthusiasm, giving quite too rosy a view of the situation. There were the Wall Street bankers—who had promoted the company and were morally responsible to the investors in it—waking up to the true situation about six months too late. And there were the investors holding the bag!

With an industrial company, balance sheets, profit-and-loss accounts and all the provisions in the by-laws for protection of the preferred stockholders tell only half the story. The success or failure of the company is absolutely a question of management.

The newer industrials, as a whole, have suffered rather drastic depreciation in the last six or eight months. Comparison between the high prices of last fall and the low points of spring shows declines running all the way from twenty to forty dollars a share for the common stocks and eight to ten dollars for the preferred. Of course that does not mean there is anything in particular the matter with the companies, for the whole stock list has gone down in the period referred to. But as to a number of these industrials there has been a special reason why they should fall—namely, because prices were artificially manipulated upward when the stocks were brought out.

This is a habit Wall Street seems quite unable to get over and which it tries hard to justify. If you are going to bring out a stock, it says, you must make a market for it. This is done by distributing orders among various brokers—sometimes to buy, sometimes to sell. Thus it is made to appear that there is a great deal of public interest in the stock, with many people buying and many more selling, though, in fact, all the buying and selling originate in a small inside group—often in a single office. Of course the insiders can readily work the price upward by this method; and as outsiders, attracted by the appearance of strength and activity, come into the market the insiders can gradually unload.

The obvious objection to this is that it gives the outsider an entirely false idea as to the public demand for the stock. After he has bought and the manipulation has ceased, he finds it by no means so easy to sell as he judged it was going to be. The New York legislature took this subject in hand this year and enacted a law making stock manipulation a felony, punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both. But the offense is one that is hard to define in exact legal terms, or to prove in court.

The law says: "Any person who inflates, depresses or causes fluctuations in the market price of stocks or bonds by means of pretended purchases and sales thereof, or by any other fictitious transactions or devices, whereby a simultaneous change of ownership of or interest in such stocks or bonds is not effected, shall be guilty"—and so on. Probably that is about as close as the law can come to defining the offense; but I do not believe that law would have any terrors for an experienced manipulator.

As a matter of fact, manipulation nowadays does involve perfectly genuine transactions, so far as the Stock Exchange is concerned—that is, the manipulator gives a set of brokers orders to buy a certain stock. They actually buy the stock and pay for it. Their books show a perfectly legitimate business; but the manipulator has also given other brokers orders to sell the same stock. Those brokers do sell the stock and get the money for it. Their books show legitimate business.

Formerly there was manipulation by the crude device of wash sales—that is, purely fictitious and pretended sales, Broker A pretending to buy and Broker B pretending to sell, so as to establish a quotation. Long ago, however, the Stock Exchange provided drastic penalties for wash sales and they have practically disappeared.

Another rather crude form of manipulation is by matched orders, one broker receiving an order to buy and another an order to sell, both at the same time and at exactly the same price. But the Stock Exchange nowadays would promptly suspend or expel any member who was proved to be a party to that sort of dealing. It must be said, in fact, that the Stock Exchange exerts itself to suppress all the ranker forms of manipulation.

At the close of 1909, for example, a famous Wall Street operator was running a deal in Rock Island common. Within a few weeks the shares had been worked up from forty to about fifty. On the Monday morning after Christmas he gave out orders to buy an enormous quantity of Rock Island at the market; but, either because his mind was still dwelling pleasantly on Yuletide festivities, or through some other inadvertence, he neglected to give out—to other brokers—orders to sell Rock Island at the market. Consequently when the Stock Exchange opened, only one barrel of his manipulation was loaded, so to speak.

The brokers who had received the buying orders began bidding right and left for Rock Island, as they had been instructed to do; but, as there were no selling orders on a correspondingly large scale, Rock Island advanced more than thirty dollars a share—shooting from fifty to eighty-one in less than that many minutes. The operator then woke up and gave out selling orders and in thirty minutes Rock Island had dropped back to fifty again.

Now the brokers who executed the buying orders had simply followed their customer's instructions. It was not charged that they had any knowledge of the manipulation; yet the governors of the Stock Exchange suspended them for thirty days. The manipulator himself, of course, was not a member of the Stock Exchange and so was not subject to its jurisdiction.

When the Steel Corporation was brought out manipulation on a vast scale—under the able direction of James R. Keene—was resorted to in order to make a market for the shares. Probably it is impossible for the Stock Exchange itself to reach that kind of manipulation; and it is exceedingly doubtful whether any law can reach it, because the stocks are actually both bought and sold. The orders to buy and to sell emanate from the same source; but, so long as they are to buy and to sell at the market or on a scale up and down, it would be hard to bring the act under any statute.

Sense and Nonsense

Washed While You Wait

IN ONE of the large hospitals of the country there is a waiting room where patients sit until rooms or wards are assigned to them, and where visitors sit waiting their turns to visit friends or relatives who are sick there.

One morning a boy stuck his head in the doorway and shouted:

"Mr. Anderson!"

Two men started up. One stepped forward quickly and followed the boy and the other dropped back into his seat.

The boy led this Mr. Anderson to a small room on the third floor and Anderson went in. Two doctors were there, surrounded by all sorts of terrifying apparatus.

"Anderson?" asked one of the doctors.

"Yes, sir."

"Come here and have your stomach washed out."

"But," protested Anderson wildly, "I don't want my stomach washed out."

"That's what they all say!" retorted the doctor. "Grab him!"

And they took Anderson, shoved him into a chair, and in a twinkling had a stomach pump in him. After the operation the doctor looked sternly at the wilted and shivering Anderson and said:

"Dodgast you! You ate some breakfast this morning. I told you to eat nothing!"

"Of course I ate my breakfast!" said Anderson. "Why shouldn't I eat my breakfast? I never saw you before!"

"What are you in here for?" demanded the doctor.

"Why," gasped Anderson, "I came here to see my wife!"

A Poetic Match

S. E. KISER, the Chicago poet, wrote a poem and Bandmaster Innes set it to music, and between them they won the thousand-dollar prize offered by West Virginia for a state ode—that state feeling the need of something of the kind.

Wilbur D. Nesbit, another Chicago poet, was riding out toward Evanston one night with Kiser, and joshing Kiser about winning half a thousand dollars with a set of rimes like those; and Kiser proclaimed himself a natural-born winner.

"You can't beat me!" said Kiser. "I'm a natural-born one; but, just to show you I'm not unduly puffed up, I'll match you to see who pays the carfare for everybody who gets on this car between this spot and your home street."

They matched and Nesbit lost. It was late. Few people were about. The car proceeded for blocks and nobody got aboard.

"You may be a natural-born winner," said Nesbit, "but you won't stick me much on this proposition."

The car then stopped at a corner where there was a Swedish Lutheran Church and forty-two men and women who had been attending a prayer-meeting got aboard. Nesbit is now trying to coax Kiser to write the Swedish National Ode, guaranteeing to get it accepted if Kiser will give him a commission of two dollars and ten cents.

Shifting Grounds

A NEW YORK judge was hearing a divorce case in which the wife demanded a divorce on the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment.

The husband's brother was put on the stand. He swore he had never seen any evidence of cruel and inhuman treatment by his brother.

"Did you ever see a quarrel between them?" he was asked.

"Yes, I saw one once."

"Describe it."

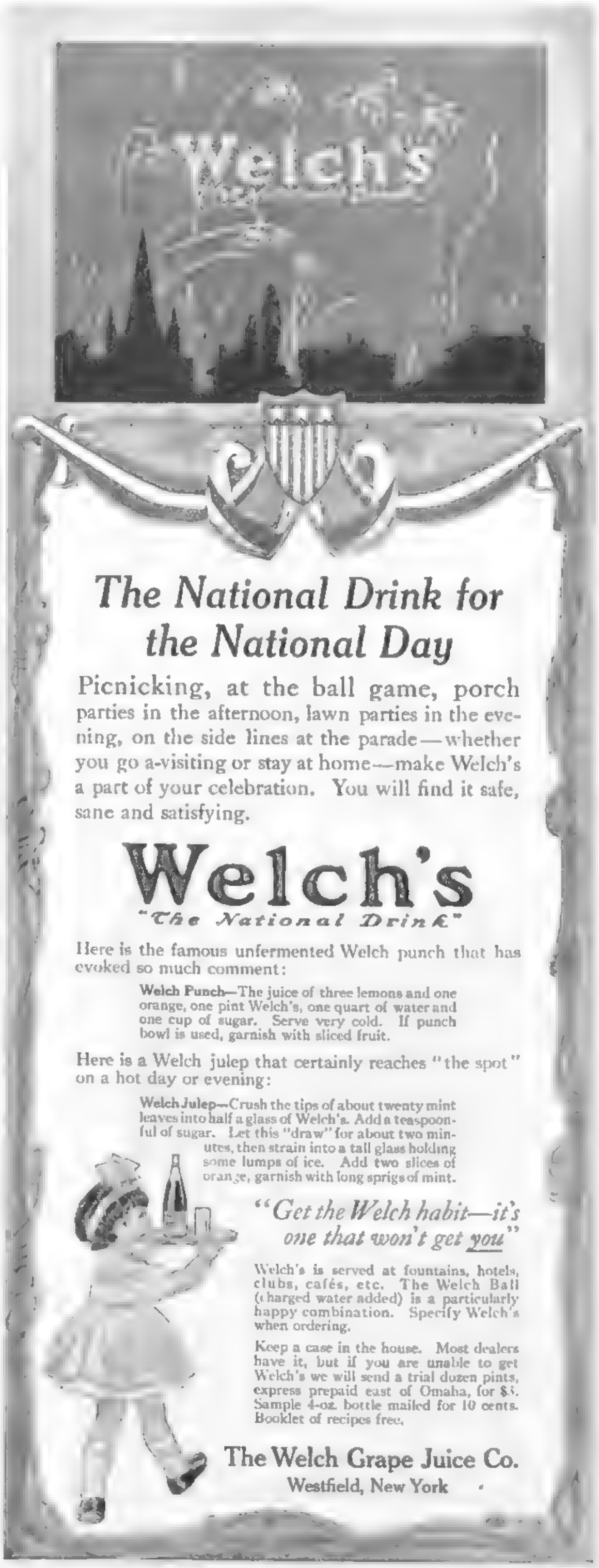
"Well, my brother had been very sick of typhoid fever and he was getting well. The doctor told him he could go out. He called his wife and asked her to get him some clothes.

"'I haven't any for you,' she told him.

"'Where are my clothes?' he asked.

"'I didn't think you would get better,' she replied, 'and I sold them to the second-hand-clothes man.'"

"I think," said the judge, "that the grounds for divorce in this case shift from wife to husband."



The National Drink for the National Day

Picnicking, at the ball game, porch parties in the afternoon, lawn parties in the evening, on the side lines at the parade—whether you go a-visiting or stay at home—make Welch's a part of your celebration. You will find it safe, sane and satisfying.

Welch's

"The National Drink"

Here is the famous unfermented Welch punch that has evoked so much comment:

Welch Punch—The juice of three lemons and one orange, one pint Welch's, one quart of water and one cup of sugar. Serve very cold. If punch bowl is used, garnish with sliced fruit.

Here is a Welch julep that certainly reaches "the spot" on a hot day or evening:

Welch Julep—Crush the tips of about twenty mint leaves into half a glass of Welch's. Add a teaspoonful of sugar. Let this "draw" for about two minutes, then strain into a tall glass holding some lumps of ice. Add two slices of orange, garnish with long sprigs of mint.

"Get the Welch habit—it's one that won't get you"

Welch's is served at fountains, hotels, clubs, cafés, etc. The Welch Ball (charged water added) is a particularly happy combination. Specify Welch's when ordering.

Keep a case in the house. Most dealers have it, but if you are unable to get Welch's we will send a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3. Sample 4-oz. bottle mailed for 10 cents. Booklet of recipes free.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.

Westfield, New York

Don't trust to memory to preserve the changing likeness of your growing boy or girl. Memory plays strange tricks sometimes.

A good photograph or so every year will keep an accurate record of the subtle changes in their development.

And what a satisfaction that little collection will be to you and to them in after years.

There's a photographer in your town
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Scoopers: *Get Busy*

OUT of the can scoop the Big Taste, and spread it on slices of fresh white bread—this taste of good ham, cooked *en casserole* to keep in all the tantalizing tang of the salt and sugar and hickory smoke. Ground fine and mixed with the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of much mild spiciness. That's Underwood Deviled Ham.

In picnic sandwiches *great!* In omelets, salads, scallops, soufflés, etc., you'll *love* it. Delicious recipes—the famous Little Red Devil recipes—sent you *free*, if you'll send us your grocer's name, mentioning whether he sells Underwood Deviled Ham. Or send 15c and grocer's name for small can to try. Economical. Makes 12 to 24 sandwiches. Made by Wm. Underwood Co., 52 Fulton St., Boston, Mass.

'Phone your grocer for some Underwood Deviled Ham *now*.

Little Red Devil Recipe No. 44—Underwood Deviled Ham Fritters

One half cup Underwood Deviled Ham; one cup boiled rice, or freshly mashed potato; two eggs, beaten light; one cup flour with teaspoon of baking powder sifted in; a little cream. Blend ingredients thoroughly in order given, adding cream until soft enough to drop by spoonfuls. Fry in deep hot fat and serve at once.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

"Branded With The Devil But Fit For The Gods."

What Next?

Banding the Birds

BIRD-BANDING has lately become popular in the United States and evidently will soon reach a record. The banding consists of attaching an identifying tag to the leg of a captured wild bird and then releasing the bird in the hope that later, perhaps in a year or two, it will be again captured and the tag reported, so as to trace out something of its migrations or other flights.

More than eight hundred birds were so banded last year and an association of those interested has recently been organized. The bands are attached so as not to inconvenience the little travelers and are all numbered, besides carrying the words: Notify American Museum, New York.

An example of the facts determined in this way is the experience of an enthusiast in New Hampshire last year, who found on the leg of a chimney swift that fluttered down his chimney a band showing it was the same bird he had banded the year before under similar circumstances. Chimney swifts are reputed to go as far south as Central America for the winter; so this bird had made a long journey to get back to his old home for the summer.

Safeguarding Irrigation Water

WILY Hindus and tricky Egyptian fellahs on irrigation projects have been a constant irritation to the English managers on account of a practice not wholly unknown in less heathenish countries—stealing water from the irrigation ditches in excess of the amount they purchase

Now an educated Hindu has apparently invented a means of absolutely stopping the stealing of water for irrigation, and his method is being rapidly applied. His device is a sort of spiral pipe like a big bass horn, which will permit only a fixed amount of water to pass through it. Water from the ditches is directed in such a way that it must pass through the pipe to the farm, thus controlling the amount of water delivered.

The principal trouble with such control pipes in the past has been that a high pressure of water in the main ditch would deliver more than the proper amount of water through them; and another trouble has been that most of them could be cheated. In India the natives would take the pipes to pieces, and in Egypt they would bribe the local inspectors to regulate them for a higher flow.

This new pipe—the Gibb module, as it is named, after the Hindu inventor—has no movable parts, but simply some fixed plates inside that break up the current-flow enough to make the delivery of water always steady. It cannot be changed in flow without breaking it to pieces, and an entirely new pipe of a different size must be installed if more water is to be bought.

An Electrical Deadline

A WIRE fence 300 miles long, heavily charged with electricity, is used by Japan to keep the savage mountain tribes of Formosa from raiding the peaceful parts of the island. In the Roman days in England, and in ancient China, the invasions of hostile tribes were shut off by enormously expensive walls, but the Japanese device is not only far less expensive, but it is proving effective. Few savages have been killed by the current, as the word has been passed among the various tribes that it is not discreet to try to climb over or under the wire.

The fence is only five feet high, and only the lowest strand of wire is charged; but this strand is low enough so that a man cannot crawl under it, and in attempting to climb the fence he is almost certain to touch the wire. The current is strong enough to seriously injure and even to kill a man. All the brush is cleared away for thirty feet on each side of the fence, and at every five hundred yards are blockhouses occupied by squads of Japanese troops.

From time to time sections of the fence are moved farther into the mountains. In the mountains are the camphor trees, and as the forests are cut down the demand for camphor forces the Japanese woodcutters to go farther and farther into the home territory of the savages.

Another element in the pacification of the tribes is their need for salt. Their only

Mothers:
Feed Your Child a
"BALANCED RATION"

MEAT and eggs give him *Strength.*
Bread, potatoes, syrup, sugar, jams give him *Energy.*
Dairy butter and cream give him *Heat.*
Does any *one* food give him all three?

Yes, milk—good, rich, full cream milk. It is a perfect balanced ration, although a liquid.

Is there any "balanced ration" food which can be spread on bread?

Yes, Beech-Nut Peanut Butter makes a "balanced ration" when added to toast, crackers or bread. It gives the child the right proportions of Strength, Heat and Energy.

BEECH-NUT Peanut Butter

is a blend of Spanish and Virginia Peanuts, roasted, salted and crushed to creamy nut butter. Its appetizing aroma and taste make children like it better than sweets.

Airless-sealed glass jars, a clever invention, hold the fresh aroma. Captivated children, captivated by the full roasting-oven aroma, want mothers to get Beech-Nut for its appetizing flavor. 10c and up per glass jar. 'Phone your grocer for a jar today—now.

Beech-Nut Brand Means De[illegible] Food. [illegible] of the Famous Beech-Nut Cooking Recipes. How Many Have You Tried?

If your grocer does not keep the ones you want send us his name.

Beech-Nut Bacon ***Beech-Nut Peach Jam***
Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup ***Spitzenberg Apple Jelly***
Beech-Nut Clear Cider Vinegar ***Grape Fruit Marmalade***
Beech-Nut Ripe Olive Oil ***Oscar's Sauce, etc., etc.***

Made at the famous Beech-Nut Pure Food Plant in the picturesque Mohawk Valley. Send for interesting "Beech-Nut Breakfast News." Describes plant and gives complete list of products. Write today.

Beech-Nut Packing Company
42 Beech Street, Canajoharie, N.Y.

Bent Bones

You May Not Be A Chinese—Yet—

THE Chinese deliberately, studiously bind and deform their feet through life. They call it *style*.

Americans do the same thing, though without the thought or effort. We crowd our good, honest feet into any shaped shoe that strikes our fancy.

We do not think of the harm. But time always tells what the above X-Ray photo shows. It tells in corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, fallen arch, etc. It tells in painful *consciousness of our feet*. It tells in loss of bodily efficiency.

The Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoe is built in the shape of a *real foot*. It has precisely the right amount of room for all five toes—without looseness. It is handsome in shape, handsomely made—in fact, good sense *plus good looks*.

For men, women, children. Put your child's feet into Rice & Hutchins Educators and he will never have corns, bunions, etc. Put your own feet into Educators and the poor, tired bones will straighten out in relief. Made the same shape season after season. Thus you can always have on the same comfortable shoe.

Prices from $1.35 for infants' to $5.50 for men's specials.

Look for EDUCATOR branded on the sole of every genuine Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoe. If your dealer doesn't carry genuine Educators, send us his name and we'll mail you complete catalog and tell you where to get them.

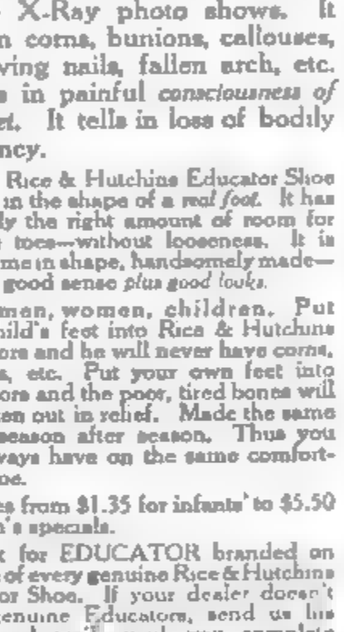
Don't be Chinese. Use your thought and free your feet from foot troubles, by getting them into Educators *today*.

Rice & Hutchins

EDUCATOR SHOE

"Lets the foot grow as it should"

"Comfortable as an Old Shoe, Yet Proud to Pass a Mirror"



Men's Educator

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.

World's Shoemakers to the Whole Family

14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Makers of the Famous All America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfair Shoes for Women

source of supply is the civilized sections, so that the Japanese guards are just as careful to prevent men carrying salt from passing the wire fence into the mountains as they are to prevent the mountaineers from coming out.

Consequently from time to time groups of natives surrender to the guards in return for salt, and are then restricted so they cannot make any more trouble.

Whistling for Your Wants

THEORETICALLY it is now possible for a man to lie in bed and whistle to the window to close; whistle to the taps in the bathroom to draw the water for his bath: whistle to an electric cooker to start the coffee, or whistle to the door to open and admit a waiter with breakfast. A story is going the rounds that a London inventor has actually accomplished the last of these conveniences; but from a practical standpoint it sounds improbable.

The theory of it is simple. At the door is a piano wire tuned to a certain key, so that when the lazy man in the bed whistles in that key the wire will vibrate in sympathy. The vibrating wire strikes another wire, completing an electric circuit, and by means of a magnet the door is unlocked.

The same method could be applied in theory to accomplish the other results named, and could be extended to innumerable other appliances; so that automatic servants would all respond to orders at a whistle.

Each appliance, tuned to a different key, would respond to a different whistle-note.

Practically it would take probably more vigor to whistle loud enough from bed to operate the mechanism at the door than it would to get up and unlock the door; and even then the adjustments would have to be perfect. Furthermore, the whistling would have to be on the key, which would bar most people from the scheme.

Very few people are gifted with the ability to whistle a predetermined note on the key; in fact most people have difficulty enough whistling to the key a few seconds after they have heard it correctly sounded on an instrument, and the lazy man with an ordinary key-sense would be having the windows open when he really wanted more heat turned on.

Similia Similibus

A NEW idea for saving an electric power station from interruption of service during a flood is one result of the great floods of last spring, the scheme being to freeze a wall round the machinery and thus keep the flood water out. A power station in Louisville tried it successfully. A considerable proportion of electric power stations are now equipped with ice-making plants, in order to provide a use for surplus power in the summer months when the demands for current for lighting purposes are not heavy, and this Louisville station had such a refrigerating plant.

Power stations are usually near rivers and so especially subject to floods. This station was early threatened. Sawdust was boxed up in the doors and windows, and water-soaked. Refrigerating coils were laid to the sawdust boxes and froze solid barricades which were watertight and thus kept out the flood.

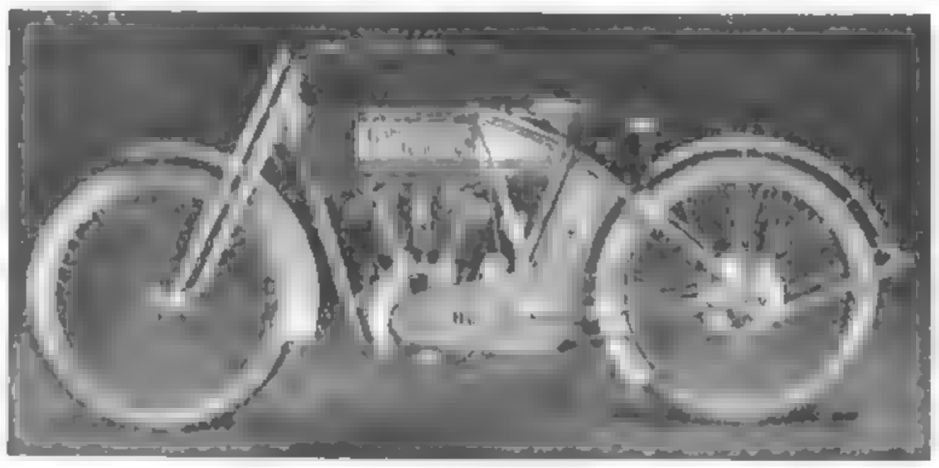
Concrete Buoys

CONCRETE buoys to mark channel lines seem absurd because they sound so heavy; but, as a matter of fact, they have to be heavily ballasted to sink them sufficiently deep in the water.

Some engineers at Kingston, Jamaica, did not like the idea of paying three hundred and sixty-five dollars each for big steel buoys for the harbor and undertook to make substitutes in concrete. They were built three inches thick and weighed five tons each when finished.

It had been figured that they would float at about the right degree of immersion, but the engineers found it necessary to put a ton of ballast in each to keep them low enough in the water for proper stability. At first the concrete buoys leaked a little, but provision had been made for getting a pipe into them, and after the first leakage was pumped out they became practically watertight.

The engineers give the total cost of the buoys at one hundred and seventy dollars each—less than half the cost of the expensive steel type.



Sixty-Eight Miles An Hour On A Harley-Davidson

IN BUYING a Motorcycle these five prime points should be considered: Speed, Economy, Comfort, Reliability and Durability. The Harley-Davidson has these qualities to an unexcelled degree. Here's the proof:

Speed

In the Bakersfield, California, Road Race, Frank Lightner's stock Harley-Davidson (the kind you can buy—not a special racing machine) attained a speed of 68 miles an hour.

Economy

The Harley-Davidson holds the World's Official Record for economy.

Comfort

No matter how good a motorcycle may be if riding it brings positive discomfort, all its other good qualities will soon be forgotten. The Harley-Davidson is the most comfortable motorcycle made because it is the only motorcycle which incorporates the Ful-Floteing Seat and Free-Wheel Control, the two greatest comfort features known to motorcycling. The Ful-Floteing Seat places 14 inches of concealed compressed springs between the rider and the bumps. These springs work against each other, thus absorbing all of the shock, jar and vibration, and also the recoil. Thus the rider virtually floats over the bumps and crossings. A demonstration will prove this fact to you. The Free-Wheel Control acts like a clutch on an automobile, permitting the machine to be stopped and started without the customary hard pedaling or running alongside and without undue racing of the engine.

Reliability

The Harley-Davidson is the only machine which has ever been awarded a diamond medal and a thousand plus five score in an endurance contest. The plus five was for its super-excellent performance. These awards were made by the National Federation of American Motorcyclists.

Durability

One of the first Harley-Davidsons made, over eleven years ago, has covered over one hundred thousand miles and is still giving satisfactory service today, retaining even its original bearings.

Seven departments of the U. S. Government use a total of nearly 4000 of these machines.

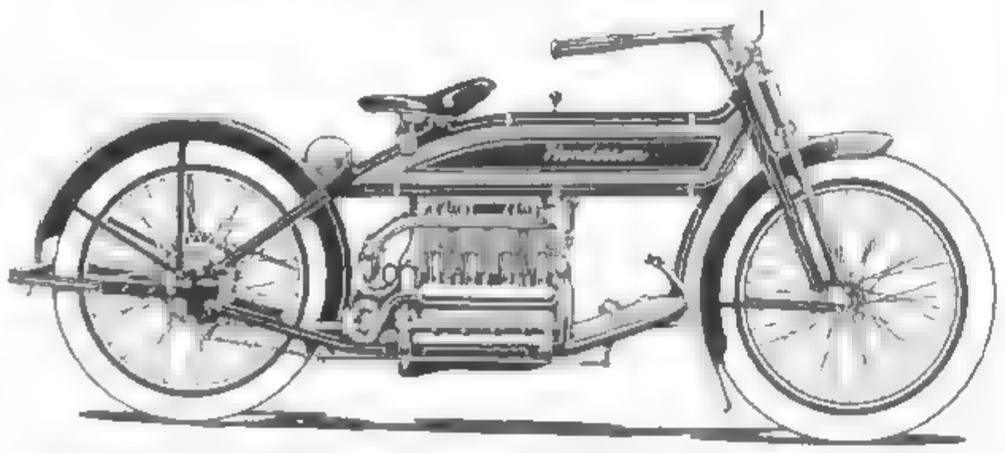
This in itself is proof of its superiority. If you want a machine that will give and continue to give entire satisfaction from every point of view we would suggest that you call on our local dealer for demonstration or write for catalog.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.

Producers of High Grade Motorcycles For Over Eleven Years

323 B Street MILWAUKEE, WIS.

HENDERSON



4 Cylinders, 8 H. P. Chain Drive, 3-inch tires—$325. Tandem attachment complete—$25

Four cylinders, smooth power; rides with no jerk or jar

The Henderson rider feels practically no engine vibration, and far less road shock than the average motorcycle sets up, because his is a four cylinder machine.

These advantages—and every motorcycle rider knows how important they are—come from the type of motor, the longer wheelbase, the lower center of gravity and the larger tires that distinguish the Henderson from the ordinary.

With four cylinders, the power development is two to four times more smooth and steady than with two cylinders or one.

It is more flexible, too, and the Henderson can be throttled to 5 miles an hour without releasing the clutch.

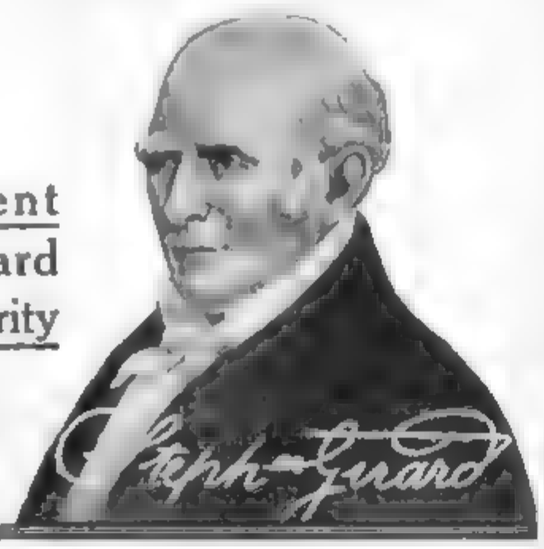
Hung low in the frame, the motor's weight steadies the machine; and the rider, placed well forward of the rear wheel, is comfortable on any road.

His feet rest in a natural position, his legs forward of the motor, instead of sprawled and cramped on pedals.

The Henderson owes its national popularity to these superiorities, which are well worth your investigation. Write for the catalog.

Henderson Motorcycle Company, 1170 Cass Ave., Detroit, Mich.

For contentment smoke the Girard Cigar; for popularity give some away.



The "Girard blend" is not a mere slogan. It is a carefully worked out and happily discovered process of combining various kinds of leaf. Try it and you will marvel that a cigar can be so full-flavored and yet have so little effect on your nerves.

GIRARD Cigar

The cigar shown here, actual size, is the "Broker", 10c. Other shapes and sizes up to 15 cents.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Established 1871 Philadelphia

LUCIA AND THE QUEST OF YOUTH

(Continued from Page 9)

Lucia in a dress of thin, clear pink, with ribbon trimming of a deeper shade, swayed like a full-blown rose in a little rocker on her porch.

She asked him in, but he preferred the porch. It seemed more informal. He regretted this a little later when he discovered it was prayer-meeting night and saw that none of the passing worshipers failed to identify Lucia Power's beau.

The minister went by with his Bible under his arm. He stopped and glared.

"Good evening, Mr. Larkins!" called Lucia cheerily. "I hope Elinor didn't take cold from playing in the water-trough?"

"Elinor is quite well," replied the minister stiffly. "You will not be at divine service this evening, Miss Power?"

"Not this evening," returned Lucia smoothly.

"I hope I'm not keeping you," said Halladay hypocritically.

"I don't care especially about going," Lucia rejoined. "I never could go before ma went; so I've sort of taken it up since to keep from getting lonesome. Do you think the school board did right about hiring Miss Johnson?"

Halladay told her. He was quite at ease now. The wrath of Larkins put a subtly different face upon the matter. He enjoyed the evening. Lucia was certainly a very intelligent woman—infinitely too good for that donkey of a Larkins!

In June he took her to see the Dixie Minstrels and to the high-school graduating exercises. Clearview held its breath!

Lucia invited him to tea when her sister came home with several of the children.

The supper was delicious. The house was spotless. Lucia managed the children with a firm pleasantness in easing contrast with their worn and querulous mother's frettings. She was quietly attentive to her father's wants and brightly interested in her guest. Halladay went home smitten into a profounder meditation on the inevitable discomforts of bachelor life than he had ever reached before.

He was seen buggy riding with Lucia during the summer and took her to the lecture given under the auspices of the library association. The town began to say it was all settled.

It was not settled! Tom Halladay had had one romance in his youth, the violent ending of which had cut him to the quick. For some young years thereafter he had vowed that marriage should never be for him. That renunciation and the pain of which it was born were both quite gone long since. As he prospered in business he had arrived at the formless intention of marrying the right woman—some day. The right woman remained conveniently vague. Sometimes he dreamed of her—unacknowledged, doubting dreams. He scoffed cautiously at inveigling spinsterhood. He felt, like another, such spring-stirrings of the blood as Jennie Brice's white-vestured youth had evoked. Meanwhile his own youth was going—had gone?

Now suddenly the current of events, risen imperceptibly—he knew not how—was sweeping him upon reluctant decision. He told himself daily that he must decide the town expected it; Lucia expected it; Larkins—confound him!—expected it; Halladay himself expected it. Yet he shrank from definitely closing the gates of romance.

The vines were thick on Lucia's porch, with the dense verdure of late midsummer. A waning moon, riding the quiet sky, silvered the cement walk and the clump of white phlox beside the house. The tiger lilies along the walk drooped darkly.

Lucia sat in a low rocker a little beyond him, dressed in a gown of sheer white stuff, with low white shoes on her feet. Her sleeves were of lace, and so too were the yoke and high collar of the dress. In the conviction that he was doing a substantially good thing for himself, Halladay made the irrevocable move.

"Harry told me today," he began—"this is confidential, you know—that he expects to get married this fall."

Lucia looked up quickly.

"It's Jennie Brice of course?"

"Jennie Brice of course," assented Halladay. "I let Harry have his raise; but they'll have to begin in a pretty small way. . . . Lucia, are we going to let the young folks get ahead of us? Are we, Lucia?"

"I—don't know what you mean!"

New Hosiery for Old

MOTHERS find pleasure in the fact that they can quit darning children's stockings—that they can buy children's stockings guaranteed for four months to wear without holes. We have successfully guaranteed Buster Brown's DARNLESS Children's Stockings (even before we guaranteed adults' hosiery) for many years—isn't this proof of their durability?

Buster Brown's DARNLESS Guaranteed Hosiery For Men, Women & Children

25c a pair — 4 pairs guaranteed 4 months

is made in smooth and ribbed styles. Knit from the finest long staple, close spun Sea Island and Egyptian Cotton yarn with wearing parts—heel, toe, knee, sole and toe reinforced with 2, 3, 4 ply strong light linen thread. Smooth, soft and delightfully comfortable—absolutely without seams and carefully shaped to the foot and ankle.

Our Mill, the largest in the South, makes just enough DARNLESS Hosiery to supply only the best dealers, and we are represented in nearly every town. If you fail to find your local Buster Brown dealer, send $1 with style, size, color and weight and we will see that you are supplied with the hosiery and the name of your nearest dealer.

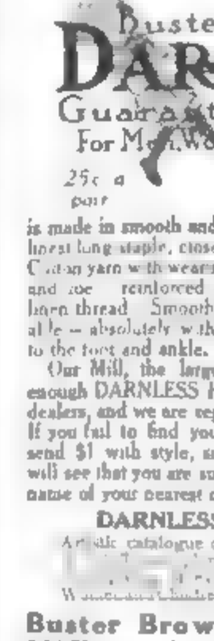
DARNLESS Catalogue Free

Artistic catalogue describing our merchandise [illegible] our guarantee, with [illegible] Women, Children, Infants and Misses

Buster Brown's Hosiery Mills
201 Sherman Ave., Chattanooga, Tennessee

DEALERS:
Fine hosiery proposition for you. Think it over.

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

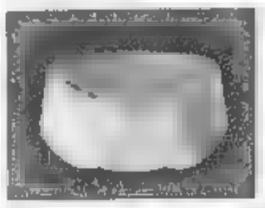


This trial tube is exact size of the one we will send you for 4 cts. in stamps.

COLGATE & CO.
199 Fulton St., N. Y.
Dept. P

COMES OUT A RIBBON LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH

Collars from Maker to Wearer



Save 40c a dozen on this regular 2-for-a-quarter smart model—the season's favorite among men who [illegible]

Collars	Pajamas
[illegible]	[illegible]
$1.10 a doz.	$1.10 a suit

Sent prepaid on receipt of price. [illegible]

League Collar Co., 7-11 Hope St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Hot Weather Dinners

Always Ready—Baked by a Famous French Chef

Scores of factory kitchens are baking beans for the millions to serve in hot weather.

Because women who know are, more and more, serving ready-cooked meals in summer.

One kitchen—Van Camp's—is baking beans very different from the rest.

We want you to know them, then try them. Then judge for yourself if it pays to specify Van Camp's.

Van Camp's WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

This dish is prepared by a famous French chef, who came from Hotel Ritz.

The beans are picked out by hand, to get them white, plump, even-sized.

The sauce is made from whole, ripe tomatoes. It costs five times as much as common sauce. And we bake it with the beans.

We bake in modern steam ovens, but the steam is kept from contact with the beans. After hours of baking, the beans come out nutlike, mealy, whole. None are crisped, none broken.

The result is a dish which has never been matched—which made this kitchen famous.

We ask simply this:

Buy the beans which your folks like best. Make these ready meals delightful. To settle the question, once serve Van Camp's, then abide by your people's verdict.

Three sizes:
10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Baked by the

Van Camp Packing Co.

Established 1861

Indianapolis, Indiana

(255)

"Yes, you do, Lucia! Wouldn't it be a sensible thing for us two to join forces? We're both past the foolish age and there's nothing really stands in the way. Your father wouldn't be any hindrance; he could live with us or stay here if he'd rather. I've intended for years to build on that lot of mine on Spring Street—a first-rate modern residence—just as soon as I found a good-enough housekeeper to put into it. . . . Well, Lucia, what do you say?"

"No!" said Lucia clearly.

"Wha-at?"

"I said 'No!'"

"It's Larkins, then?" said Halladay half-dazedly, out of a whirling, bitter pause.

"No, it isn't!" retorted Lucia vehemently, turning on him with flashing eyes. "It isn't Larkins! He's proposed too! Wanted me to be a parent to his motherless babes—said it was a noble woman's work. I told him I'd been in the noble foster-parent business long enough!"

"But I—you ——" stammered Halladay.

"I led you on?" demanded Lucia. "Yes, I did! I suppose I've done the meanest thing in the world. I've done everything to make you think I'd have you—and now I won't! Maybe you've got a right to think ill of me; but you needn't think any worse than the truth. . . . You sit still, Tom Halladay, and let me talk! I'll say my say out tonight, and then I'll be through!

"I did set my cap for you! I did! I don't care if I did! When I was young girls were taught to be shrinking violets and not even supposed to know when a man was about—unless requested to take notice. That's the kind I was; and what good did it ever do me or any other girl? A man's like anything else—if you want him you've got to go after him. Haven't I seen it worked often enough? The girl that advertises for a man is the one that gets him if she can deliver the goods! I shan't pretend I didn't do it on purpose. I did!

"And the reason was, I meant it. I meant it till just lately. Oh, I've been wicked, I suppose; and I'm punished! I've got what I thought I wanted—and it's dust and ashes and apples of Sodom!

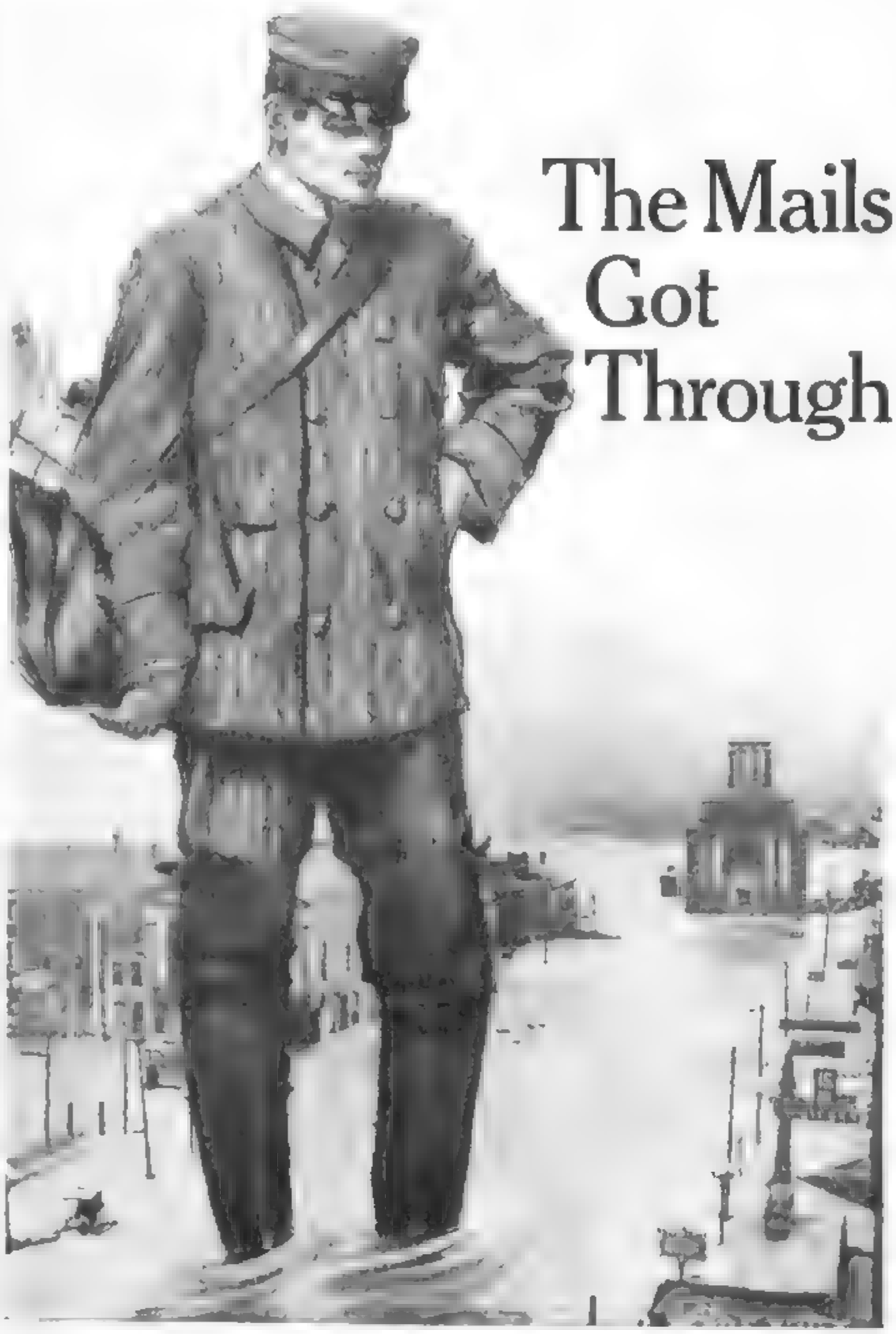
"For nineteen years I've thought I was in love with you! I've thought it would be Heaven on earth to marry you—on any terms! It isn't! It isn't!" cried Lucia with passion. "It isn't good enough! What does it come to? You haven't even tried to fool me. All you want me for is a housekeeper and cook! All you've got to offer me is houses and lands, and trash like that! Maybe I'm too old to be married at all; but I'm not old enough to be married like that—and I never will be!

"I've been the completest fool any woman ever was! I've spent Aunt Mary's money and I've got a taste for fine clothes and excitement. I've hurt Mr. Larkins' feelings and I'm making you hate me right now! I'll have this whole town telling till my dying day how I couldn't get you! Not that I care about that! Let them talk! What kills me is knowing there isn't any knowing I was fool enough to think I —

"That's all! You can go now! I've said my say and I guess it's enough. I don't blame you any. You can think what you like about me. I'm not going to ask you to forgive me; but if it's any satisfaction to you to know I feel like death about it—why, you know it! . . . Why don't you go? Why do you just stand there and stare as if I was a monster? Do you want to see me make a bigger fool of myself yet? Well, I won't! I won't cry! If you've got to say something, for pity's sake say it quick—and go!"

"Lucia," said Halladay, "you're going to marry me! No—now hold on! Listen! You've got to! I've got to have you! Why, my soul! for twenty years I haven't dared to dream —— And all that time you —— Look here, Lucia! I—I love you! I do—honest! I didn't know it till just now; but it's true. I don't care whether you can cook or not! I want *you!* I *want* you! I —— Why—there, little girl! There, there! Don't cry! It's all right, sweetheart! Why, darling—darling ——"

The old man slept in his chamber above their heads. Round them stretched the village streets where life grows dusty and arid and old. The summer swung from its zenith and on to its appointed place in the unreturning procession of the years. But the wild-hearted pair in the vine-hid dark of the porch were lip to lip with Youth!



The Mails Got Through

The Salesmen Were Marooned

THERE were many such cases during the great floods of March and April.

And though we hope such a catastrophe will never again occur, we know that unforeseen emergencies will continue, month by month and year by year, to delay the visits of salesmen to their territories.

But when you intrust your "Message to Garcia" to Uncle Sam, its delivery is sure; for the United States Mail has the right of way.

Then use the mails more. Keep in constant touch with your trade by form-letters, bulletins, announcements, circulars, folders, booklets and other advertising literature.

You can do it—with a Multigraph in your office—and when the salesman does get through, he'll find the customer ready to talk business.

That's just one side of Multigraph Service. It sells goods direct, or through dealers. It gingers up your sales force, opens new territories, provides the resources of merchandising and dealer advertising, cuts down the cost of office and factory forms, works along all the avenues of profit. The speed, economy and convenience with which the Multigraph produces real typewritten letters and genuine printers ink printing have made it one of the great modern forces for building up business.

The Multigraph Letter-Folder and the Markoe Envelope Sealer are another pair of money makers that you ought to know. Ask us about them.

You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it; but we'll be glad to aid in an impartial investigation. Write today, inclosing coupon.

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EXECUTIVE OFFICES 1800 East Fortieth Street Cleveland

Branches in Sixty Cities—Look in your Telephone Directory

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Co., 59 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Berlin, W-8 Kramenstr., 70 Ecke Friedrichstr.; Paris, 24 Boulevard des Capucines.

The MULTIGRAPH

Produces real printing and form typewriting, rapidly economically, privately, in your own establishment

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

Check them on this slip and enclose it with your request for information, *written on your business stationery.* We'll show you what others are doing.

American Multigraph Sales Co.
1800 E. Fortieth Street, Cleveland

Printing:
- ☐ Booklets
- ☐ Folders
- ☐ Envelope Stuffers
- ☐ House Organ
- ☐ Dealer Imprints
- ☐ Local Imprints
- ☐ System Forms
- ☐ Letter Heads
- ☐ Bill Heads and Statements
- ☐ Receipts, Checks, etc.
- ☐ Envelopes

Typewriting:
- ☐ Circular Letters
- ☐ Booklets
- ☐ Envelope Stuffers
- ☐ Price-lists
- ☐ Reports
- ☐ Notices
- ☐ Bulletins to Employees
- ☐ Inside System Forms

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YOU can take pictures just as natural, just as clear, as this if your "first choice" of a camera is the superb ANSCO.

Whatever the subject you wish to photograph—at whatever distance—you can always depend on the amateur camera of professional quality—

The superb ANSCO

—loaded with Ansco color-value Film, the film developed with Ansco Chemicals, and prints made on prize-winning *Cyko Paper*.

$2 to $55 will buy a good Ansco. Write for catalogue No. 27 and booklet, "How to Make Enjoyment Last Forever."

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The camera shown above is No. 1 A folding Pocket Ansco, one of a ... range of the picture to be taken. It takes pictures 2½x4¼ inches.

Price $17.50

ANSCO DEALERS display this sign.

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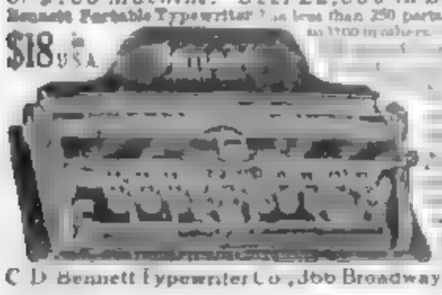
A Remarkable Typewriter, Carried in Grip or in Overcoat Pocket. Standard Keyboard. Does Work of $100 Machine. Over 22,000 in Daily Use.

Bennett Portable Typewriter has less than 250 parts, against 1,700 in others. That's why

$18 U.S.A.



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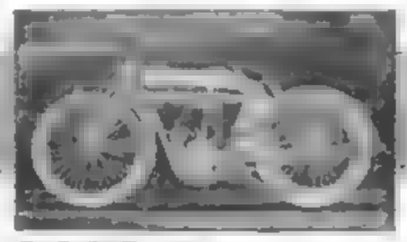

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Also makers of Pope Bicycles. Catalogs Free

Protect Yourself

Ask for

ORIGINAL—GENUINE

The
Food-Drink for All Ages

Others are Imitations

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USEFUL PRESENTS

(Continued from Page 17)

selling goods for old man Baum, Abe, the only present we made is, if a customer should—*Gott soll huten!*—get married, understand me, we give 'em half a dozen silver teaspoons, which you could read a newspaper through the bowls already. *Aber* nowadays it's presents, presents, all the time! People gives starting-in presents and retiring presents, y'understand, which one of 'em alone costs more as all the spoons old man Baum would buy, supposing his entire trade gets married on him yet."

"It didn't cost us so much as all that," Abe said modestly.

"Yours I ain't talking about at all," Barney replied; "*aber* Miss Schliestein gives me a wallrush bag, Mawruss, which you could go on a honeymoon with already."

Barney's appreciation of Miss Schliestein's gift brought them to the door of the elevator, in which they ascended to the second floor; and no sooner had they alighted than a score of cordial hands were stretched out to Barney. He became at once the center of an excited throng, while Abe and Morris wandered off to a divan in the corner, where they were presently joined by Miss Schliestein.

"Well, Mr. Potash," she said, "you look quite lonely here."

"I guess we are lonely," Abe replied. "So far as I could see, Miss Schliestein, we're the only people here which ain't buyers already."

Miss Schliestein smiled mysteriously and seated herself on the lounge.

"I'll tell you a great secret," she said. "There's one other person here that isn't a buyer either. She hasn't been a buyer since this afternoon at three o'clock."

"You!" Abe exclaimed, and Miss Schliestein nodded.

"I'm out in the cold world," she declared; "a decrepit woman of forty-two, with no prospects except a three-months' line of credit up to a thousand dollars."

"Two thousand if you want it!" Morris cried; "so soon as you got a store rented."

"I haven't had time to turn round yet," she said smilingly; "but I've got to do something quick, Mr. Potash, because there are folks dependent on me."

"What was the trouble?" Abe asked abruptly, and Miss Schliestein nodded in the direction of a tall, forceful-looking man who was engaged in earnest conversation with Harry Kosmin.

"Rucker!" Abe exclaimed. "Why, he buys for Mandelberger & Company, of Milwaukee."

"He has a contract with them up to next August," Miss Schliestein replied; "but if they'll let him off he'll start in with Joseph Kammerman on Monday."

"*Aber* didn't you got a contract with Kammerman too?" Morris inquired.

"I made them a present of it when I heard that they expected to put me in as assistant to Rucker; and I quit on the spot," she replied.

"Good for you!" Morris nearly shouted. "And if you would come down to our place tomorrow morning at half-past nine, Miss Schliestein, we'll talk it all over."

"Talking it all over is right enough, Mr. Perlmutter," said Miss Schliestein; "but I've got to raise some capital first."

"Capital!" Abe exclaimed. "Why, there's lots of people you could raise capital from."

"Who, for instance?" she demanded.

"That's what we'll talk about tomorrow, half-past nine," Abe said. "I guess they're going in to dinner now."

Two minutes later Abe and Morris discovered that in the seating arrangement especial consideration had been bestowed on them by their hosts; for Barney Flug, the guest of honor, had been placed between them in the middle of the largest table, while M. Louis Berker took the chair beside Morris. Harry Kosmin had reserved for himself a place at Abe's right hand, and thus the surviving partners of the F. K. B. Manufacturing Company had planned to place a safe barrier between the two manufacturers and the remainder of the guests, all of whom were garment buyers for department stores. At the last moment, however, Harry Kosmin ushered Miss Schliestein to the chair next Abe, and transferred to the place at first intended for her a Philadelphia buyer, who had been sitting beside Rucker. In turn, Harry Kosmin took the chair left vacant by the Philadelphia buyer and exchanged with M. Louis Berker a knowing and triumphant smile.

"What's Harry sitting 'way down there for?" Barney asked, and Miss Schliestein turned to Abe and whispered what was to him a wholly meaningless confidence.

"The king is dead!" she murmured. "Long live the king!"

"Huh?" Abe exclaimed with a startled look.

"Rucker must have told them!" she said.

III

AS A RESULT of Kosmin & Berker's dinner it was half-past nine o'clock before Abe emerged from the subway at Fourteenth Street the following morning, to find that Morris had traveled downtown in another car of the same train.

"No more dinners, Mawruss," Abe said as they trudged through Union Square—"farewell or otherwise. They ain't worth it."

"I should say!" Morris exclaimed. "Former times on Canal Street, Abe, Wasserbauer's thirty-cent regular dinner makes that banquet look like a free lunch already."

"The food I ain't talking about at all," Abe said. "The food is always rotten at a banquet, Mawruss! *Aber* did you ever hear such a bunch of loud-mouth *Chamorim!* Which they really got nothing to say for themselves, understand me—in particular that buyer from the H. J. Hendrick Company, used to was with the Fashion Store, Bridgetown. I drank so much coffee keeping awake on that feller, understand me, I didn't close my eyes till three o'clock this morning."

"That's where you showed poor judgment, Abe—sitting still like a dummy all the time," Morris declared severely. "Any one would fall asleep that way; *aber* me, I laughed myself sick at that feller's chestnuts."

"Sure, I know!" Abe commented. "I seen Harry Kosmin look at you like he would be going to throw you out the window already."

"That's all right," Morris retorted as they entered the elevator of their place of business. "I nailed that H. J. Hendrick feller in the washroom after he gets through, Abe, and he's coming in to look over our line this afternoon yet. I think he's in the market for some of them whipcord tailored dresses, and I guess I'll go right in and see if Goldman's got 'em out yet."

Without removing his hat or coat he made straight for the cutting room; but, with his hand on the doorknob, he paused, for a familiar voice came over the partition.

"Plain velvets and broadcloths must got to be handled differencely, Goldman," it said. "Which you may got up-to-date ideas, Goldman, but I've been twenty years in this here business and I know it from the ground up."

Very slowly Morris opened the door and through the opening he saw a shirtsleeved figure rerolling a huge bolt of cloth. It was Barney Flug.

"Hello, Mawruss!" he said. "What d'ye think you're running here—a bank? You might suppose it was you that was retired instead of me."

He put on his coat and slapped his hands together to remove the dust.

"Come inside, Barney," Morris said, "and make yourself comfortable."

He led the way to the showroom, where Barney's hat and overcoat reposed on a chair.

"Why, hello, Barney!" Abe shouted. "What brings you here so early?"

"Early! What d'ye mean early, Abe?" Barney exclaimed. "Do you call this early, Abe? I am here half-past seven already."

"Half-past seven!" Abe repeated. "Why, I thought you'd retired, Barney!"

Barney shrugged and sat down.

"I thought so, too, Abe," he said dolefully; "*aber* I forgot to leave word at the clerk's desk to cancel my six-o'clock call, which they have been giving me for five years already."

"But why didn't you go to sleep again, Barney?" Abe asked; and Barney shook his head.

"I was in the bathtub before I remembered it that I was retired already," he replied; "and so I went down to my breakfast, *und fertig*."

"And how do you like being retired, Barney, so far as you've gone?" Morris inquired.

Barney sat down in the nearest chair and felt in his pockets for a cigar.

"It's nothing for a healthy man, Mawruss," he said. "If I could got, for instance, liver trouble *oder* the indigestion only, Mawruss, I could anyhow look forward to going to a doctor this morning; *aber* for a feller which has got a liver like a young girl already, I got nothing to look forward to but lunchtime, Mawruss—and, believe me, lunchtime at the Prince Clarence ain't such an elegant prospect neither."

"I bet yer!" Abe said, and Morris nodded his sympathy.

"I feel like a ship on dry land," Barney continued; "and my only consolation is this thing here."

He dug into his pocket and produced a gold-mounted notebook, which Abe and Morris immediately recognized.

"Why," Abe blurted out, "that's our present, ain't it?"

Barney nodded.

"What was your idee, Abe, in giving me this here loose-leaf order book, *mit* six new insides to it?" he asked.

"That's what I'd like to know!" Abe said. "Mawruss done it, Barney—not me, *oser*."

"Well," Morris said with a shrug, "you could always use it for laundry lists *oder* pinocle scores, Barney—ain't it?"

"Maybe," Barney commented—"*aber* I thought it was a hint."

"A hint!" Morris exclaimed.

"That's what I said," Barney continued—"a hint that might you would like me to come to work for you fellers as a salesman maybe."

"You go to work by us as a salesman!" Morris cried.

"Sure! Why not?" Barney asked. "I got an awful large following among the garment buyers, Mawruss."

"*Aber* we don't need no salesman, Barney," Morris said bluntly.

"No, Barney," Abe hastened to add more gently; "and besides, Barney, we'd a whole lot sooner got you as a customer than a salesman."

"Where do I come in to be a manufacturer's customer, Abe?" Barney said. "Why, there ain't been no jobbers in the garment trade here in New York since dolmans was in fashion already."

"Not as a jobber, Barney," Abe interrupted, with a wink at Morris, who was staring in a mystified fashion at his partner—"as a retailer."

"But I don't know nothing about the retail end, Abe," Barney protested.

"Even so," Abe assured him, "you could easy get a partner."

Barney flapped his fingers at Abe.

"*Yow!* I could easy get a partner!" Barney cried as the elevator door clanged in the hall outside. "How could I get a partner, Abe, which knows the retail business from A to Z, and would be square enough with me so I wouldn't be afraid to go out to lunch once in a while?" Abe had walked to the door of the showroom and he made no reply. "How could I find such a partner, Abe?" Barney insisted; and just then Abe opened the door and Miss Schliestein entered.

"Am I in time, Mr. Perlmutter?" she asked.

Morris gazed from her clear pink-and-white complexion, framed in its coif of gray hair, to her neat-fitting tailor-made suit and becoming round hat.

"You bet your life you are!" he said fervently.

"The whole thing started *mit* that new bookkeeper," Barney said, as he sat in Potash & Perlmutter's showroom some six weeks later.

"Why, I thought he was such a crackerjack!" Morris interrupted. "Harry Kosmin says he's a graduate from a school of commerce in a regular college—not a business college, but a college from college students already."

"*Aber* that didn't prevent him from going to work and mailing all the notices of dissolution for competitors in the buyers' envelopes and all the invitations to the dinner for buyers in the competitors' envelopes! We found it out the next day yet, when your present of an order book comes along."

"I bet Harry Kosmin was crazy about it!" Abe commented.

"Crazy ain't no name for it!" Barney continued. "Costs him ten dollars sending messenger boys round to our competitors to call the invitations off and tell 'em the whole thing was a mistake."

"*Aber* no messenger boy comes here," Abe said.

"Yours was an exception," Barney explained. "And even at that it was a pretty close shave, Abe. Kosmin & Berker wants right away to send you your present back, but I says first we would look it up in the catalogue."

"What catalogue?" Abe asked.

"The looseleaf device catalogue them boys got it in the store, understand me; and the order book stands there *mit* a list price of eighteen dollars, without six refills already," Barney went on; "so I says, allowing for discounts and everything, let the invitation stand and I would pay for the dinners myself, understand me. And I'm glad I done it now."

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"You should ought to be!" he said. "And now you can use that book to keep a record of what orders you give us, Barney. I suppose you'll begin to start your buying next month yet?"

"As soon as we're ready," Barney replied, "Flora and me would be round to see you."

"Flora!" Abe and Morris exclaimed in unison, and Barney colored and wiped away a slight moisture from his forehead.

"I'm calling Miss Schliestein Flora nowadays," he said huskily, "on account of the ring."

"What ring?" Abe inquired.

"The ring the F. K. B. Manufacturing Company gives her," Barney went on to explain. "She wanted to return it to 'em, understand me; and I says she should keep it and I would settle with 'em for it, y'understand, which the ring was *doch* a solitaire diamond, understand me. And since if she returns it I would got a third interest in it anyhow, why shouldn't I go to work and get for her a new one? Am I right or wrong?"

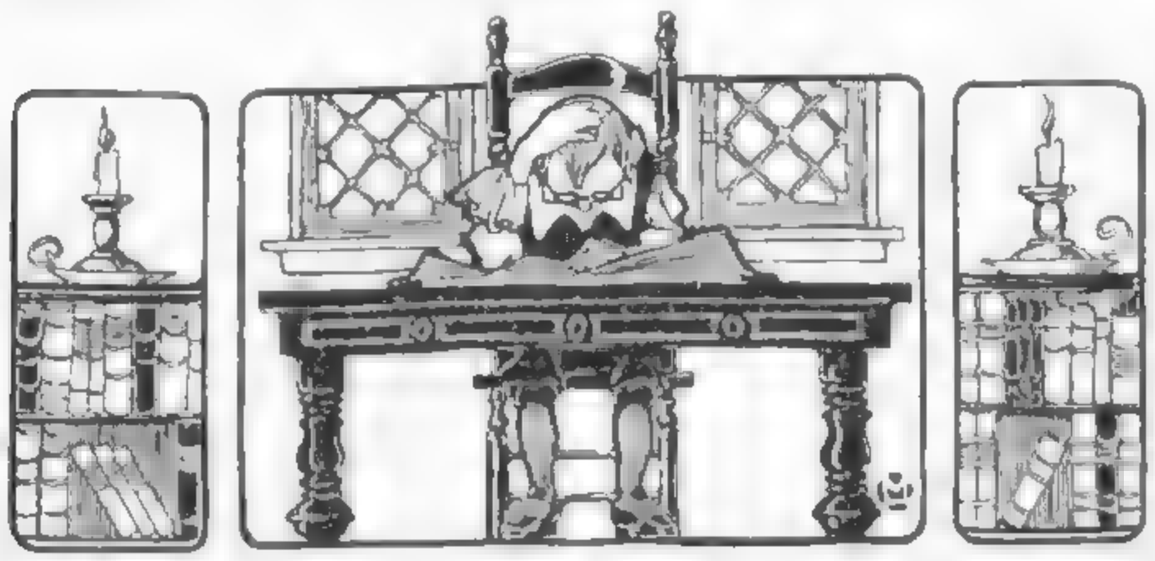
"*Aber* what do you want to buy her a new one for, Barney?" Abe asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"Because she gives me a wallrush bag for a retiring present, good enough to go on a honeymoon already," Barney replied, rising to his feet. "And so we're going on one in a couple weeks from now."

"She certainly must have thought a whole lot of you, Barney," Abe said as he wrung the bridegroom-elect's hand, "to buy an elegant bag like that for you when she knew she was going to lose her job and everything."

"It's an elegant bag all right," Barney agreed; "but she didn't buy it, Abe. It's the one B. Gans give her for her twentieth anniversary present." He shook Morris Perlmutter's hand in farewell.

"People should always make useful presents, boys," he concluded solemnly, "and they need never be ashamed to look a gift horse in the face."



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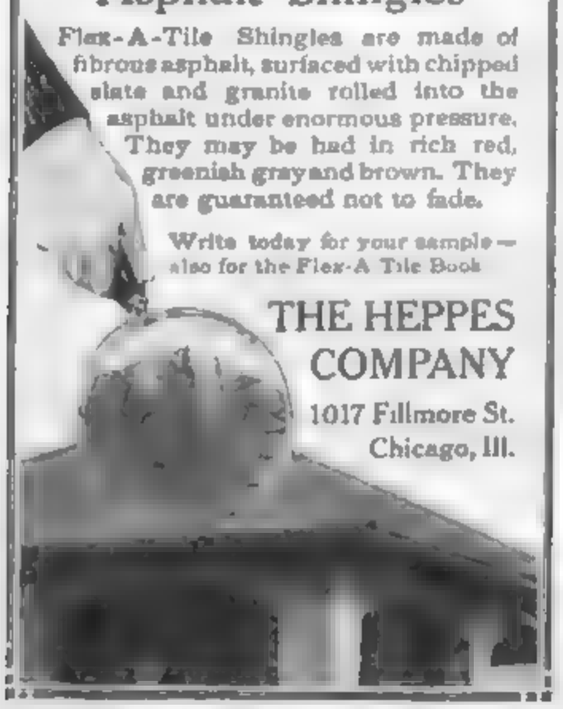

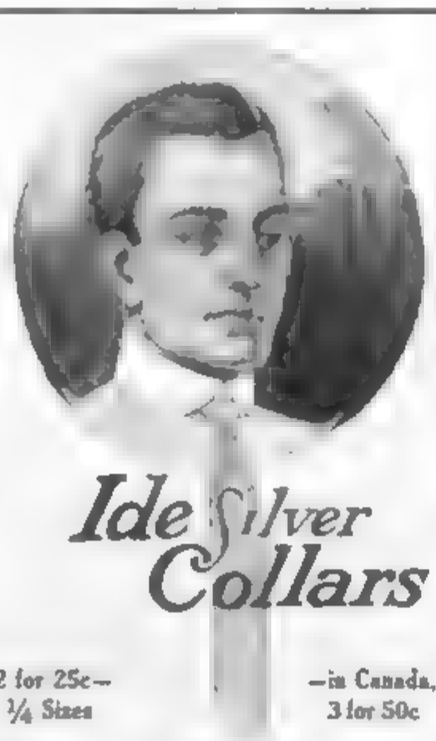

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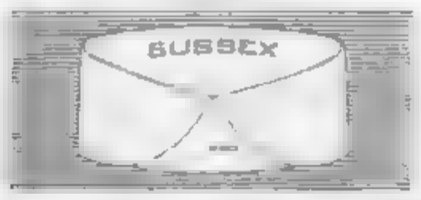

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THE RISE OF THE BOOKKEEPER

(Concluded from Page 19)

scheme. The idea is in the air everywhere. The president of the company catches it and announces a plan, and the newspapers and trade journals praise him for his humanity and broad business sense; but the actual working of the plan falls on the accounting department.

There the second-year troubles of such schemes must be taken up and settled—when newspaper praise has died away and employees become critical about their pension and profit checks, and the president is disposed to believe that the people who work for him are devoid of appreciation; but happier phases also appear in better work and human welfare.

Another great field of accounting activity is found nowadays in the relations between corporations and the Government bodies that regulate them. A new spirit of fairness and openness prevails and is growing. The accounting department makes most of the studies and reports incident to regulation, and prepares information for the public; and these draw it farther and farther from oldtime bookkeeping every day, and deeper and deeper into broad, fundamental, economic questions.

So accounting has lost nothing in the way of interest or opportunity. Instead it has gained; and the human equation is paramount. From the outside it might seem a matter of machine production—a deadly grind of ruts and unmeaning motions, with slender chances for promotion; but the machinery has merely broadened the basis, abolished a lot of mechanical mental labor, and created better places and more of them for the men who can climb. At the same time there are countless new jobs for employees who are content with routine work at wages.

In the old days most accounting employees were of the type who, as a witty Englishman said, call a position a "berth," because they look upon it as something to go to sleep in. This type is still found; but his wages have risen and his prospects improved—for where he once entered petty items in a big, round hand, and took pride in his neat figures and accurate arithmetic, now he handles farreaching totals and has a chance to make his accuracy count for something.

The weight of modern accounting, however, rests upon the employee who possesses imagination, initiative and individuality. The demand for such men is ceaseless. No youngster entering the accounting department of a live business concern need fear that he will be overlooked or fall asleep.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by James H. Collins.

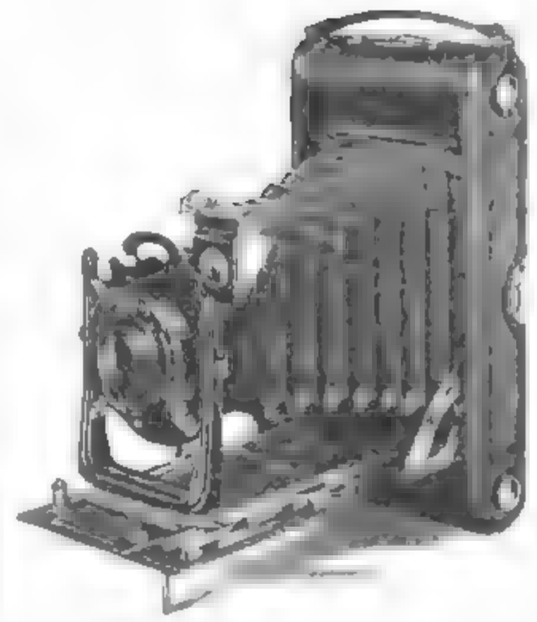
Tests for Divimers

DIVINERS—or dousers—who claim to be able to locate underground water suitable for a well by means of the wriggling of a forked stick, are doing their best in Europe just now to prove to committees of scientists that there really is something to their claims. Some English diviners recently went through tests that did not sustain their contentions very well; but in France another set succeeded in impressing the investigators.

English, French and German scientists—especially psychologists—decided that the old claim of divining is so persistent that it ought to be studied under accepted scientific test methods, even if divining is only the result of unconscious manipulating of the stick by the diviner who is unintentionally applying his own skill and experience to the locating of likely places for wells.

The English scientists selected a spot where the grass concealed a reservoir, a spring and a sewer. Most of the diviners missed the spring, none surely located the sewer, and their reports on the spot where the reservoir was located were not very definite. In answer they contended that only underground natural flowing water could be detected.

Armand Vire, of the Museum of Natural History in Paris, conducted the French test at an old quarry, where there were underground galleries filled with water. He has not made his report of their measure of success; but the unofficial reports agree that the diviners marked out on the ground fairly accurately the course of the flooded galleries.



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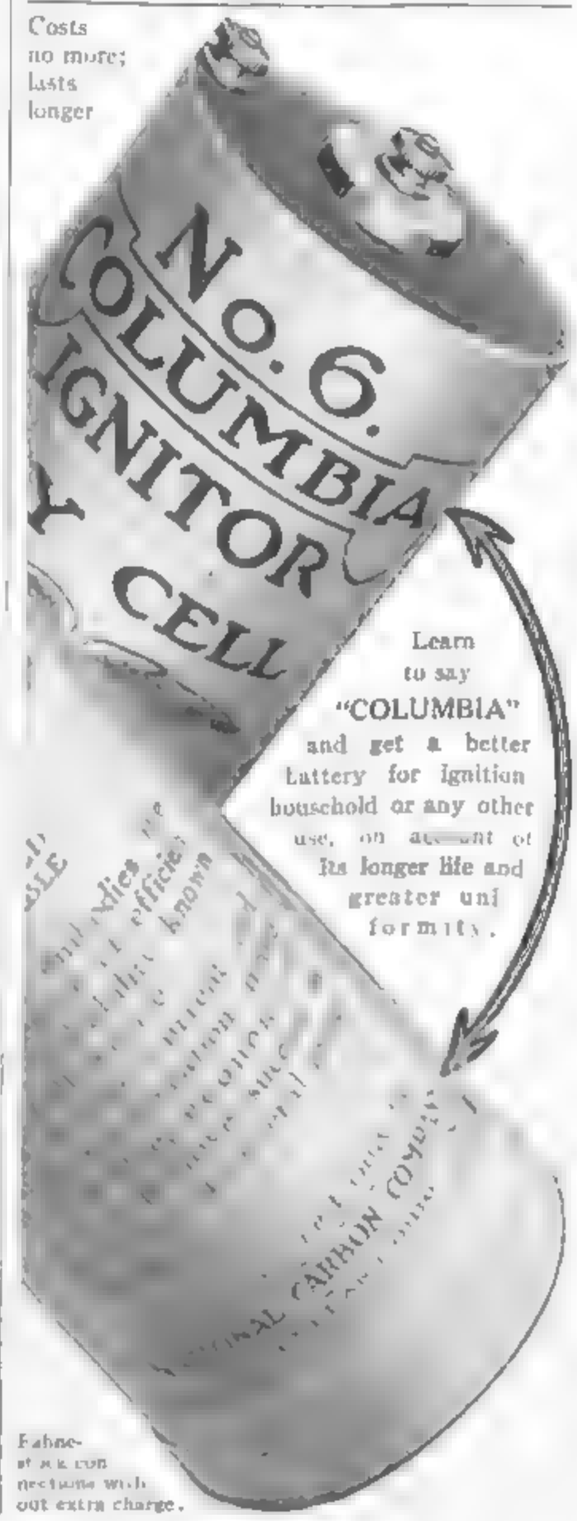
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Read This Story of The Fire That Got Away:

MIDNIGHT! A spark smoulders in a building—*your* building. It glows red, becomes a small blaze. The blaze grows, unnoticed. The watchman passes on his sleepy rounds. *One minute lost.*

The blaze feeds hungrily on your property—property it took you years to get. The blaze is now a flame. The watchman smells smoke. He rushes back, throws open the door. There is a flash and a roar! The Fire Fiend is loose. It wastes no time. The watchman hesitates. What shall he do? *Two minutes lost.*

A belch of smoke dazes him. The telephone is the length of the building away. He hurries blindly through the dark passages. He hears the crackling of fire behind him. He clutches the receiver. *Three minutes lost.*

He knows the call—that much prepared. His frightened voice rouses a sleepy girl. *Four minutes lost.*

"Fire Department, Station D!" he shouts. It is only four blocks off, a little way, he thinks—and hopes against hope. He waits. *Five minutes lost.*

A still alarm! Firemen spring to life. A motor spins. A rush! A whir! The siren whistle shrieks for right-of-way. Speed counts much now. *Six minutes lost.*

The hose unreeled, the coupling made, the cry for water comes. Efficiency battling against delay. *Seven minutes lost.*

A furnace stands there, fiery, red. The sky is aglow. The streams mount high. Human energy does its all. It avails not. It is too late! The walls crumble and crash. A pile of ashes, where once stood your building, mutely cries out to you: *"This is delay!"*

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Without any human aid, would have found this fire and put it out while it was still an insignificant blaze. No time would have been wasted—not a second.

By saving this costly time Grinnells have actually reduced the average loss per fire from $7361 to $265—a 96 2/5% reduction. Consequently insurance companies can afford to reduce your premiums 40 to 90%, if you install this system which "makes all fires small fires."

The system therefore pays for itself in a few years and then earns you a life annuity equaling 15 to 50% of the original investment. Write for examples of this saving.

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The equipment is a system of overhead piping scientifically installed. At stated points there are mechanical devices called Sprinkler "Heads." The heads are held tightly closed by a special easy-melting solder. When the temperature in a room reaches 155 degrees, the solder on the head nearest the fire melts, releasing a drenching spray of water under high pressure. An alarm of fire is also instantly sounded automatically.

The efficiency of the Grinnell System is proved by the fact that it has extinguished 16,394 fires with an average loss of but $265 per fire; and by the fact that no life has ever been lost where a Grinnell was active.

DON'T WASTE ANY MORE MINUTES

You are paying for a Grinnell Equipment without getting one—may already have paid for several—in insurance premiums. Many concerns have, before they found out about this dividend-paying fire protection. Are you going to keep on doing this? If we cannot *prove* to you all the statements made in this advertisement, we do not expect to do business with you.

The first step toward getting this information and this protection to property and life and this safeguard against costly business interruption is to write us for the Grinnell Exemption Blank. Write *TODAY.* Don't waste any more time. You know what seven lost minutes mean.

General Fire Extinguisher Co.

277 West Exchange Street
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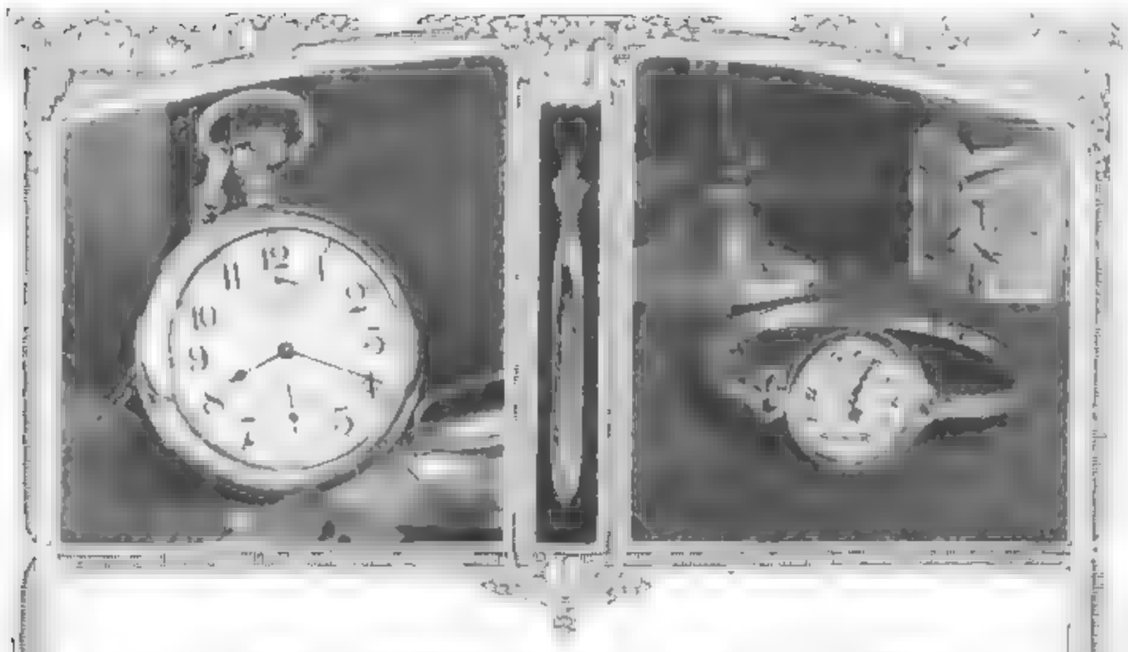
Branches throughout the United States and Canada

The Exemption Blank will enable us to tell you just how profitable the Grinnell System will be for you.



At both extremes of size and in between

Waltham Watches

have the supreme instrumental excellence

The Watch on the left is the Waltham "Vanguard," the most widely used railroad watch in the world. In every country you will find trains running, and running promptly on Vanguard time. But we do not consider this the height of Waltham achievement, for the reason that large size watches such as railroad men use are not particularly difficult to manufacture.

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Most ladies' watches are made to be worn in the bureau drawer; Walthams are designed for actual use and accurate use at that.

Ask your jeweler to show you a Waltham Riverside model. It is worth a hundred "toy watches."

Riverside Watches are described and illustrated in a booklet, sent free upon request. Please mention "The Riverside Family."

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Elgin Engines 1 H P 2 H P 3 H P

Will pull a load considerably in excess of their rated power. Operate washers, light plants, boats, canoes, railroad velocipedes. Write for our Catalogue.

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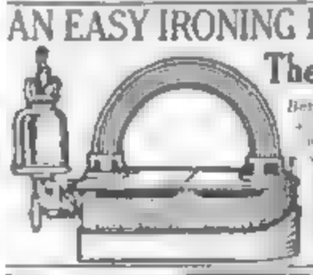

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we promised to pay salaries to those who would give all or a part of their time to looking after our subscription business.

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AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 74

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

JOY RIDING FOR EVERY FAMILY

(Continued from Page 11)

Exigencies may occur in a household that would never be permitted in an office. Because the word business has not in the past been applied to the home, slipshod or unintelligent methods have been tolerated; it is partly the housekeeper's fault and partly the fault of society. Besides, both husband and wife have precedents to cramp them; each has inherited a certain number of household ideals from his or her own people, which they do not think of changing.

So, despite the household accounts that many couples keep, despite the informal bookkeeping they carry on, despite the fact that if the gas bill is proportionally higher in October than it was in September they can find the reason why and correct the extravagance—still, few households are scientifically regulated, and largely so because the problem has not been delved into.

However defective household management may be, there are few families that cannot put by a certain fixed sum for insurance. The smaller it is the larger looms the menace of the future and the less proportionately are they willing to spend on joy riding. Assume that a couple cannot possibly take out more than a five-thousand-dollar policy because there are three or four children to be brought up; then suppose the father should die. That five thousand dollars would be but a flimsy shield between the wife and the eager wolf of want. Such couples must rely on chance—much as the spendthrift does.

Meanwhile the average couple, buying insurance, looks on it not only as insurance but as postponed joy riding, for they usually take out endowment policies. They feel that some day, twenty or twenty-five years hence, when the children are educated and started in the world for themselves, the parents may use the money that has been the fruit of so much self-denial in little pleasures they never feel able to afford in the present. This is a thought that recurs as the children grow older and their parents learn the ancient but ever new lesson that they do not mean so much to their young as their young mean to them.

Saving for the Children

People of the type of Tommy's father and mother not only put by money for insurance but they also scrimp and save cheeseparingly for a rainy day. By a rainy day they mean illnesses and operations—and very often they save so unwisely that they invite these enemies. Tommy's mother has not been to a theater since Tommy was able to walk. She has not bought a book for years. She does not see the use of vacations for herself; and, though she sends Tommy's father away for two weeks, she is not really sure it is a necessary expense; and she grudges him the fishing rod that will make his vacation real. She and her husband entertain only enough to pass muster; they feel they must do a little of this—for, with all their saving, they are not exempt from the imitative ideal of keeping up appearances.

Sometimes, when Tommy's mother and father are going to bed, and she sees how tired and gray he is and how wrinkled and harassed-looking she is, she looks brightly at him and says:

"Never mind! We're putting every ounce of our brain and muscle into the children's future—aren't we?"

And the two, smiling at each other, know a few moments of the purest kind of joy there is. It would be a cruel person, perhaps, who would spoil that joy by suggesting that it is a risky experiment to put themselves into what their children are going to be. It would be hard to point out that they are injuring their children by letting them live in an atmosphere of tacit anxiety and fear. Neither for themselves nor their children do these parents properly correlate means and end; they put all the emphasis on the end—that of saving for the rainy day.

Some day Tommy's father is not able to get up; a doctor comes—and then a specialist; the children are sent to their grandmother's, and the rainy-day savings come into their own and melt away, while a drawn-faced woman thinks that it doesn't matter—nothing matters if he gets well!

Between the reckless joy riders, like the Carstairs, and these equally reckless pedestrians, who walk, bent and plodding, with

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Actual money is unsafe to carry, and you have the annoyance and expense of changing it whenever you pass from one country to another.

The safest, most convenient, most economical form of "travel money" is "A. B. A." Cheques. They are accepted like the currency of the country in all parts of the civilized world. They are *safe to carry*, because your signature—which identifies you—is required to make them good.

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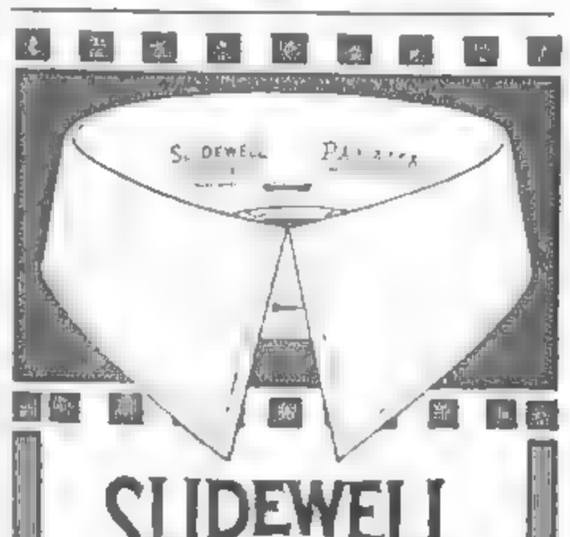

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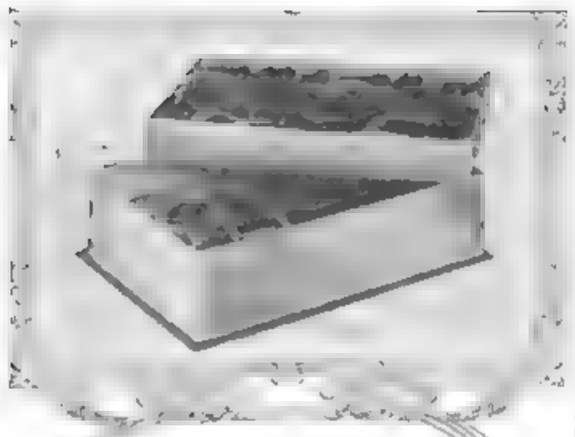

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In each box the following flavors: **Caramel, Butterscotch, Nougat and assorted Nut Cream Centers**

Johnston's Malted Milk Chocolates in 50c or $1.00 packages. If your dealer can't supply you, we will send prepaid, on receipt of stamps.

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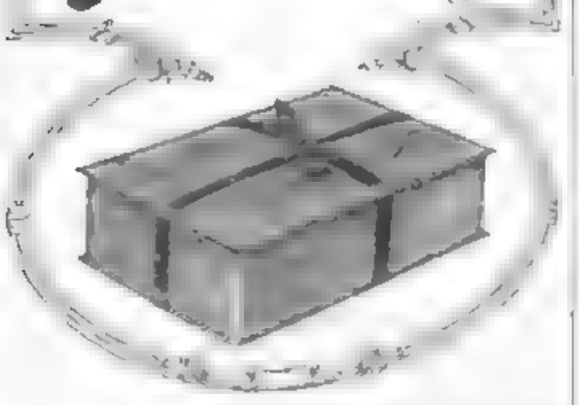

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How magnetos operate.
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How to charge storage batteries.

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Wm. Campbell Co., Dept. 14, Detroit, Mich.

their faces to the grindstone, are the great majority of us, who do our joy riding with half our minds on what we really want and half our minds on what the neighbors expect of us. Often our joy riding is entirely determined by the example of other people.

The young wife of a man earning fifteen hundred dollars a year keeps a maid because all the young wives she knows keep maids. She is forced to get an untrained immigrant at about two dollars a week, who is more bother than she is worth, and who is sure to leave as soon as she has learned enough to get higher wages; but the young wife can speak of "my maid," and she does not have to answer the doorbell herself.

If only she were willing to face the dreaded criticisms of her friends she could save her own physical energy by simplifying her housekeeping, and not only keep the two dollars a week but all the maid eats and wastes. This saving would before long give her husband and herself some luxury, like a trip to Yellowstone Park or even a summer in Europe.

That particular phase of social imitation which consists in making a showing of the ability to employ personal service is a marked characteristic of a certain social type; perhaps it is the most popular form of joy riding. It is also perhaps the most honorific and spiritually useless form of joy riding. Families with incomes of from two to four thousand dollars keep one maid; families with more than that are often extravagant enough to keep two, justifying it on the ground that by this method they can have the washing done in the house, and need not call on outside help for the cleaning. One maid is often a necessity, especially where there are small children; but she is likewise often an unnecessary extravagance.

Things One Can Do Without

A family in which there are half-grown children, by employing the many labor-saving devices that are now on the market—such as fireless cookers, electric cookers and cleaners, and dish-washing machines—could manage the work at the cost of four hours' labor a day from the mother and something over an hour each from the children. Outside help would have to be called in for washing and for occasional cleaning—but it is called in anyway. The experience would be good for the children; they would begin to learn that the world expects them to be something more than mere ornaments in a home. With the money saved by eliminating the unnecessary hired service, the family could indulge in all sorts of beneficial joy riding—from saddle-horse exercise to trips abroad.

It is the same sort of imitative expenditure—though here, perhaps, the joy riding is more justifiable—that inspires the wife of the university professor earning twenty-five hundred dollars a year to buy Turkish rugs for her downstairs rooms. For one thing, all her wealthy friends have them. For another, and this is the more important reason, they are the hallmark of refinement, of esthetic tastes. They are expensive, and having them means perhaps giving up or curtailing a necessary vacation or economizing in some other vital way. The excuse may be given that the rugs are not only beautiful but durable as well. The professor and his wife, however, are only going to live for one generation. They ought to allow the next generation to choose its own rugs—especially as rugs can be bought which, though not Oriental and expensive, are beautiful and lasting, as well as cheap.

It is in the matter of clothes that Americans chiefly show themselves to be socially imitative; here they are prone to indulge in joy riding that is not always discreet. A family can explain the lack of a maid by saying that the creatures are more bother than they are worth, with their countless exactions and their excessive waste. The maidless woman can even school herself to feeling superior as she listens to her friends who still have maids sounding the old plaint of the eternal servant question.

A family economizing on food for the sake, perhaps, of good-looking shelter can explain away an Irish stew on the ground of potluck or with the bold excuse that the family likes stew; and no one of good breeding enjoying the hospitality will fail to appreciate that stew. But nothing can eliminate the feeling of discomfort and even shame that comes to the family whom society forces to consider itself ill-dressed. It would almost seem that the capacity to

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Rub Lifebuoy Soap briskly and thoroughly, deep into the pores of your skin.

Cover your entire body with the refreshing, invigorating lather which springs freely and abundantly, in hot or cold water, from Lifebuoy. It's a glorious sensation and it's due largely to the antiseptic Lifebuoy contains.

Lifebuoy Soap has a clean, antiseptic odor which you will recognize at once as typical of purity and safety. This odor completely disappears from your skin in a few moments.

You will feel cleaner than you ever felt before. Its very odor suggests cleanliness. More than this, you will know, for the first time, just how much energy and animation a bath can give you.

You need—everybody needs—this soap for the bath

Because Lifebuoy Soap is not merely a cleanser—getting clean is only half the battle. Lifebuoy has other qualities which make it unique. It contains cocoanut oil which gives it an agreeable, soft "feel" and an abundant lather. It contains red palm oil which has been famous for centuries for its healing properties. These are combined with the antiseptic solution which not only cleanses the skin, but purifies it.

Lifebuoy is the soap backed by a $5,000 guaranty of purity.

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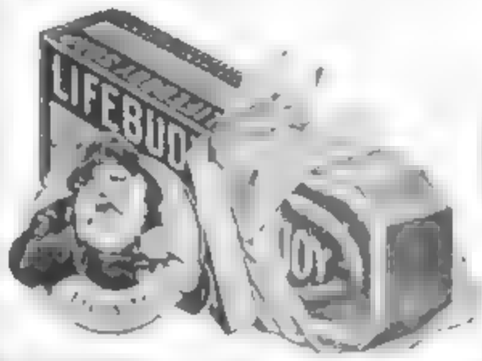

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Your dealer will sell you "Paris." Just say the word.

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RUBBERSET Tooth Brushes are made of the finest quality of imported bristles. The shaping of the tufts [illegible] as well as the surface of the teeth. Every RUBBERSET Brush is guaranteed — sold in an individual box. All sizes and styles at druggists or department stores everywhere.

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What 1000 Girls Did

For Other Girls

In China

ONE THOUSAND successful girls, belonging to a large organization banded together for mutual helpfulness along practical lines, saw a vision which beckoned them imperiously from the sole pursuit of the "Mighty Dollar." It was the suffering women and children of China, so inadequately provided with medical service and sanitary knowledge. Within four months these girls raised a fund, to which *The Ladies' Home Journal* added an equal amount, which provided for the foundation of a permanent scholarship in medicine for Chinese girls at a college in Peking.

An account of this splendid undertaking and how the members brought it to a successful completion has been prepared under the title of "What 1000 Girls Did." This booklet, together with complete information regarding the Club which enabled them to raise the money for the good cause, will be sent without charge to any girl or woman upon request. Earning money, either for personal or for other purposes, will be made much easier for a girl who will send a note of inquiry to

The Girls' Club Endowment Fund
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Independence Square, Philadelphia

enjoy clothes is less limited than the capacity to enjoy shelter. Three-quarters or more of the people one meets never see one's shelter, but they do see one's clothes.

The shopgirl, with no place whatever in which to receive her friends, counts on all the social consideration she receives apart from her personality—as due to her clothes. When Mrs. B, whose husband has twenty-five hundred dollars a year, looks at Mrs. A's faded little evening gown, Mrs. A knows that Mrs. B is thinking:

"The poor thing has worn that rag everywhere for the last three years!"

B glances at the greenish seams of A's overcoat, and A thinks uncomfortably:

"I've got to manage a new overcoat this winter. When the sales are on, by Jove, I must!"

Little Miss A comes home from high school and says tearfully:

"Mother, I think I'd be invited to join a sorority—the Beta girls like me—and I know they'd ask me if only I could have a new dress and a hat that didn't seem cheap. They don't exactly snub me, but their faces show what they think of my clothes. It's worse than snubbing, for they act as if they felt sorry for me; and the whole school sees it!"

Is it any wonder that the A's contrive to have one of the children sleep in the dining room, and take a roomer so that they may spend a hundred and twenty-five dollars more a year for clothes?

One of the most universal angles of joy riding in clothes has to do with the use the unmarried woman makes of them. Being a normal woman, she wants her own home, with all the affection and independence that implies; and she is handicapped in the attainment of it by the fact that she makes her own living. It is not that the average American man despises his sister who earns her bread—though, other things being equal, perhaps the girl who is sheltered in her father's home appeals to him more. But since the working woman must spend several hours a day in shop, office or schoolroom, the time is limited that she can devote to the cultivation of her personality.

Fine Feathers as an Investment

It is by the outer manifestation of that personality that she first makes her marriage market, and not by any fine qualities of spirit and mind. A man must notice face and clothes before he can be attracted by character. The working woman, cheated of time, must gain her ends by a short cut. Her advantage over the girl in the home is that she has more money and so can buy finer feathers. The fact that she has less time in which to flaunt the feathers makes them all the more numerous and decorative.

For this kind of joy riding the working woman often spends as much as she does for food, and even considerably more. Working women differ in their ideals quite as much as different families do. Some of these excellently dressed breadwinners consider the future very little; others have it very much before them. They have a horror of being dependent in old age; but they have also a horror of being alone. Their joy riding in clothes they look upon as in the nature of an investment.

Moreover, it is an investment constantly with the wearer and always agreeable. Women who are clever enough to look upon it as something to be tried only while they are young and attractive usually show a certain amount of scientific management in the investment—that is, they choose becoming and well-cut gowns, of such styles as can be made over for another year. They choose hats that can be reshaped or retrimmed, and laces and feathers that can be dyed. The result is they always have a varied and opulent wardrobe, thus enhancing their appearance and increasing their opportunities for winning a mate.

Whether we take it out in clothes or in some less conspicuous form, we all must have some degree of joy riding, or we can scarcely be said to live at all.

If we choose our joy riding according to the patterns set by our neighbors it is liable to turn into a routine that has little more effect in freshening us than our duties or our work. But if we can select the pet extravagance that would give us the most real pleasure and can afford it freely by giving up some merely imitative expenditure, then our joy riding becomes in the highest sense ethical. We can spend for it as freely as we can for daily bread; and we can get from it a fillip, an exhilaration, that daily bread never gives.

The Early Brother Gets the Flakes!

WHEN Kellogg's is gone nothing else can very well take its place. Certainly no other corn flakes can take the place of Kellogg's with those who love the Kellogg flavor, and know the difference that Kellogg freshness makes.

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A REAL CLEANER

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6% interest allowed on deposits [illegible] Loans [illegible] Assets [illegible] Write for "The Safety Dollar."

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I maintain and can prove that I offer the 10c cigar of the retail trade for $5 per hundred because my method of doing business enables me to.

I will explain that method.

I sell direct to the smoker—direct from my factory in Philadelphia at wholesale prices.

I have about twenty-five thousand regular customers—far more than the average cigar store has, and since the continual stream of re-orders from these customers costs me practically nothing I do business at a minimum of selling expense. Extra orders are sometimes handled at a small loss, but the quality of my cigars in nearly every case makes a customer re-order.

My Shivers' Panatela is hand made by skilled adult men cigar makers in the cleanest factory I know of. Read my offer, see how fair it is and accept it if you are at all interested. I am confident you will be glad you did and you *can't* lose.

Shivers' Panatela

My offer is: I will upon request send 50 Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them, if he is pleased with them and keeps them he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

The [illegible] of my Panatela is all Havana [illegible] Sumatra. They cost you $5 per hundred or $2.50 for a box of fifty.

If the above statement strikes you as strong, remember how I back it up.

Besides my Panatela I make other cigars. Among the others is the Shivers' Club Special, a cigar identical with the Panatela in everything but shape. It is shorter and fatter and has a larger burning surface. It is preferred by some who are not partial to the Panatela shape. I sell it on the same terms as I offer the Panatela, or I will take orders for both. Write me, mention the cigar you prefer, Panatela or Club Special, or order fifty of each [illegible].

In ordering please use business stationery or give reference, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

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DO NOT BUY *a bicycle or a pair of tires* from anyone at *any price* until you receive our latest art catalogue illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our *special prices* and *extraordinary new 1923 offers.*

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you, free postpaid by return mail. [illegible] Do not wait [illegible] NOW

TIRES, Coaster Brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries at *half usual prices.*

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R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 2, Washington, D.C. Estab. 1869

Patents that COMPLETELY Protect.

THE EXTRA MAN AND THE MILKFED LION

(Continued from Page 5)

and welcome. I'll take a chance with the mule. Ole Buck here is awful careless, but he ain't mislaid no lions lately. Huh-uh!"

"Are you afraid of lions, kid?" asked Jennings. "Would you go in the cage with Duke?"

"Which one is Duke?" asked Tommy.

"The big one. Think you'd be afraid?"

"Did La Rue pass it up?" Tommy had no intention of committing himself until he knew more of the details.

"Well," said Jennings with tact, "I don't know as Jack's really leary; I heard him tellin' Miss Manners just now that she might be a lion tamer, but he thanked God he was an actor."

"Is that little gal goin' into a lion's cage?" demanded Buck incredulously.

"Sure!" said Jennings. "She's game as they make 'em."

"I never was much afraid of lions," said Tommy. "Even when I was just a little shaver I used to look 'em right between the eyes and make 'em turn away."

"Ho!" sniffed Buck. "But you was outside the cage when you done that hypnotic stuff. It makes a heap of difference to a lion whether you're outside lookin' in or inside with him tryin' to get out. Don't overlook that, son!"

"Well, you needn't worry about Duke," said Jennings. "He's kind and gentle, and works fine in a picture. I wouldn't be afraid to lead him right down the middle of the street by his whiskers."

Buck cackled derisively.

"My! My! That actor man sure don't need no press agent!" he said. "Tommy, you know me! I'm your friend. I like you; but you don't resemble no Daniel-in-the-den to me, and don't you let nobody kid you into pullin' no lion's whiskers. It ain't bein' done this season at all. You could put a million dollars in a cage with a lion—an ole, sickly lion—a lion that had run round nights and dissipated, and never took no kind of care of himself, and wasn't enjoyin' good health—you could stack that dough right up to the roof, and do you think I'd go in there after it? Not in four thousand years! No, sir! A lion has got something on you any time he starts—an' he don't say nothin' to you before he starts neither. Just b-zing!—and first thing you know you ain't got no face left. I claim I'm gamer 'n any man ought to be and have good sense. I've had the cold chills sometimes thinkin' about the darn fool chances I've took; but little ole Buck Parvin in a cage with a lion? Huh-uh! My folks raised me to know better!"

"What are you trying to do—scare somebody?" snapped Jennings. "Don't pay any attention to him, kid. This is a tame lion."

"Tame—hell!" snorted Buck. "They ain't no tame lions!"

IV

DUKE woke up when Tim Kelly and the crew of the animal farm began to trundle his cage toward the canvas studio. He blinked lazily, shook a fly off his nose, yawned twice, and prepared to take a languid interest in his surroundings. It was as if he said:

"Well, boys, what new foolishness is this?"

Nothing that men might do could surprise Duke very much. Beginning life under the canvas of a circus tent, he had seen human beings since the day his eyes opened. Even before he saw them he had smelled them. He had studied them covertly for years, without arriving at a definite conclusion regarding them; there was about him something of the impartial air of one who suspends judgment until all the evidence has been presented. He looked upon the entire human race with a mixture of grave dignity, quiet patience and noble condescension.

Certainly these two-legged animals were queer creatures—the moving-picture ones queerest of all—but they were good to him; and Duke recognized a certain obligation on his part. He did not know why they wished him to do foolish and undignified things, but it was plain to him that these things pleased his friend Tim Kelly, the boss animal man; so, whenever he was called upon, Duke stalked gravely through his part like the obliging old gentleman he was.

Duke liked the animal farm. He liked the long, lazy California days. There were

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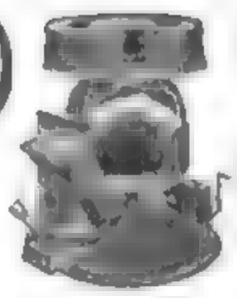

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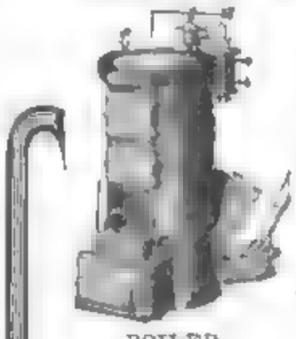

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YOU can't expect your coal dealer to cut *his* prices $2 or $3 a ton, but the *Underfeed* will do it. *Don't* buy costly anthracite or lump soft coal. Install an *Underfeed.* Then in ordering next winter's coal supply, remember the *same amount* of *cheaper* grades, which cost $2 or $3 less per ton, will yield as much *clean, even* heat as *highest* priced grades. The *Underfeed* saves ½ to ⅔ of coal bills. *Investigate.* Write *today* for our *free* book describing the marvelously simple, yet exclusive saving features of the *Underfeed.* Plan during these summer days to install

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One of these styles engraved in gold, silver or blue on one quire White Linen Finish Writing Paper, envelopes to match, sent post paid for 50c.

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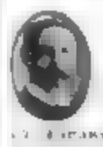

SHORT-STORY WRITING

[illegible] Short Story [illegible]
Berg Esenwein, Editor Lippincott's Magazine

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Stops punctures perfectly, makes leaky tires air-tight and preserves the rubber. It will make your tires last longer than they ordinarily would.

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Spend 25c on each of your tires. Let your tire expense stop there. Save the money you would [illegible] NEVERLEAK [illegible] 25c a tube

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Finest Quality Largest Variety

"GILT EDGE," the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains Oil. Blacks and Preserves leather and children's boots and shoes, **shines without rubbing,** 25c. **"French Gloss,"** 10c.

"STAR" combination for **cleaning and polishing** all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. **"Dandy" size,** 25c.

"QUICK WHITE." (in liquid form with sponge) **quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes,** 10c and 25c.

"ALBO" cleans and whitens Buck, Nubuck, Suede, and canvas shoes. In round white cakes packed in zinc boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c.

[illegible] the price [illegible]

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.
90-20 Albany Street Cambridge, Mass.

Strictly Private

ONE of the largest and oldest firms making high-grade furs had always sold their goods without any mark, leaving the local dealer free to sew in his own label and sell the furs as his own.

They began to advertise nationally and, as a necessary accompaniment, to use labels of their own. Most of the retailers readily accepted the change. But some of the big stores objected. They wanted to keep all the glory for themselves. And so the fur company continued temporarily to supply them with anonymous goods, as before.

The advertising continued. A large number of new accounts were opened. And then, behold! the big dealers began to ship the unmarked furs back, with letters reading about like this: *"Please sew in your advertised labels and return to us at once. We find we could sell them more readily with your name than without it."* One of the great stores of America was among these.

A "private brand" is a very desirable asset—when it really is an asset. But usually the expense of pushing it is more than it is worth. Pride doesn't make profits.

With a "private brand," the consumer must put all his trust in the local dealer.

With a national brand, he receives triple assurance:

(1) from the dealer;

(2) from the manufacturer;

(3) from the high-grade periodical which believes that the goods are as represented before it accepts the advertising.

Why shouldn't consumers prefer national brands?

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

no jolting street parades; no stuffy circus tent with its endless stream of gaping faces; no irritating rattle and thunder of night freights. If Duke had planned a Heaven for tired old lions it would have been like the animal farm, with its kindly attendants, large, comfortable cages, good food and long stretches of drowsy inactivity.

He had but one disquieting memory left him from his circus days—the memory of a swarthy man who made him leap through a fiery hoop, stand on his hind legs, and roll over. Before every performance the swarthy man came into the cage and beat Duke unmercifully with a rawhide whip.

This memory returned vividly whenever Duke saw a whip in a trainer's hand. At such times he would sit up and strike at the rawhide, growling ferociously and showing his teeth, as he had always done when the swarthy man whipped him. He continued to do this long after he learned that, though Tim Kelly might sometimes show him a whip, he never struck him with it.

"Poor old felly!" Tim would say in his soft, crooning voice. "'Tis not me ye're scoldin' at, darlin'; it's the whip. Ye've been abused, Juke—bad luck to the brute that done it to ye!"

Then Tim would toss the whip out of the cage and rub the short hair on Duke's nose; and Duke would stretch himself luxuriously, making gentle dabs at Tim with his great cushioned paws by way of explaining to him that habit bound lions too, and that his growl did not really mean anything of a personal nature. Upon this habit Jimmy Montague had built his scenario. If Duke would growl at a whip in the hands of a woman the picture was as good as made.

Once in the studio Duke looked about him with a patronizing stare, sniffed once or twice, and then, dropping his nose between his paws, composed himself for a nap. He had been fed heavily early in the day and he was very sleepy.

"Ah!" said Jimmy Montague, very elegant in a ring-master's shining tile, cutaway coat, white moleskin breeches, and top boots. "That's my notion of the ideal moving-picture actor! He rolls in, on time to the dot; rubbers round once to see that everything is all right, and then goes to sleep till he's wanted. He never forgets his makeup and doesn't try to do any of the director's thinking for him."

Jimmy crossed toward La Rue, who was sitting on a bench, his pink-silk legs crossed and the eternal cigarette between his lips.

"You see how quiet he is," urged Montague. "He's as easy to get along with as a Newfoundland puppy."

La Rue scowled and shook his head.

"The only lion I'll ever go in the cage with will be a dead one," said he. "He's asleep now, Jimmy; but I've seen these tame wild animals wake up at the wrong time—and so have you."

Miss Manners, more beautiful than ever in the Spanish costume, a single yellow rose in her dark hair, looked at Duke anxiously. Tommy Dennis, modestly smothering his silken grandeur in a shabby raincoat, took up a protecting position beside her. After a time he dared to speak, feeling that his elevation to the part of understudy to the leading man permitted him a certain amount of latitude.

"Aw, he's all right!" said Tommy, nodding toward the sleeping beast. "He never hurt anybody in his life, Miss Manners. He's what they call a milkfed lion."

The girl indulged him with a smile.

"He looks peaceful enough now," said she. "I'm always a little nervous with animals though. Are you?"

"I never have been yet," said Tommy, skirting the thin edge between truth and fiction.

"Did you ever work with this lion before?"

"Not with this one," said Tommy, allowing the lady to draw her own conclusions from the slight shading of the adjective.

"You're doubling La Rue, aren't you?" asked the girl, glancing at the wig. "You don't look much like him."

"I thank you," said Tommy, and they laughed together. Immediately he felt a subtle bond of sympathy between them and risked a bold stroke. "You don't care very much for him yourself, do you?" asked Tommy, marveling at his own audacity.

"I'm not answering questions this morning," smiled Miss Manners.

"You don't have to," said Tommy bluntly. "I know!"

"Indeed?" The slow, rising inflection warned Tommy that it was time to change the subject.

"Say, what about this stunt we're going to do?" he asked. "All they told me was that it was lion stuff."

He said it with the airy nonchalance of one to whom lions were nothing—the merest trifle—an every-day affair.

"I don't know what the action is myself yet," said the girl. "You're not in the first scene, I believe; but in the next one you're to carry me out of the cage."

"Great!" ejaculated Tommy, who at that moment would not have exchanged places with any living man, lion or no lion. "That ought to make a swell picture!"

"Yes," said Miss Manners; "but don't you forget that it's my face that you want to keep toward the camera. I don't want anybody to think that I had to be doubled in this scene!"

"Leave it to me!" said Tommy. "I don't care whether they see me or not, so long as I can help you make a good picture of it. And let me tell you something: When you go in there, look at that lion right between the eyes! Whatever you do, don't turn your head away for a second! Just keep your nerve with you; and remember that a lion can't do a thing so long as you look him square in the eye."

"I've heard that before," said the girl.

"Sure you have, and it's true! I've pulled that eye stuff on lions and things ever since I was a kid, and it's worked every time."

WHILE Tommy was gilding the dull edges of fact with the glittering alloy of fancy Jimmy Montague had not been idle. His first task was to superintend the placing of the cage—a long, narrow receptacle, constructed with an eye to the focal limitations of a camera lens. The inclosure was swung about so that the narrow front end of the cage, in which was the door, rested opposite the steep tier of bleacher seats upon which the audience was already seated.

A single bar at the back end of the cage was then removed to permit the entrance of the camera. The lines of focus sweeping fanwise from the lens embraced the entire width of the receptacle at the front end, with the door as the exact center of the stage, and broadened out to embrace the audience as a background. Between the bleacher seats and the cage was an open space in which a certain portion of the action must transpire.

The completed picture, when flashed upon the screen, would present to the beholder an unobstructed foreground of the interior of the cage, beyond which the actors appeared against a solid wall of faces, the latter conveying the impression of a crowded circus tent.

"Now then!" said Jimmy Montague briskly, "all you people who are not in this first scene get back over the lines and keep still! Dennis, that means you. Beat it!"

"Remember about keeping your eye on him!" whispered Tommy as he faded away, and the girl nodded.

Tommy took up a position in the far corner of the studio, where for the first time he became conscious of the shabby raincoat. He removed it, deeply regretting that he had not done so sooner.

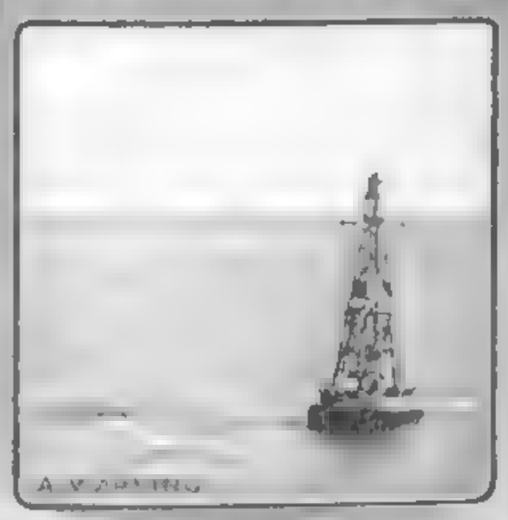
Into the space between the cage and the bleachers Montague summoned Miss Manners, La Rue and Tim Kelly, conversing with them in low, earnest tones. Tommy could not hear what the director was saying and, to tell the truth, he was not interested in the action of scene fifty-one. He was already playing the hero in scene fifty-three, inventing a dozen methods of rescuing the beautiful lion tamer at risk of life and limb. He wondered if Jimmy Montague would order him to kiss her, and the one drop of bitterness in his cup was the thought that La Rue would probably do that.

"Now here's the action of the first scene," Jimmy was saying. "Myrtle, you're to go into the cage. This old lion is whip-shy. Pull the rawhide on him and he'll begin to act. He'll sit up on his haunches and growl, and make passes with his paws; but he's only bluffing."

"'Tis what he always does when ye show him the whip," said Tim. "An' it ain't meanness wid him, miss—it's fear! He's been abused in his time an' he can't forget it. He'll git up on his hunkers an' show his teeth an' make an awful powwow; but, bless ye, he don't mean annything by it. So long as he can see the whip he'll keep on actin'—remember that."

"Good!" said Montague. "Now, Myrtle, as soon as the lion begins to work you

ÆTNA-IZED?



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This policy also pays Ten Per Cent. such sum for five years additional at no extra cost.

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The Accumulations, Double Benefits and Life Insurance provided by this Ten Dollar Combination make possible the payment of $3,250 at a cost of less than 3 Cents a Day. In addition to Weekly Indemnity for total or partial disability from accident provided you are engaged in a "Preferred" rate occupation.

Send in the Coupon at once in order that you may have this protection this summer before you go on your vacation.

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I am under 55 years of age and in good health. Tell me about Ætna $10 Combination. My name, business address and occupation are written below

Start each morning with

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register fear. Keep the whip in your hand where he can see it, and back away from him toward the side. Put one arm over your face—like this. Better crouch down against the bars and stay there till the end of the scene. The camera is cutting in the whole front end of the cage, so you won't have to worry about getting out of focus. Jack, when she kneels down by the bars you come forward to the door of the cage and establish yourself. Then register great fear that the lion's turned bad. I want you to get that right square into the camera's eye. That's all; we cut there with an announcement: Dolores Loses Her Nerve—Love to the Rescue."

"Is that the end of the scene?" asked Miss Manners.

"Yes. Then you stand by, and Kelly will make the lion lay down and play dead—and the double will carry you out. Afterward I can make a closeup of La Rue grabbing a pistol out of my pocket, shooting through the bars and running. That'll come after the announcement to establish that the lion was shot by La Rue. That's all, I guess—except that we won't rehearse this because the lion won't work more than once a day. We'll just go ahead and make the picture."

"You're sure about this lion, are you?" asked Miss Manners.

"Absolutely! Tim and the other animal man will be right outside the door and they could get you out in a flash. Oh, by the way, Tim, it would be a pretty good touch if you and George got a couple of those iron prods you had for the leopard and held 'em up as if you expected to use 'em. We want to make Duke look as ferocious as possible."

Tim Kelly grinned.

"Ye're slandherin' the poor old dog," said he; "but it'll look grand in a picture!"

Montague next turned his attention to the camera man. A producing director is responsible for everything, from the newest extra man to the high-salaried and capable expert who handles the camera.

"Oh, Charlie!"

"Yep!" answered Dupree, the little photographer.

"Got your focus nice and clear, so there won't be any fuzzy backgrounds in this? Camera all threaded up? And be sure you've got a full box there, because I'm going to make these two scenes together, all in one piece."

"Right-oh!" answered Dupree.

Montague turned to the bleachers:

"You extra people, sit still and don't act! And I'll fine anybody a day's pay that makes a noise. I want absolute quiet in this scene—remember!"

The director then became the heavy actor, twitched at the collar of his coat, straightened his tie and moved into position.

"All right, Tim! Wake up the star!"

VI

TOMMY DENNIS watched the animal man as he rattled the bars of the cage. Duke raised his head inquiringly.

"Up! Git up, Juke!" commanded Kelly, and the big beast heaved himself erect with a sigh. He fixed his sleepy yellow eyes upon Tim's face with an expression of patient resignation plainer than words.

"I haven't the slightest idea what this is all about," said the yellow eyes, "but I am in the hands of my friends. Let's get it over with as soon as possible."

"Gee! He's a whopper when he stands up!" thought Tommy Dennis.

"Get him a little farther back from the door, Tim," whispered Montague. "That's better. . . . Hold up the iron prods, boys! . . . Now then, Myrtle! Ready—action—go!"

Duke had often heard the three words that move the movie world. In his mind they were associated with unusual happenings and sudden developments. He pricked up his ears, for in the dead silence he could hear the ticking purr of the film as it sped past the lens into the takeup box; and turning slightly he caught the glint of the camera's eye at the far end of the cage.

Miss Manners stepped bravely forward, Tim Kelly threw open the door and Duke became aware that he had a visitor. Beyond a slight lifting of his head, Duke remained motionless, regarding this charming stranger with polite and respectful interest. To tell the truth Duke was rather partial to women. He remembered that in his circus days they had never prodded him with canes or umbrellas, and he placed that to their credit. Over in his corner Tommy Dennis drew a deep breath. It was a milkfed lion after all!

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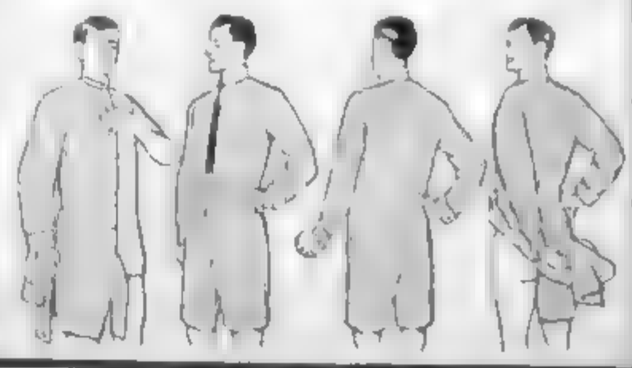

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"The whip! Show him the whip!"

Obedient to the whisper, Miss Manners drew the rawhide from a fold of her skirt and shook it under Duke's nose. Instantly the big brute rose upon his haunches, snarling and striking with his paws and filling the place with his angry protest.

"Ar-r-r-ugh! R-r-r-ugh!" scolded Duke, thinking of the swarthy man with the bad eye.

"Ye're doin' fine, Juke! Bully f'r you!" whispered Tim. "He's only bluffin', miss."

Tommy Dennis took a step forward, his knuckles whitening through the tan as his fingers closed convulsively.

"Don't lose your nerve!" he breathed. "Look him right in the eye!"

Even as the words were on his lips the transformation came. The girl wavered; the whip lowered uncertainly, and she turned slowly from the lion to the camera. Tommy read terror in the staring eyes in the blind groping of the free hand—in the whole cringing attitude. He sensed panic in the sudden shifting of Montague and La Rue.

"She's afraid!" he groaned. "Why don't they do something?"

There was worse to come. Miss Manners crept toward the side of the cage, where she knelt cowering against the bars. Duke ceased to growl, but he could still see the whip; and, like the dependable actor he was, he continued to register emotion. He squatted on the floor to await developments, and his tail whisked in swift, nervous circles.

"Swell!" whispered Jimmy Montague. "That crouch makes him look as if he was going to do a jump. Establish yourself, Jack!"

Then it happened.

Charlie Dupree, counting his film foot by foot and congratulating himself upon an artistic success, caught a glimpse of a thunderbolt in pink-silk fleshings that shot into the picture from the void beyond the focal lines. Before Dupree could cry a warning, Jack La Rue, establishing himself at the cage door, was hurled violently to the ground, and high over the wild howls and imprecations of director and camera man rose a clarion call:

"It's all right! I'm coming!"

Being an animal man by instinct and training, Tim Kelly was geared up to meet emergencies rather more than halfway. As La Rue was doubled up by his double, Tim launched himself at Tommy's legs; but silk is slippery stuff, and not for nothing had Tommy been the star halfback of a football team. The flying tackle crumpled in a limp heap; Tommy snatched the iron bar from the petrified George, and the next instant he was inside the cage, brandishing the weapon.

Old Duke, still crouching, looked up just in time to receive a terrific blow full upon the tip of his sensative nose.

"You would, would you!" howled Tommy.

The king of beasts covered his afflicted head with his paws, tucked his tail between his legs and humped his back to the storm. His piteous clamor took on a shrill note of hysteria.

"Run, Miss Manners! I've got him going!"

The command fell on deaf ears. Myrtle had given one terrified glance over her shoulder and fainted, thereby blocking entrance to the cage for several seconds.

To the everlasting credit of Charlie Dupree let it be recorded here that his good right hand did not miss a single revolution of the crank.

"Hey! Keep him in the corner!" yelled Dupree. "Swing round more! You'll cloak the action!"

Tommy Dennis was beyond orders, however, and Duke was past remaining in any corner. There was only one idea left in the lion's battered head, and that was to tear down the bars and escape from this maniac who pursued him so relentlessly and hit him so hard. The cage rocked to Duke's frantic assaults, and at each thump of the iron bar his agonized cries grew louder. His wildly roving eye fell upon the gap that had been made to admit the end of the camera—and Duke leaped for it, plunging his nose into the aperture below the ticking black box. Charlie Dupree grew suddenly pale, but his right hand did not falter.

"Back!" he roared. "You're out of the picture! Back!"

Then Tommy Dennis, reeling and dizzy, exhausted by violent exercise and excess of emotion, added a finishing touch to a remarkable performance. He aimed his valedictory at the top of Duke's head, between the ears, putting into the blow the last remaining ounce of his strength. The heavy bar descended squarely upon the top of the camera, smashing the delicate mechanism into a thousand pieces; and Charlie Dupree, festooned with ruined film but faithful to the last, continued to turn the piece of crank that remained in his hand.

The next thing Tommy knew the iron bar was whisked from his grasp and he was plucked backward, going down underneath an avalanche of striking, swearing humanity. Five strong men sat upon various portions of his person, and the one astride his shoulders seized him by the ears and banged his head upon the floor of the cage. This was Director J. Montague.

Duke was whimpering in the far corner, his head in Tim Kelly's lap; and the animal man was weeping and cursing by turns.

"Kill him f'r me!" he raved. "The murdherin' scut has fair slaughtered the best actor we got!"

Tommy Dennis was sullenly collecting his few personal effects when Buck Parvin burst into the dressing room, out of breath and panting.

"What's this I hear? What's this? Tommy, they tell me you saved the lady all right; but you saved her so strong that the whole gang had to tear into the cage to save the lion! What kind of a guy are you anyway? Just my fool luck to be down at the hawss corrals and miss a show like that! Did they can you for it?"

Tommy nodded. Then, after a silence: "What do they say about it?"

"Well," said Buck judiciously, "different people says different things. Now there's Tim Kelly. I seen him before I come away from the farm. Tim says Duke won't never get his tail out from between his legs if he lives to be older'n Methuselah, an' that, as a movin'-picture lion, he's through—loss o' confidence, and all that stuff. I don't know 'bout the confidence part of it; but, from what I seen, Duke sure is shy a lot of scalp, an' he's got a couple of front teeth that might's well be on a watch-charm as where they are."

"Darn it!" said Tommy. "I think they might have told me what the action was going to be!"

"Ye-ep, they might, at that," said Buck; "but how could they figure you was goin' to go for that lion the way you did? Then there's Dupree, the photographer guy. I seen him cryin' over what's left of his tick-tick. He says he could forgive you for doublin' La Rue at the wrong time, and he ain't got no kick on what you done to the lion; but when you caved in that box it looks like you lost a wellwisher. He 'lows as how he hadn't missed a move you made an' was gettin' a wonderful picture of you a-fannin' that ole snoozer on the bean, when—bloole! And there he was, kneedeep in busted glass and loose film. You'd better try not to meet that guy when you go out—he's hostile! Then there's Montague. Jimmy says you made a bum of the grandest scenario he ever wrote."

"Did anybody else say anything?"

"Well, yes," said Buck. "Myrtle—she was kind of mentionin' you in spots—a little."

"What did she say?"

"I heard her tellin' La Rue that you'd spoiled the best piece of actin' she'd ever done, an' then beat up the lion so horrible they couldn't never get no makeover on it. What made her sorest was that you'd been ribbin' her up to keep her nerve an' then you went an' lost yours!"

"Me?" demanded Tommy. "Lost my nerve—after what I did to that lion!"

"That's what the lady said," remarked Buck, rolling a brown-paper cigarette. "The way she figures it out, you got scared and went kind of daffy!"

There was a silence of two full minutes while Tommy crammed his belongings into his suitcase.

"That does settle it!" he said bitterly. "And I thought I was risking my life—for that!"

Buck Parvin peered at the boy through the smoke as it rose from his nostrils. When he spoke there was something almost like sympathetic understanding in his tone.

"Son," he said, "Uncle Buck—he knows how you feel. He tried to do a lady a favor once by beatin' up her husband when he had a beatin' coming. Spanish lady she was—down in the Pecos country. Ever seen that scar across my ribs? . . . That's the thanks I got! . . . Women an' lions—lions an' women—look out for 'em, Tommy! Both of 'em scratch!"

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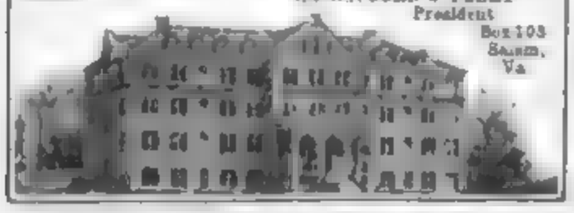

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PHADRIG CARVES FOR HIMSELF

(Concluded from Page 15)

to where a hundher long tables was spread for a feast in the shade av a grove. 'I'll ixplain about the dog. The gintlemen wid the cows might turn thim into the pasture beyant for the prisint.'

"'I thrust nothin's happined to the dog ye sould me, MacDatho,' says King Olioll, as he lowered himsilf into a big gilt chair by the side av King Conall.

"'The dog was niver betther, your majisty,' says MacDatho with a thick tongue.

"'Teague, Rory, Barney, Malachi, an' the rest av ye, get busy, ye bla'gyarda, pourin' the refrishmints for the honorable company. Thry the whisky punch, your majisties. 'Tis me special brew.'

"He bustles about, gabbing sixteen to the dozen an' placing the guests. Macha he put in the seat nixt to himsilf, who was nixt to Queen Meve, an' he was beckonin' to Dohmnall, whin Phadrig O'Meara slipped in at the other side av Macha an' sat down as if he meant to stay.

"'What will I do nixt?' whispered MacDatho in Macha's ear.

"'We passed an uncut field of blighted corn as we kem along,' Macha tould him cowldly. 'Well,' she says, 'annyway I'd have the pig brought on. 'Twill be a divarsion.'

"Now the ould ancient sthory runs that MacDatho's pig had fed on the milk av three score cows for sivin years, an' the crayture was that big ut tuk sixty men to cyarry him an' sivin to lift his tail. I niver doubted ut whin 'twas tould to me, a bit of a gossoon back in Clare, an' there was gi'nts in thim days by ahl accounts. Annyway, it was a grand fine pig, an' whin 'twas brought on, smokin' in white curls t'rough the burned skin, there wasnut a mouth that did nut dribble wid longing.

"'Now what?' whispers MacDatho to Macha.

"'Let him who has the best right an' whom none will gainsay cyarve the pig,' answered Macha, and MacDatho, stutterin' an' sweatin', spoke the words aloud.

"'That manes Cet MacManus cyarves for me,' says King Conall wid a loud laugh, an' he makes a sign an' there got up from the board an ogre av a man wid eyes like coals av fire an' a back like a barn dure, an' he grinned round, showing tusks like a wild boar's.

"'I cyarve for King Conall,' says he. 'Who will gainsay me?'

"'Phadrig O'Meara cyarves for me,' cahls King Olioll.

"An' wid that Phadrig was for gettin' up, but Macha plucked him by the arm. 'Bide in your place,' whispers she. 'Phadrig O'Meara cyarves for himself.' So Phadrig sat down again an' shivered like a terrier at a rathole while Cet laughed onplisintly.

"'I cyarve for King Conall,' says Cet, an' draws a long crooked skene.

"'I cyarve for King Olioll,' says Markan, a big Connaught man, stridin' forward. 'By right of what I done an' the men I slew at Gorbronagh an' at the Mount av Urrisbeg, an' by the might av me arm an' the weight av me hand.'

"Cet grinned at him. 'By the ears av your father, which is in me private collection, an' by the head av me spear that ye tuk away in your hip at Kinvarra, an' by the steel I hould, I gainsay ye,' says he. 'Go back an' sit down,' he says.

"An' wid that Markan turned back an' wint to his place.

"'I cyarve the pig for Conall,' says Cet again.

"Wanst more Phadrig started up, but at the touch av Macha's hand he sat down again, his brith comin' short an' his teeth grindin' wan on another.

"'I cyarve for Olioll,' shouts another Connaught man—Shann O'Hara, av Tranask, ut was. 'By the right av the raid on Cranereagh an' the scalps av the nine Daceys that I tuk, an' by the edge av me ax an' the swiftness av me stroke, I cyarve the pig.'

"'Ye've a bad mimory,' says Cet. 'By the roof av your house that I fired, by the arrow in your side that I shot, by your kin that I sowld to slavery, an' by the steel I hould, I gainsay ye. Sit ye down an' take what I cut for ye.'

"So me bould Shann had to sit down, an' wan afther another nine av Olioll's follying got up an' was turned down. Cet had something on aich an' ahl av thim, an' t'rough it ahl Phadrig sat, the veins swellin' in his forehead an' red an' white by turns comin' an' goin' in his face.

"'I cyarve for Conall,' chuckles Cet, raisin' his knife.

"'Now ye may go,' whispers Macha. 'But ye cyarve for yoursilf, an' remimber the rest I tould ye.'

"Wid wan jump Phadrig was out av his chair an' facing Cet, his eyes sparklin'. 'I cyarve for Phadrig,' he shouts in a voice like a bugle, an' at the word Olioll turns pale.

"'By what right?' Cet axes him.

"'By right av this,' says Phadrig, an' he grabbed the Ulster man's red beard an' gev ut a jerk that brought the ugly fella to his knees. 'By right av that,' says Phadrig, an' he twisted the skene out av Cet's hand an' slapped his face. 'By right av this,' says he, an' he dhragged him to his feet an' rocked him back an' forth till he fell again.

"'An' by right av that,' he finished, an' he picked Cet's big limp carcass up an' hurled it clane over two av the tables where it fell in a still huddle.

"'Now,' says Phadrig, 'if there's no objiction, the disthribution will begin.'

"There was none made, so he wint on cuttin' as he spoke, while the serving men carried the mate.

"'There's the throtters an' the shank bones for Ulster'; says he, 'an' the tail for Conall to make him a whistle for his dog. There's the side mate an' the shoulders for the lads that loves me an' the short ribs an' the liver, which is tasty an' aisy ating, for Olioll. An' ahl I kape for mesilf is the head an' the hams,' says he.

"'The divil ye will!' cried an Ulster man, an' slung a shank bone at his head.

"An wid that the ladies retired wid precipitation an' loud screeches.

"'Twas a ruction the like av which was niver seen bechune Doniry an' Donnybrook fair. Signs av ut ye can dig up at Ballyvaghan today. 'Twud take Oisin MacFionn to do ut justice. 'Tis a pity, so ut is, that he missed ut. But an ind kem to ut whin the last av the Ulster men streaked over the hill an' the Connaught man that chased him sat down to catch his brith. About the same time King Olioll crawled from undher the table an' assumed his gilt chair wid state an' dignity.

"'Where's MacDatho?' he asks, mighty fierce.

"'Sure, your majisty, I've been lukkin', but I can't seem to find ahl av him,' wan av the chieftains makes answer.

"'Where's Dohmnall?' says Phadrig, who'd been threminjously busy since the shank bone sthruck him an' who had just come up.

"'I'm here,' says Dohmnall, steppin' forward with Macha on his arm.

"'MacDatho's among the dead an' missing, Father Dohmnall,' says Phadrig. 'Mostly the dead. So as there's no heirs, ye can take the house an' the lands an' the dog, Brechan, if ye care to,' says he.

"'Eh, what's that?' says King Olioll, frowning. 'There's two words to that, avick!'

Phadrig lukked at Macha an' Macha nodded. Phadrig lukked at Olioll with sparklin' eyes under bent brows and a hand tight grippin' the hilt av his soord.

"'Who's cyarvin' this pig?' he axed.

"King Olioll considhered. Not long, for he was a cute man an' cud take a hint kindly meant.

"'Him that has the right an' whom none will gainsay,' he made answer. 'An',' says he, 'I've been thinkin' lately that me condition av health is too poor for to wrastle with affairs av state. Ut might be betther for me to take me liver an' short ribs an' turn the kingdom over to you.'

"'Sure, I'm largely of your majisty's opinion,' says Phadrig.

"So that's how it kem about that Phadrig reigned over Connaught," concluded Mr. Mulready.

"A wise king, Phadrig was, intirely, an' whin he was intherviewed, he'd say: 'Whativer I am I owe it to me wife'—as a wise man should. I make no doubt Macha wud have made something av MacDatho if he had taken her advice from the first."

"She was too gay with her moldy gags," commented the young man in the black calico shirt. "Them fresh Janes that's so flossy give me a pain. If you ast me I think that gink, MacDatho, done well."

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BACK-FIRE

(Continued from Page 21)

there was work ahead. Consequently he shouldered his load of the two rifles and what was left of the haunch of venison, and with a flush on his cheeks and a prayer in his heart that he might not fall in his tracks from the weakness that pervaded his entire body, set his face toward the sunrise.

And so they plodded on through that monotony that is characteristic of the Florida woods, and that none the less holds a certain charm when one is not lost. A swamp to be skirted, a creek to be crossed, a patch of piney woods that one could almost swear to having traversed not once but many times; then a repetition of these things, with endless detours and twistings and turnings and the crackling swash of the palmetto against tired thighs.

Penfold felt as if he had been first racked, then broken on the wheel; but of this he gave no outward evidence, plowing ahead in the lead, his teeth set and his eyeballs burning, but the dominant will driving the aching bones and muscles relentlessly. As the day wore on his fever mounted, when to his other trials were added an overpowering lethargy and a sort of mental confusion that required constant effort to overcome. Nevertheless, loaded with the two rifles and the venison, which he had slung about his shoulder by a tough vine, he plunged ahead, while Edna, whose courage and confidence had returned, followed with snatches of song on her lips. She had no idea of Penfold's actual condition, for the fever had brought a flush that might have come from physical effort, and the few words he flung back from time to time were full of encouragement and cheer. Also he was pushing on so rapidly that Edna had some difficulty in holding the pace. She little guessed that this apparent vigor was a desperate effort to find his way out of the wilderness before his strength failed. Penfold knew that, once the fever got the mastery of his faculties, it would be all up with them. He envied the buck he had shot the day before. That animal had only his own life to consider, whereas he had that of a girl depending on his strength and resource.

Edna guessed nothing of this. The pace was hard and she was not much of a walker; but she was rested by her night's sleep, and some strange, new emotion, such as she had never felt before, had come to lend her courage and endurance. She found an infinite happiness in the sight of the lean figure striding on ahead of her. She felt in a vague way that some quality she had always craved had come into her life to sweeten and brighten it.

The morning passed, and still they plodded on by a devious trail. Several times Penfold tripped and fell, to scramble up awkwardly with a joke at himself for his clumsiness.

Occasionally they made brief halts to enable Edna to rest, and at these times she noticed that Penfold did not sit down, but stood with his back against a tree, as if impatient to be on again.

The sun had passed the meridian when they came out on a broad creek of which the sandy banks were thickly grown with live and water oaks. Penfold strode down to the edge, dipped his hand in the water and tasted it, then turned his flushed face to Edna.

"Thank Heaven!" he muttered thickly; "it's brackish. The railroad can't be far off now."

But Edna was not looking at him. Something farther downstream on the opposite bank had caught her eye.

"Look!" she cried; "isn't that a cabin over there in those trees?"

Penfold stared, swayed for a moment, then staggered back.

"Yes," he answered, then cupped his mouth with his hands and gave a hoarse shout. They waited, but there was no response. Penfold shouted again and Edna added her voice to his, but no answer came.

"We must get over there," said Penfold, and at the odd sound of his voice the girl looked at him sharply.

"But how can we get across?" she asked.

"It's not deep and it has a good hard bottom. Got to wade. Come on."

He lurched slightly, then started to wade out into the clear, tepid water. Edna followed, wondering at the sudden change in his tone from kindly encouragement to an almost peremptory harshness. Midstream the water was nearly waist deep; but it shallowed again, and she followed him along the sandy beach and up through a growth of wild-orange trees.

In a small cleared space stood a fair-sized cabin, quite different from the usual log-and-clay affair built throughout the state by the "crackers," or poor whites. In fact, it appeared to be a decent little house of unpainted pine, comparatively new, with a big chimney of lath and clay and a corrugated iron roof. Door and window shutters were fastened, but there was about the place an air of recent occupancy, for the sand was trodden and a stack of freshly cut firewood was stacked up against the chimney.

But Edna scarcely noticed these things, for her eyes were fastened on Penfold, who was striding ahead without so much as a backward glance. Reaching the door, he struck it once or twice with the butt of his rifle; then apparently discovering for the first time that it was secured by a heavy padlock, he stepped back and examined it in a manner curiously suggestive of a drunken man when suddenly confronted by some annoying obstacle.

"'S locked," said he, and turned his face to Edna, who noticed for the first time that his eyes were glazed and his skin blotchy and congested.

Edna had never seen a fight between fever and a man's will. But she had seen similar struggles where the antagonist was strong drink, and the outward and visible signs are in some respects similar. She had observed that most men carried large flasks on shooting expeditions, and she wondered whether Penfold, when he had left her once or twice to examine the passage of a "bay," might not have drunk deeply from his flask. The mere idea sent a chill through her. It was bad enough to think that he should have so far indulged himself as to risk the safety of them both at a time when clear-headedness was the prime necessity; but to think that he had done so selfishly was even worse. She had asked him the evening before if he had any spirits, and he had answered that he had not.

Now, as she looked at him askance, he presented the appearance of a drunken man. Eyes, skin, manner of speech and motion were such as she had on occasion observed not only among butlers, footmen and grooms, but among the men of her own set. She had never seen her father in such a condition, though he liked his toddy at times. And Penfold's next act confirmed her growing doubts, for he turned to her a crimson face and said thickly:

"Get round the corner of the house. I'm going to shoot this lock off."

Something in Edna's look seemed to anger him, for as she stood without moving, he added in a tone which in all her pampered life had never been used toward her:

"Please—go—round—the—corner of the cabin. You might get hurt."

Without a word Edna turned on her heel and walked behind the cabin, where she sank on a pile of wood and covered her face with her hands. As she was sitting there, there came the report of a rifle and directly after it the sound of heavy blows. Following, it seemed to the girl that she heard a shuffling about inside, and presently a crash. She could stand it no longer, and springing to her feet she hurried to the wide open door and entered.

The interior of the cabin was a single large room, neatly ceiled in Georgia pine, and the whole place was spotlessly clean. There was a large central table, over which hung a big lamp; a small cooking-stove, neatly blackened; some well-burnished cooking utensils and cupboards stacked with various tinned foods and grocer's supplies. Fishing rods, nets, gaffs and oil-skins decorated the walls; and in one corner was a writing desk and beside it a pine bookshelf that contained a variety of current literature. Five bunks were built along the length of the rear wall, four of which appeared to be freshly made and protected by chintz bedcovers, while the fifth looked as though it had been recently occupied. Everything about the place was clean, practical and simple.

Her first glance told Edna what they had stumbled upon. The camp was a shooting and fishing lodge on her father's preserve, situated upon what was locally known as the Little Sandy. She herself had never visited the spot, but she recognized it from

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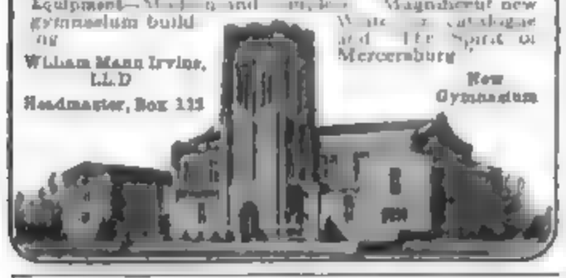

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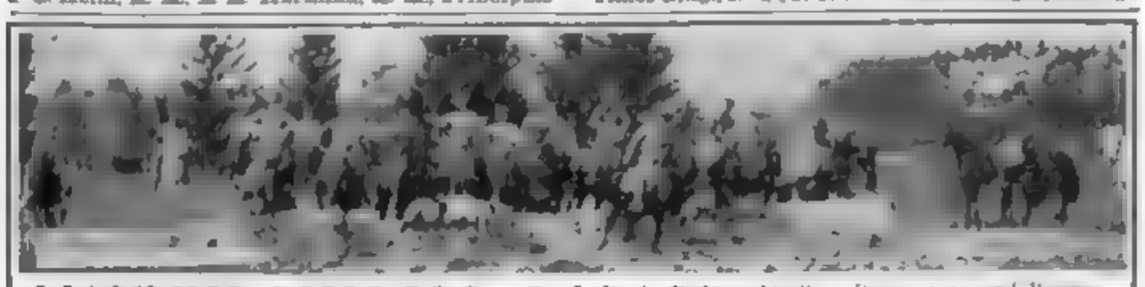

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her father's description. A gamekeeper lived in the cabin, and Edna thought it probable that Gillespie had sent one of the men on horseback to summon him to assist in the search for herself and Penfold.

All of this flashed through her mind the moment she crossed the threshold; but what occupied her immediate attention was the figure of Penfold. He had slumped down on a bench, his elbows on the table and his head between his hands, and as Edna entered he turned to her unsteadily. She thought for a moment that he was going to fall, but he recovered himself and stared at her from bright but glassy eyes.

"Awful sorry to be in such a beastly condition," he said. "Ought to have known better . . . but we're all right now."

"Yes," she answered icily, "we are all right now. Don't you think you'd better lie down?"

"I will in a minute—'s soon as my head clears a bit. Sorry to be such a weak vessel. 'N case I should happen to be useless for the next few hours, and if nobody comes, you'll have to help yourself. 'S no end of tinned stuff there . . . but the chances are the keeper will show up pretty soon. This seems to be a shooting and fishing camp."

"It is one of father's lodges," Edna answered.

"S'much the better. Think I'll roll into one of those bunks, if you don't mind. Hate to be such a nuisance, but I make a fool of myself like this once 'n awhile. Comes of living out in the East in a sickly climate. I feel positively drunk."

"You look it and act it too. Why did you tell me last night that you had no spirits?"

"What?" Penfold raised his head and stared at her.

"I say, why did you tell me that you had no spirits? Did you think that alcoholic stimulation was bad for a girl of my age when she was tired and wet and frightened? I'd much rather have had a sip from your flask than have had your coat."

Penfold continued to stare, glassily at first, then with a slowly dawning intelligence. His burning, haggard face was gashed by deep lines.

"You don't think that I am actually *drunk*, do you?" he muttered.

"Oh, I know that you've been through an awful strain. But so have I."

Penfold began to laugh, a gurgling, mirthless laugh. Edna regarded him stonily. He dropped his head on his folded arms and his shoulders shook. Then, with startling suddenness, he rose from the bench, steadied himself with one hand on the table and turned to look at her. The skin of his lean face seemed actually gashed by the deep lines on either side of his mouth, lines of a fierce, sardonic humor.

"My word, but you're a keen observer!" he said, and his voice seemed to have lost its sodden thickness. "A consulting specialist in a fashionable city practice couldn't have done better. Well then, since you've found me out, suppose you make yourself at home here, and I'll go out and sleep it off in that shed behind the cabin."

He lurched to the door, passed out and round the corner of the building. Edna sank down on the bench and buried her face in her arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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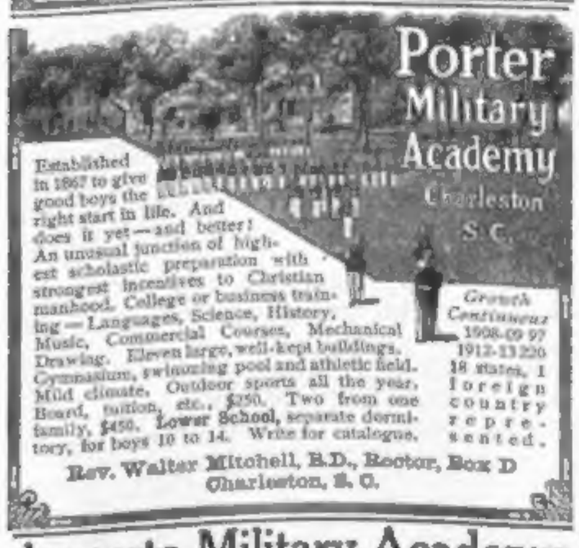

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JONES GOES TO JAIL

(Continued from Page 13)

speak in the House tomorrow. I'm awfully obliged, Peter! Now wire me, Jones!" he said.

"*Dépêche*, sir," corrected Mr. Jones softly. "*Petit bleu.*"

"Wire, blow, telephone—and get 'em!" commanded Mr. Samuel. "It will be worth your while if you do—remember."

"Had anything to eat?" said Petersham kindly as the yacht cast off. "You're white as a ghost."

"The chocolates," said Mr. Jones faintly, "were forgotten in the excitement—it being difficult to chew and guide a motor, my lord."

Lord Petersham took the little man to the saloon and ordered supper. He listened with a curious expression to Mr. Jones' account of his day's adventures. The steward brought champagne, which, Mr. Jones explained, recalled duchesses to him.

"And palm tubs," said Jones—"palm trees, my lord. I never drank champagne before. I think it induced unusually brilliant powers of thought. The Joneses," he added, "have always been noted for intellect. My father got the good-conduct prize at his grammar school."

Lord Petersham took barley water, sipping it thoughtfully. He said he thought he ought to go on to Paris with Mr. Jones; it was sometimes so difficult to get understood by the French. He listened with interest to the story of the rest of the robberies.

"And you shot two men!" he muttered. "You!"

"It was completely against my inclination," said Mr. Jones earnestly. "I warned them of the cow's—that is, bull's eye; I told them in French and English."

"Antony," said Lord Petersham, "bring me a whisky and soda. I feel I want one. And now," he went on, "you are going to try to catch these two ruffians—trying alone—and you are not afraid?"

"Mr. Samuel has shown me great kindness," said Mr. Jones, a little stiffly. "I should indeed be ungrateful to show lack of courage in doing such little things as he directs me to."

Lord Petersham murmured, "Little things—lives!" to the neglected barley water at his elbow; he took a glass of whisky and soda.

The yacht tore as a live thing through the choppy Channel waves. She picked up Calais lights just as the mailboat was due; and, as Mr. Jones, still in his motor cap, gave a crisp "*Rien à déclarer parceque je porte rien à déclarer*" to the customs officer who interrogated him, he realized that he had caught the boat train. But how in that crowd was he to find the two he sought? If he could even see Harris —— He rushed up and down, peering into faces, stopping inoffensive people, scanning the people in the buffet.

He singled out an old lady with a parrot's cage, and followed her up and down to see if her petticoats were red. He was sure he had seen something red as the two went out.

He whispered "Harris!" into the ear of a choleric retired officer, still feeling green from his journey, and retreated hurriedly as the irate old gentleman bellowed: "De Vere Charteris—you sir!" in offended tones.

They were starting. "*En voiture, messieurs et mesdames!*" And the surging crowd was still a blank.

Little Jones was tired and cold, but he did not think of resting. Up and down he went, peering into carriages, fearful of asking for help, growing depressed as he saw no bushy eyebrows—no face resembling Harris'.

A carriage with only three people in it attracted his attention. One of the men in it wore his hat pulled hard down, almost on to his eyes; his companion was a smart-looking girl with a hard face and a thick veil. There was room there.

Little Mr. Jones went in. His coat collar was turned up, his cap pulled down, and he still wore his motor goggles. His idea had been that Harris would immediately recognize him and make some sign; but he quite forgot that he was rather effectually disguised.

An elderly man dozed in the corner, a gray cropped beard hiding his mouth and chin. Mr. Jones began to stare at the man in the slouched hat. Had he or had he not

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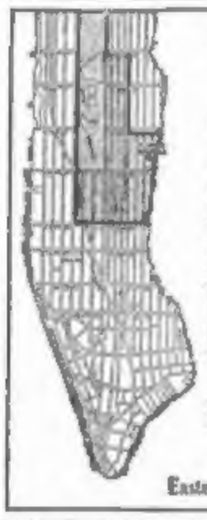

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uneven eyebrows? Surely one was painted over! The little man leaned forward excitedly, and the train began to slacken speed. What could he do?

Then the traveler in the slouched hat crossed to the window, saying loudly they were just at Amiens. He struggled with the strap.

Mr. Jones heard him say in an irritated tone that it was stuck, then heard him ask the elderly man to give a pull.

Then he heard a faint exclamation, an apology, something about a sharp pin; and the elderly man leaned back as if he were tired, so tired that in a moment his eyes closed. He called out something thickly, struggled and fell back; the train slid into Amiens.

And Mr. Jones knew at last—this was Harris, drugged as the villains had planned. With a positive whoop, Jones dragged off the slouched hat—to see plainly that one eyebrow was false.

"*Nom de Dieu! Le* Jones!" yelped Antoine. "*Scerebat!* Rat! Pig! Jones—imbecile!"

"Imbecile yourself!" returned Mr. Jones, clinging to the Frenchman. "I have you, *mon ami!* They are warned right along to watch for a thief."

The girl said something quickly in French. Little Jones, shaken like a rat, clung bravely. The guards, porters and gendarmes were at the door. All was success! Mr. Jones was trying to think of several French words that he would require—when his throat was gripped, his hands forced back.

"So you have me—son of a pig!" hissed Antoine. "Hold there! I've got the man! The robber, caught red-handed!"

"I saw him try to do it," said the girl calmly. "He has drugged that poor fellow there."

Mr. Jones gave a choked yelp of horror. He flung out protestations in broken French, intermixed with some words he knew of Italian. He raved at the officers who held him roughly. He wailed at Antoine and accused him of being a *mensongeur*. It was all in vain! He was the thief, caught by the expected watcher; they were lifting Harris, the only man who could have saved him, and little Jones saw Antoine's long, powerful fingers lifting the unconscious man's bag.

"Then, for mercy's sake, save the jewels!" said Jones. "They are in a cigar box in that bag!"

Antoine snarled; they were not; some one in authority found them in Harris' inner pocket, where he had evidently preferred to carry them. But his knowledge seemed to the French police conclusively to prove Jones' guilt.

"Search him!" said Antoine. "Don't listen to him! He is a desperate villain, messieurs. I saw him inject a drug into Monsieur Harris' wrist."

Jones was dusty, dirty; his motor cap two sizes too large for him. Oh, he was most plainly a thief!

Mr. Jones raved on in French of his own making, while Antoine gave all the details of the capture and skilfully extracted information concerning the wires received at Amiens.

"There, then, is the thief you were told to be on the lookout for!" said Antoine dramatically.

Here the head of the police remarked dubiously that their instructions had been to watch for two thieves. Antoine, without a trace of French accent, said that was quite right. He was the messenger for Mosenthals'.

"This lady here saw the whole affair," said Antoine.

And little Mr. Jones heard with horror the lady describe how Jones had gone to open the window, got this Mr. Harris to help him, and dug something sharp into his wrist. The lady gave her name sweetly as Miss Brown, of Number 5, Kensington Gardens Road, London.

Prying fingers were thrust into Mr. Jones' pockets; a hypodermic syringe smelling of some subtle drug was found in one.

"Oh, *mensonges*—plots!" said Mr. Jones wearily. "*Vous sotts! Bois têtes!* Will you not *voyez la vérité?* Oh, but I say, wait until Harris wakes! Take off his beard and fan him, *monsoos, je vous* entreat!"

The French are a polite nation however. Those in authority took the *mensonges* and *sotts* personally. Struggling still, little Jones was walked off to be locked up, while a wire stating that the thief had been caught after desperate resistance was flashed to London.

Mr. Jones tried to sit down on everything he met. He begged for common sense; he said he could make allowances for foreigners' brains, but he wanted mere intelligence from them. He was finally plunged into a cell, where he sat down and said God save our gracious king! several times to the rude people who now asked him questions in broken English.

"God save our—while they have escaped!" snapped Mr. Jones. "Waiting for the English police to take me over! Oh, Mr. French Police, *je suis étonné* at *votre senles époussés. Restez! Ces dens* will *restez à démang, je vous faire un pari,*" said Mr. Jones earnestly—"*un sovereign à un sou* that they *voulez* not!"

They left him to his fate however. Toward morning Harris, looking exceedingly ill, staggered into the cell where little Jones sat in chill misery. Harris had removed his beard.

"I'd know the fellow, of course," said Harris. "Why, good Lord—Jones! You were the little blighter in the motor cap, Jones? Why didn't you speak? What has happened?"

"I was in the motor cap," said Jones bitterly. "*Oui!* My goggles," he added spitefully, "were needed by the police of France—by these *monsoos*, who would not listen to me—Jones!"

The inspector began to stroke his chin dubiously. As Harris translated Mr. Jones' story, he appeared to grow more dubious still. Presently he sat down and crumpled up drearily.

"The smartness of it!" he muttered, as he sent a messenger speeding to the hotel where he had seen the victorious thief-catcher take a room.

"And a Frenchman too!" said Mr. Jones, with withering sarcasm. "He thought of it! Bah! Had it not been for me you would probably have let them take the rubies."

Monsieur Carron said several things explosively. Then he listened to Harris' opinion of his intelligence given in fluent French, and to Mr. Jones' opinion on the same subject given in French and English very effectively mixed—and he listened meekly.

"But the rubies have escaped!" said Harris wanly.

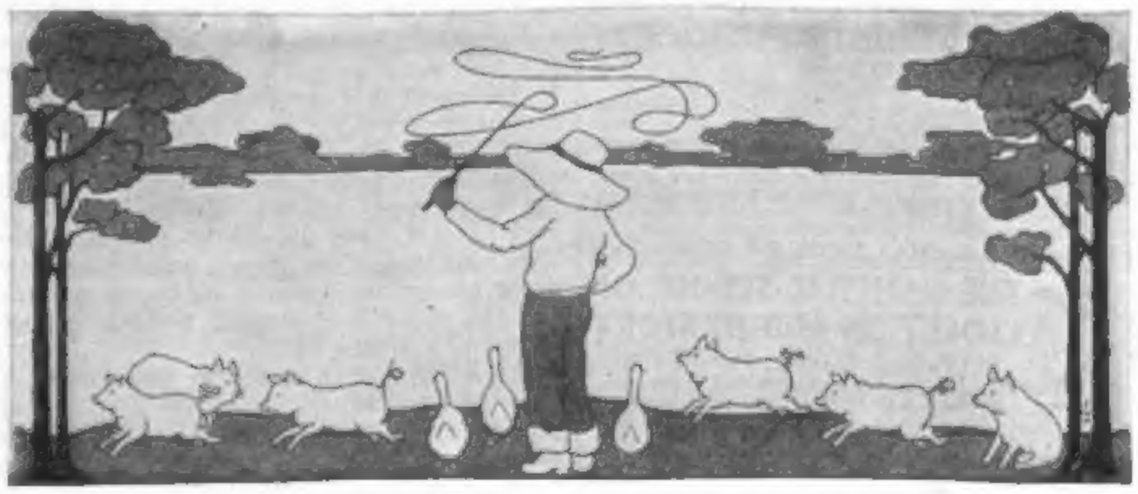
The rubies had escaped! So also had Antoine and Mr. Grant.

The tubes in the wall were bricked up; and Mr. Jones, who now lives farther out, has his hothouse, where he labors assiduously. He often talks of foreign stupidity and nothing on earth would induce him to go to France!

"And now," said Mr. Samuel to his brother, "who found out things for us, Amos?"

"A fool!" said Amos, which, in the circumstances, was rude of him.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of stories by Dorothea Conyers.



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